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ROMAN GIRL AT A FOUNTAIN

From a painting by Léon Bonnat

MUSIC AND ART

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE
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INTRODUCTION

MUSIC

THE first part of this volume contains a delightful collection of songs for home use. They range from the cradle and nursery through fields of sentiment and memory into open realms of nature on land and sea. Here are songs about all the great relations of life—love, comradeship, patriotism, religion. They are most of them full-voiced, hearty rhymes and ballads that everybody can sing and loves to sing together.

These songs are doubly pleasant because they have a history. They come as old and valued friends, whose separate welcomes have led them to return in company. These well-known songs of various times and many peoples are the songs we all have sung or wished to sing; the songs that our mothers sang to us in infancy, and our fathers hummed at their daily toil; the songs of our sweethearts and our boon companions; the songs that have fixed popular conviction, inspirited armies, nerved champions of liberty, cheered those who strove to make the world a better dwelling-place, strengthened in old and young the love of country and of mankind, and deepened in the devout the sentiments of piety and trust and confirmed them in "the faith that makes faithful."

ART

Young folks are much interested in pictures, not so much so in the history of art. They like pictures for their story-interest, and they like stories about how their favorite pictures came to be. We have remembered all this in making this collection.

These clear, telling reproductions of the world's favorites in art are carefully graded, the things little children like being

placed first; then the pictures that have proven true and tried to the school-children; then those that are enjoyed by our young people of high-school age. Then another assortment is given, with just the significant bit of story that makes them memorable—pictures from the masters of Italy to those of our own America. Much is written between the lines for the ambitious young art-student here.

Those who have never taken art seriously will profit from the last division of the book, WHAT PICTURES MEAN TO US. After reading this you will learn to see more in even the penny reprint of a great masterpiece than you ever saw before.

WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

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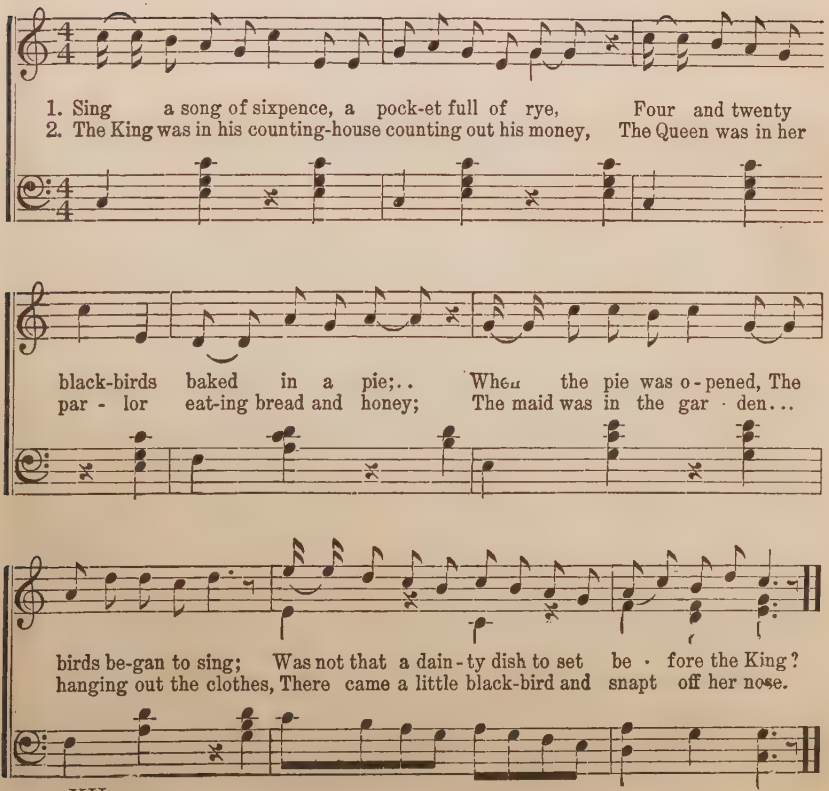
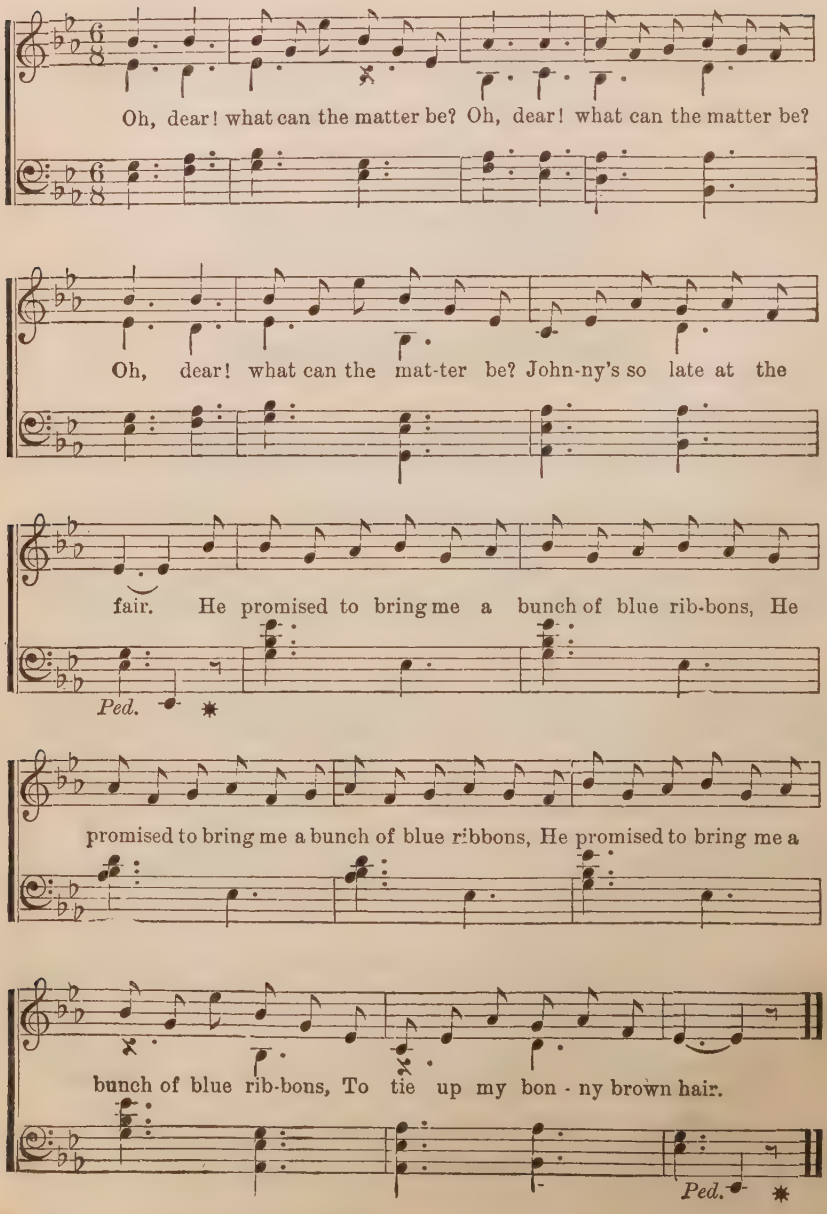
Famous Songs for Young Folks

NURSERY SONGS

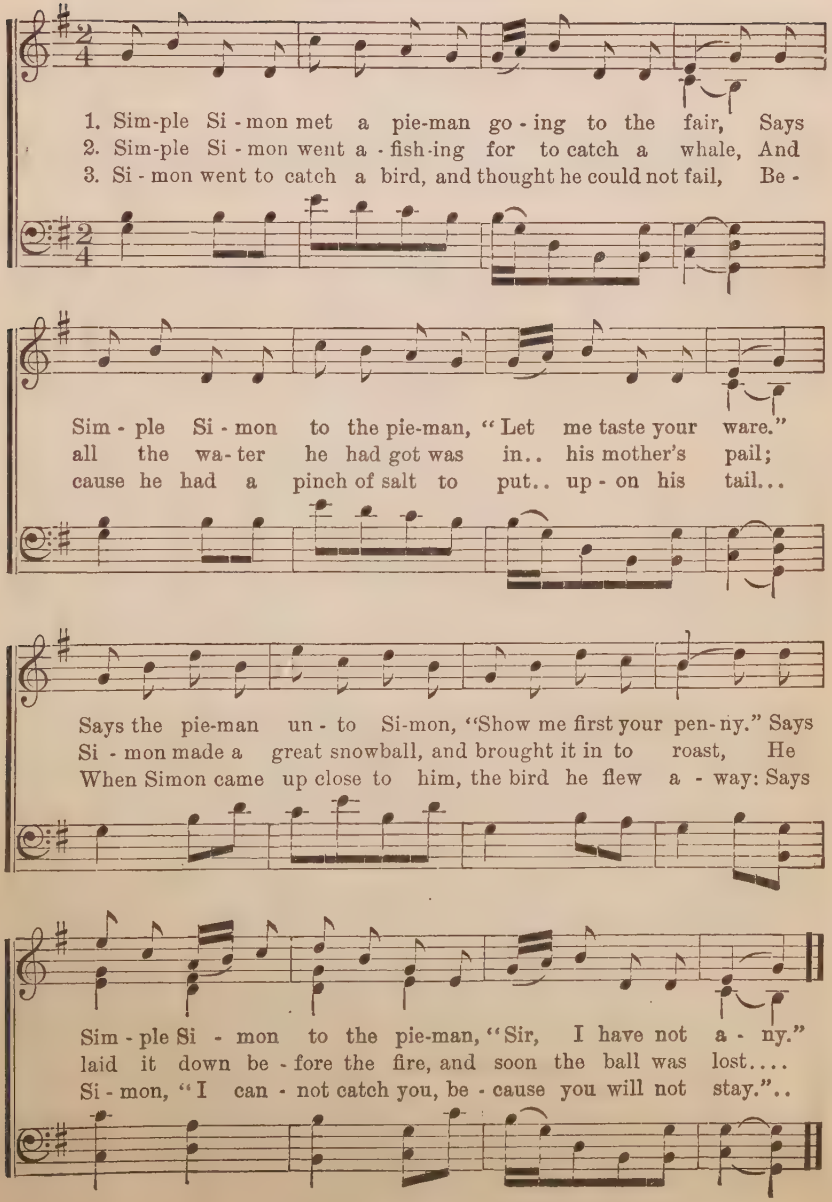
SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE


1. Sing a song of sixpence, a pock-et full of rye, Four and twenty
2. The King was in his counting-house counting out his money, The Queen was in her
black-birds baked in a pie;.. When the pie was o-pened, The
par - lor eat-ing bread and honey; The maid was in the gar - den...
birds be-gan to sing; Was not that a dain-ty dish to set be - fore the King?
hanging out the clothes, There came a little black-bird and snapt off her nose.

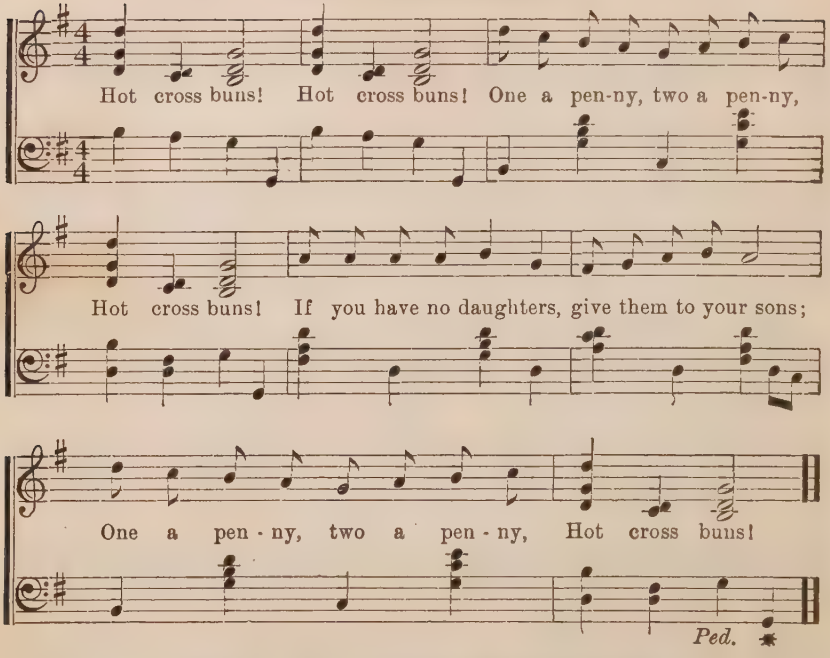
OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?


Oh, dear! what can the matter be? Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so late at the
fair. He promised to bring me a bunch of blue rib-bons, He
Ped.
promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons, He promised to bring me a
bunch of blue rib-bons, To tie up my bon - ny brown hair.
Ped.

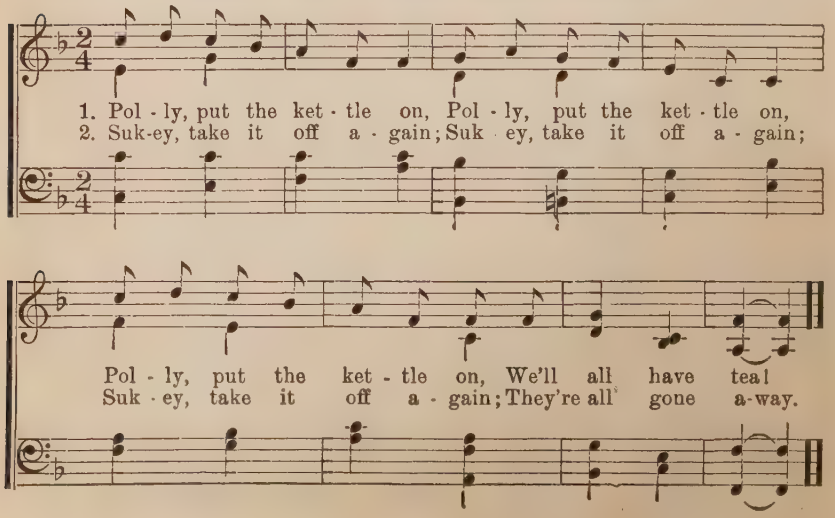
SIMPLE SIMON


1. Sim-ple Si - mon met a pie-man go - ing to the fair, Says
2. Sim-ple Si - mon went a - fish-ing for to catch a whale, And
3. Si - mon went to catch a bird, and thought he could not fail, Be -
Sim - ple Si - mon to the pie-man, "Let me taste your ware."
all the wa - ter he had got was in.. his mother's pail;
cause he had a pinch of salt to put.. up - on his tail...
Says the pie-man un - to Si-mon, "Show me first your pen - ny." Says
Si - mon made a great snowball, and brought it in to roast, He
When Simon came up close to him, the bird he flew a - way: Says
Sim - ple Si - mon to the pie-man, "Sir, I have not a - ny."
laid it down be - fore the fire, and soon the ball was lost....
Si - mon, "I can - not catch you, be - cause you will not stay."..

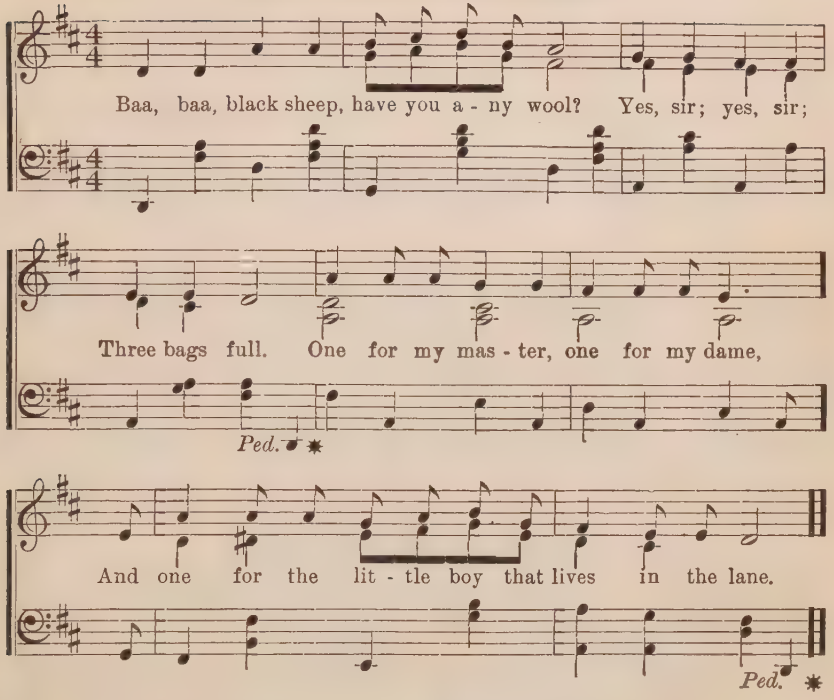
HOT CROSS BUNS


Hot cross buns! Hot cross buns! One a pen-ny, two a pen-ny,
Hot cross buns! If you have no daughters, give them to your sons;
One a pen - ny, two a pen - ny, Hot cross buns!
Ped.

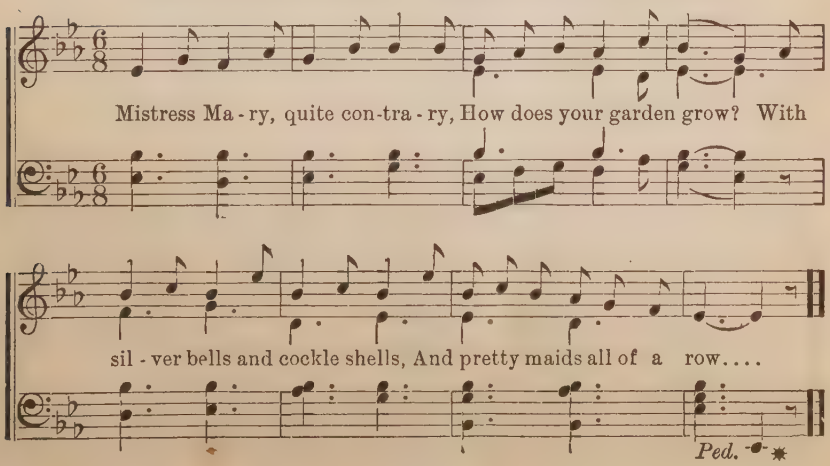
POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON


1. Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on,
2. Suk-ey, take it off a - gain; Suk - ey, take it off a - gain;
Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, We'll all have tea!
Suk - ey, take it off a - gain; They're all gone a-way.

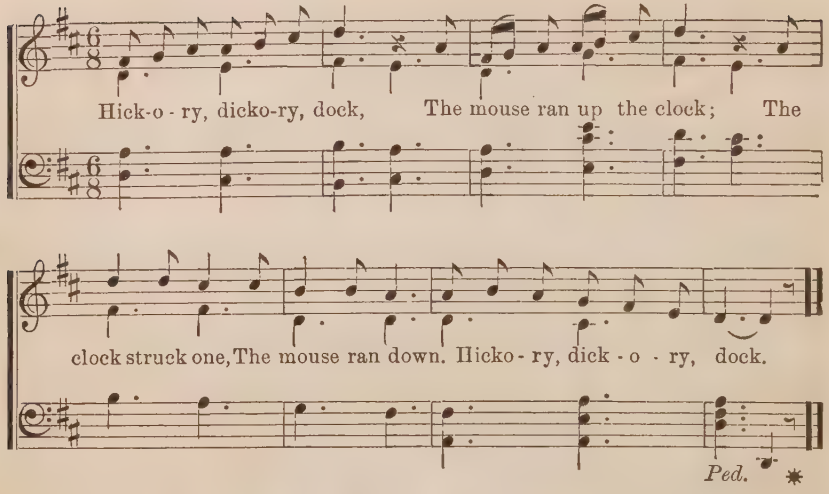
BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP


Baa, baa, black sheep, have you a - ny wool? Yes, sir; yes, sir;
Three bags full. One for my mas - ter, one for my dame,
Ped. *
And one for the lit - tle boy that lives in the lane.
Ped. *

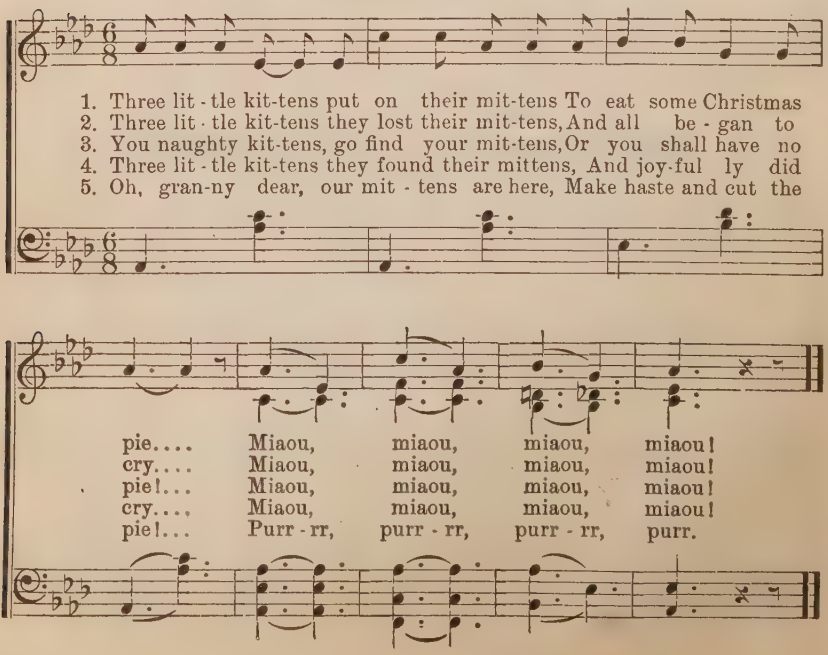
MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY


Mistress Ma - ry, quite con-tra - ry, How does your garden grow? With
sil - ver bells and cockle shells, And pretty maids all of a row....
Ped. *

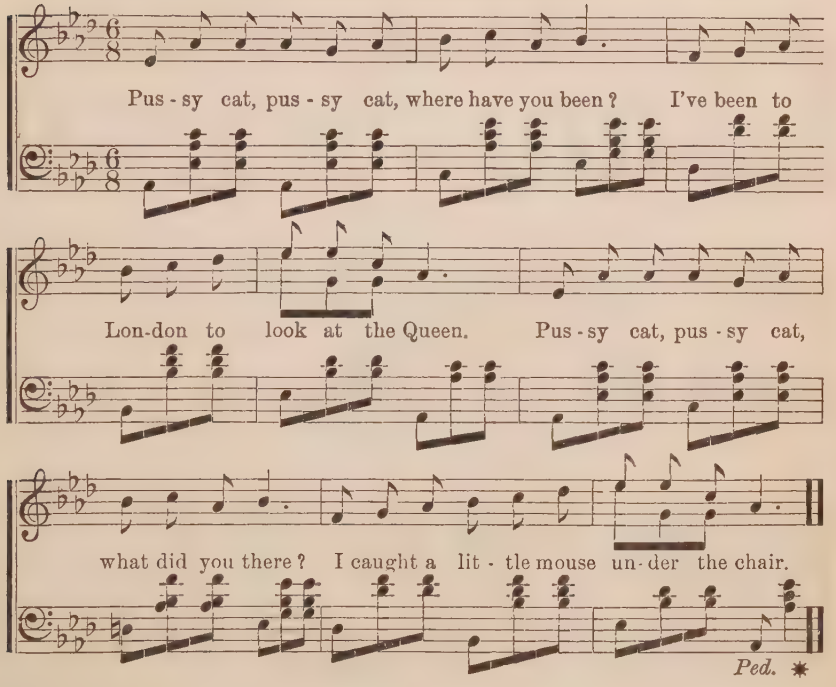
HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK



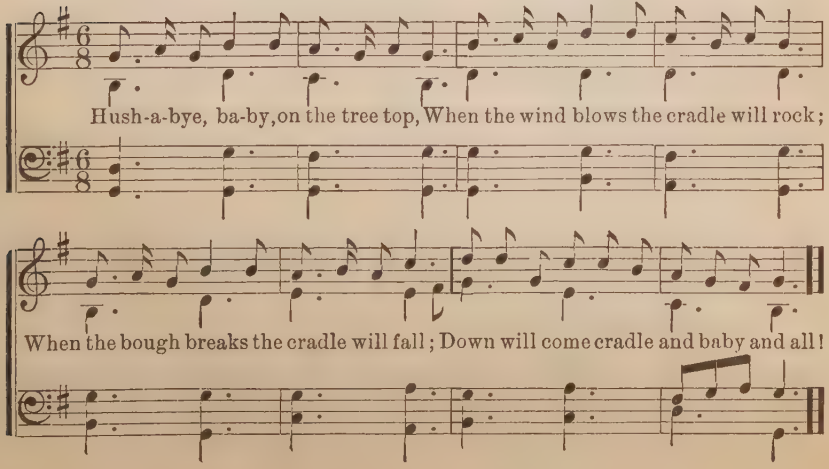
THREE LITTLE KITTENS


1. Three lit - tle kit-tens put on their mit-tens To eat some Christmas
2. Three lit - tle kit-tens they lost their mit-tens, And all be - gan to
3. You naughty kit-tens, go find your mit-tens, Or you shall have no
4. Three lit - tle kit-tens they found their mittens, And joy-ful ly did
5. Oh, gran-ny dear, our mit - tens are here, Make haste and cut the
pie.... Miaou, miaou, miaou, miaou!
cry.... Miaou, miaou, miaou, miaou!
pie!... Miaou, miaou, miaou, miaou!
cry.... Miaou, miaou, miaou, miaou!
pie!... Purr - rr, purr - rr, purr - rr, purr.

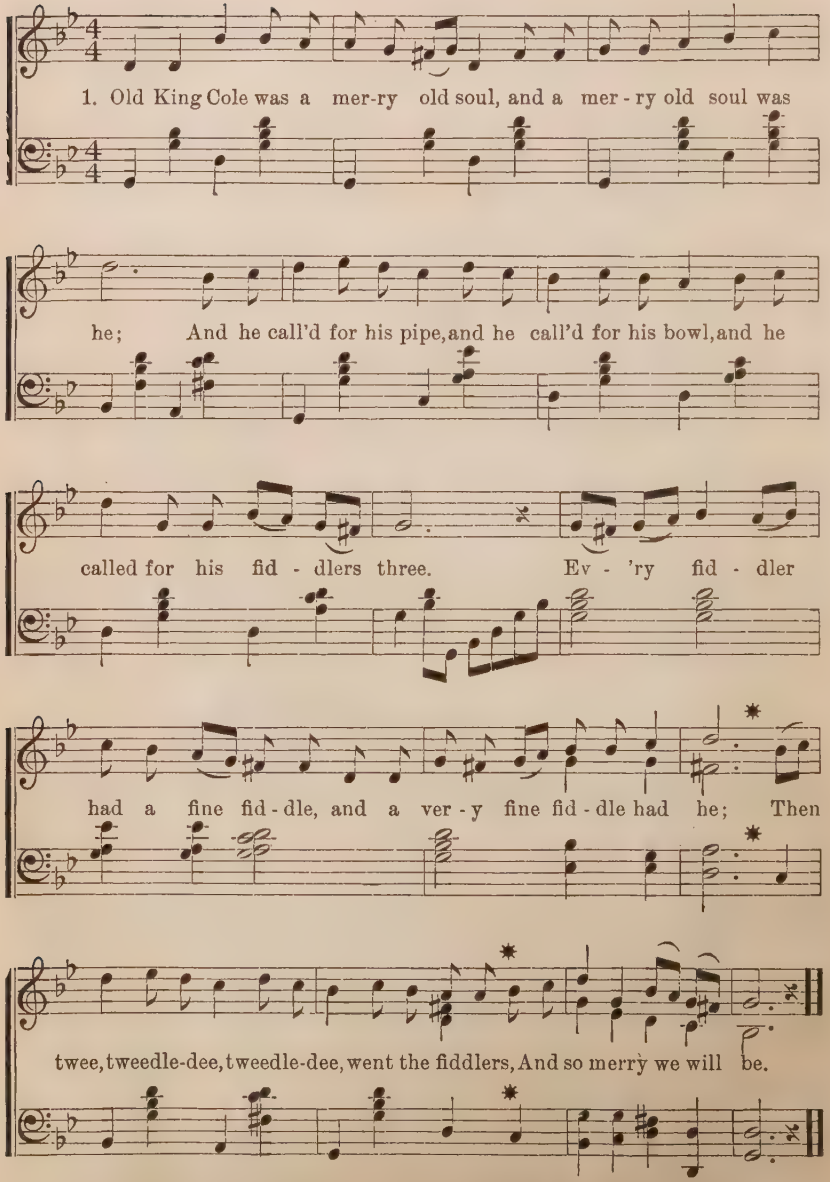
PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?


Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat, where have you been? I've been to
Lon-don to look at the Queen. Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat,
what did you there? I caught a lit - tle mouse un - der the chair.
Ped.

HUSH-A-BYE, BABY


Hush-a-bye, ba-by, on the tree top, When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall; Down will come cradle and baby and all!

OLD KING COLE


1. Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, and a mer - ry old soul was
he; And he call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, and he
called for his fid - dlers three. Ev - 'ry fid - dler
had a fine fid - dle, and a ver - y fine fid - dle had he; Then
twee, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, went the fiddlers, And so merry we will be.

NOTE.—The part of the tune between * and * is to be repeated as often as necessary.

Trumpeters.

2 Old King Cole, etc.....and he called for his trumpeters three.
Every trumpeter had, etc.....
Then toot, toot-a-toot, toot-a-toot went the trumpeters,
And twee, tweedle de, tweedle-dee went the fiddlers,
And so merry we will be.

Drummers.

3 Old King Cole, etc....and he called for his drummers three. [drummers,
Every drummer had, etc ....Then rub, rub a-dub, rub-a-dub went the
And twee, tweedle-dee, etc.....And toot, toot-a-toot, etc.,
And so merry we will be.

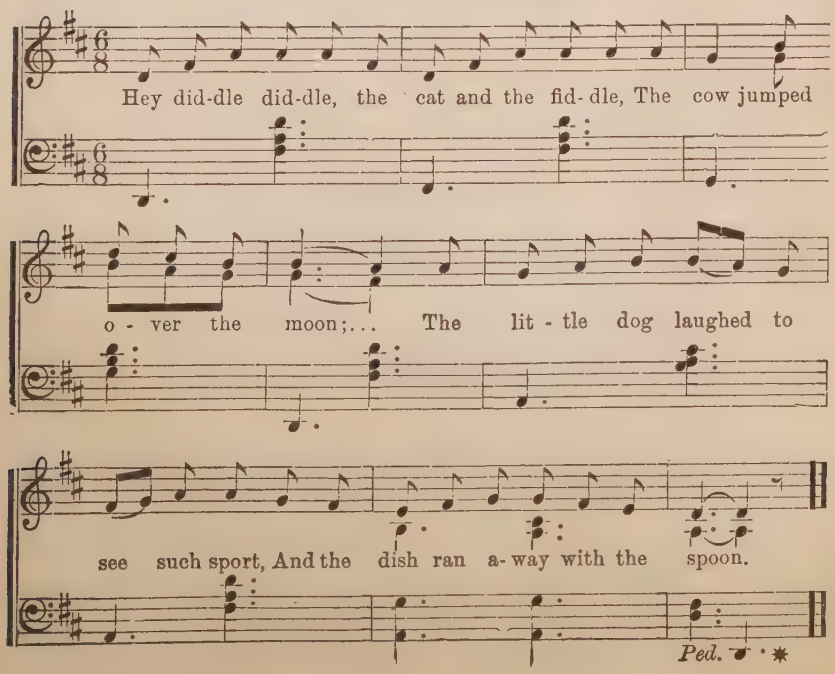
Pipers.

4 Old King Cole, etc.....and he called for his bagpipers three.
Every piper had some fine pipes, etc.....
Then yang, yang-a-yang, yang-a-yang went the pipers,
And twee, tweedle-dee, etc.....And toot, toot-a-toot, etc.....
And rub, rub-a-dub, etc.,
And so merry we will be.

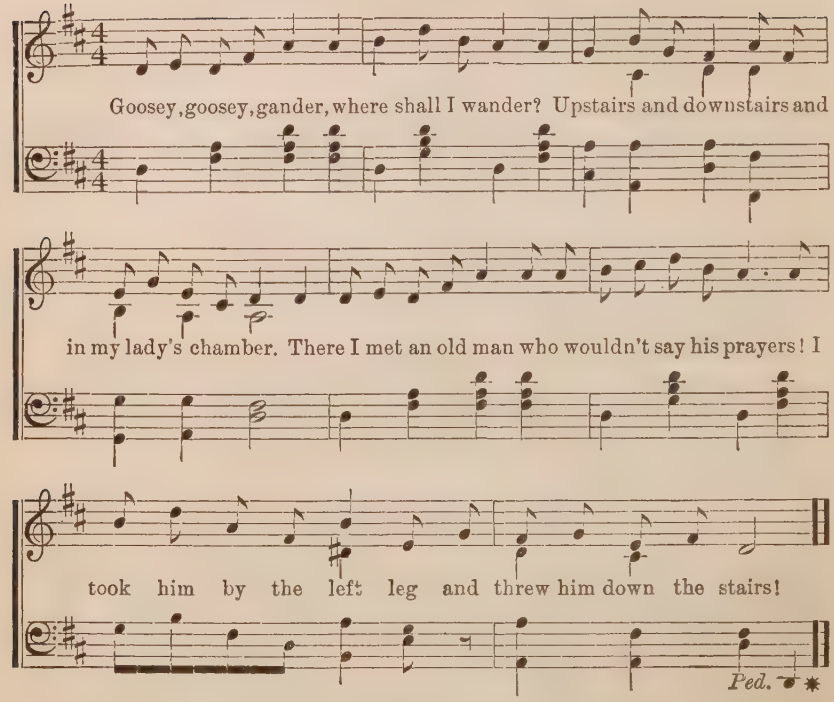
Harpers.

5 Old King Cole, etc....and he called for his harpers three. [harpers,
Every harper had, etc.....Then ping, ping-a-pang, ping-a-pang went the
And twee, tweedle-dee, etc.....And toot, toot-a-toot, etc.....
And rub, rub-a-dub, etc.....And yang, yang-a-yang, etc.....
And so merry we will be.

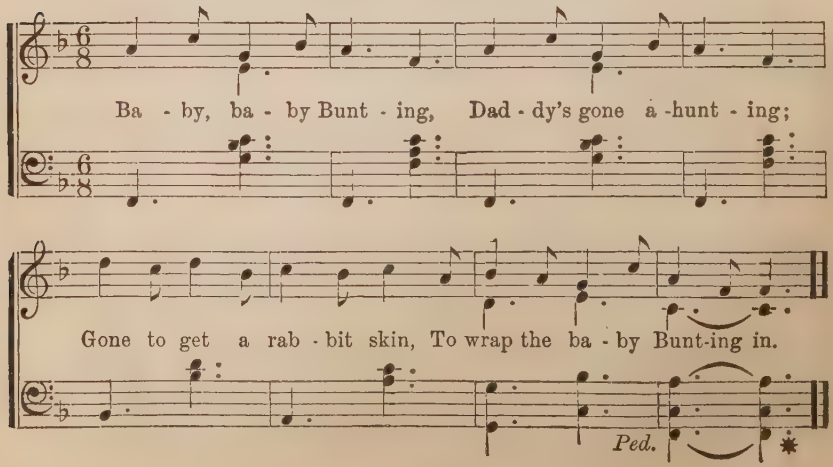
HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE


Hey did-dle did-dle, the cat and the fid-dle, The cow jumped
o - ver the moon;... The lit - tle dog laughed to
see such sport, And the dish ran a-way with the spoon.
Ped.

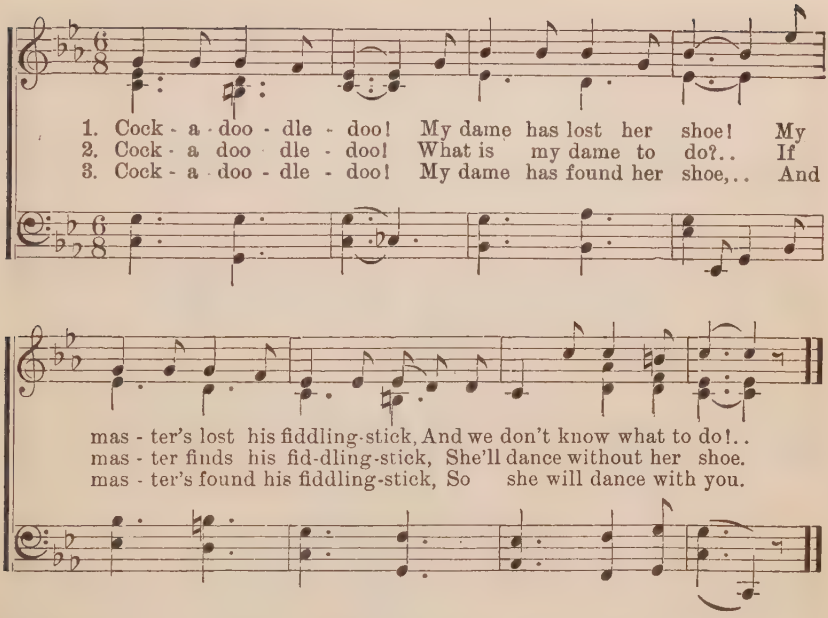
GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER


Goosey, goosey, gander, where shall I wander? Upstairs and downstairs and
in my lady's chamber. There I met an old man who wouldn't say his prayers! I
took him by the left leg and threw him down the stairs!
Ped.

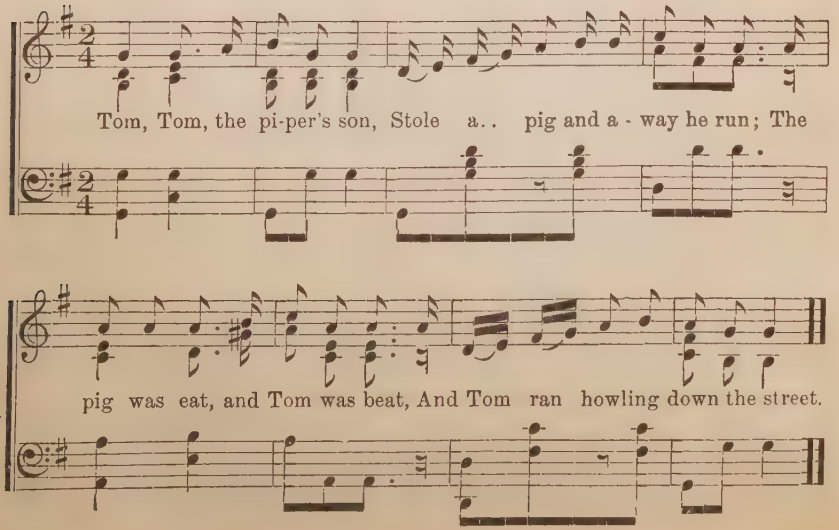
BABY BUNTING



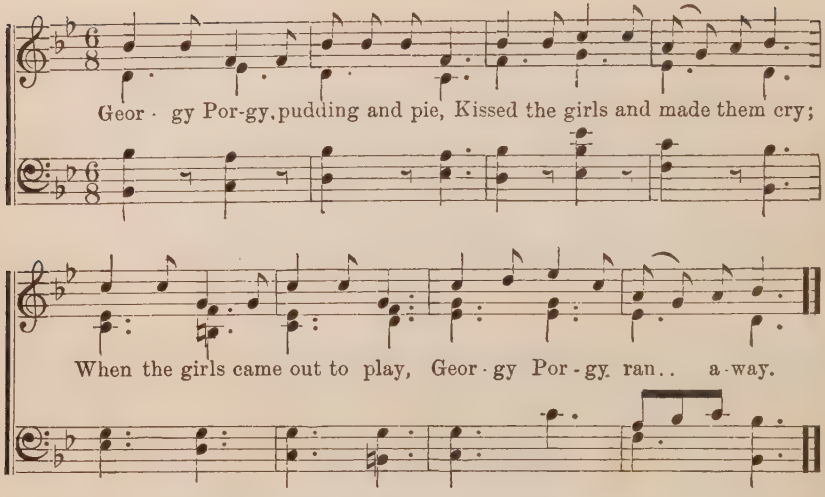
COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO


1. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! My dame has lost her shoe! My
2. Cock - a doo dle - doo! What is my dame to do?.. If
3. Cock - a doo - dle - doo! My dame has found her shoe,.. And
mas - ter's lost his fiddling-stick, And we don't know what to do!..
mas - ter finds his fid-dling-stick, She'll dance without her shoe.
mas - ter's found his fiddling-stick, So she will dance with you.

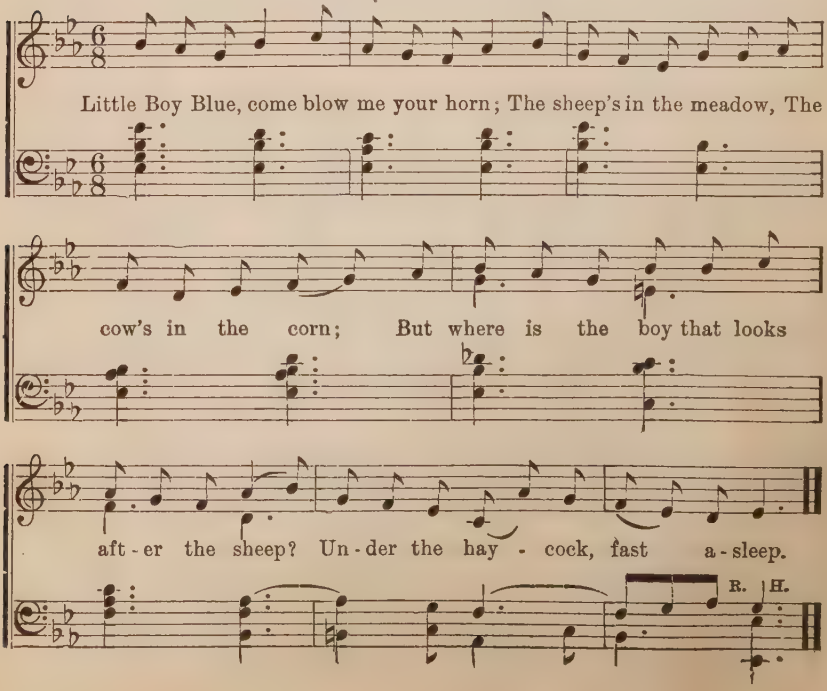
TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON



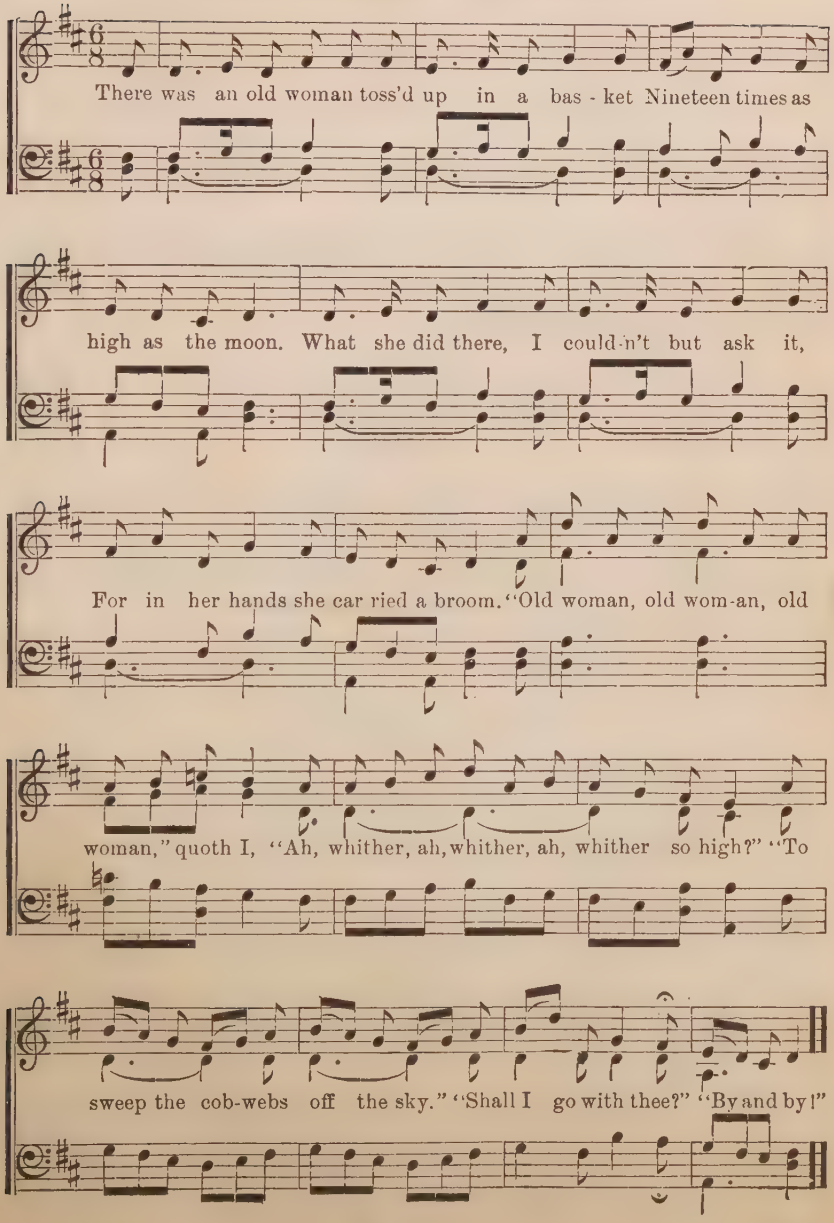
GEORGY PORGY



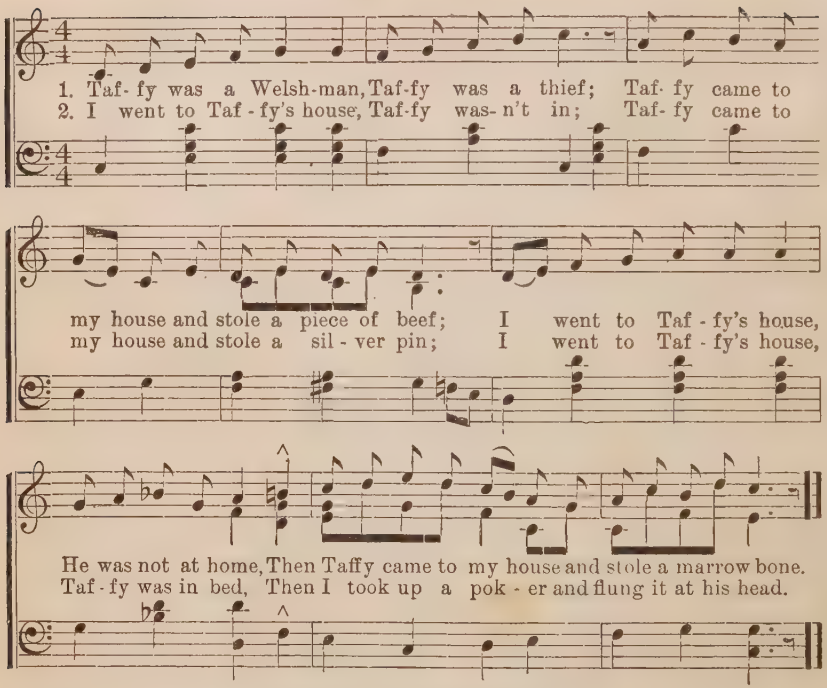
LITTLE BOY BLUE


Little Boy Blue, come blow me your horn; The sheep's in the meadow, The
cow's in the corn; But where is the boy that looks
aft - er the sheep? Un - der the hay - cock, fast a - sleep.
R. H.

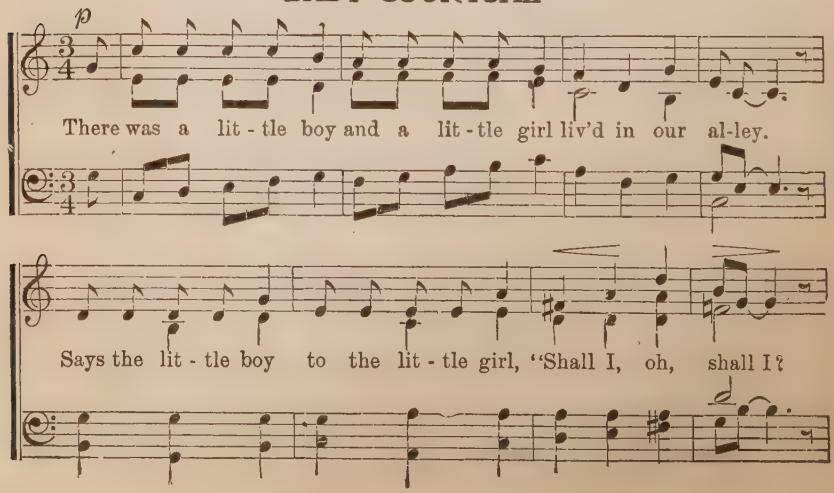
THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

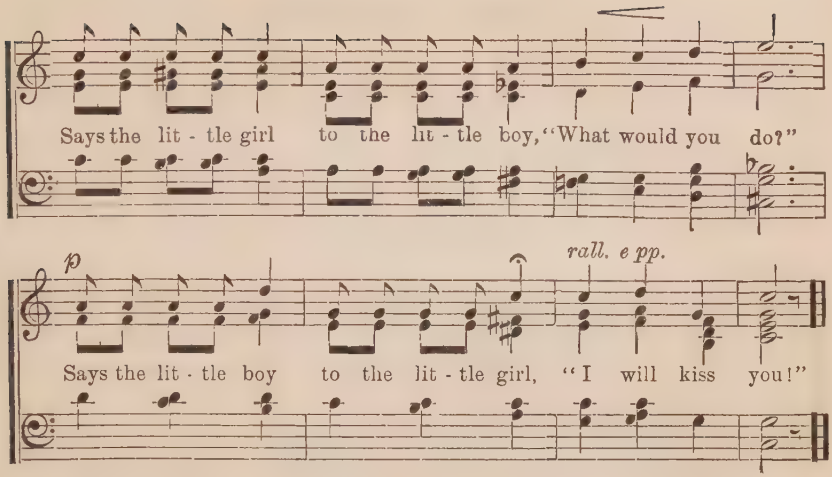

There was an old woman toss'd up in a bas - ket Nineteen times as
high as the moon. What she did there, I could n't but ask it,
For in her hands she car ried a broom. "Old woman, old wom-an, old
woman," quoth I, "Ah, whither, ah, whither, ah, whither so high?" "To
sweep the cob-webs off the sky." "Shall I go with thee?" "By and by!"

TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN

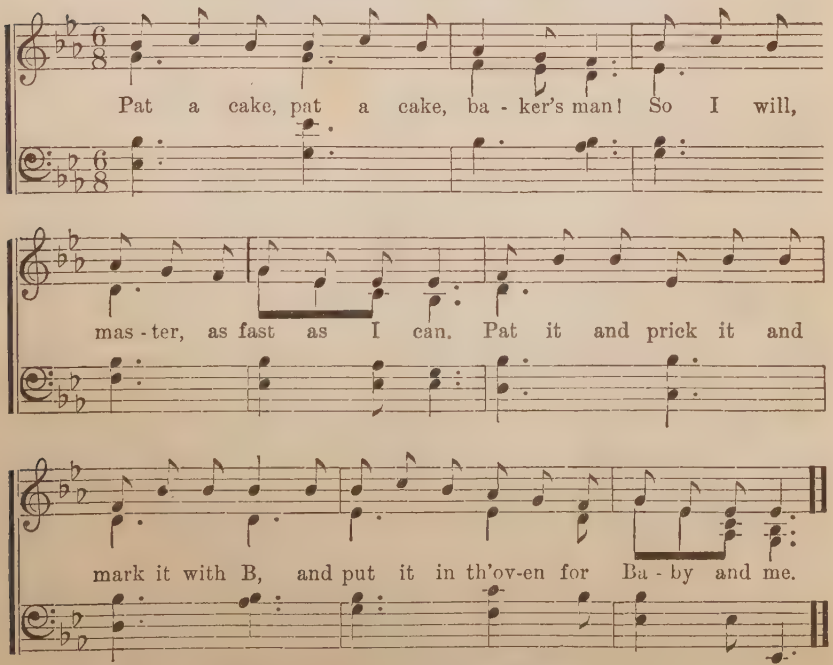

1. Taf- fy was a Welsh-man, Taf-fy was a thief; Taf- fy came to
2. I went to Taf - fy's house, Taf-fy was- n't in; Taf- fy came to
my house and stole a piece of beef; I went to Taf - fy's house,
my house and stole a sil - ver pin; I went to Taf - fy's house,
He was not at home, Then Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow bone.
Taf - fy was in bed, Then I took up a pok - er and flung it at his head.

BABY COURTSHIP



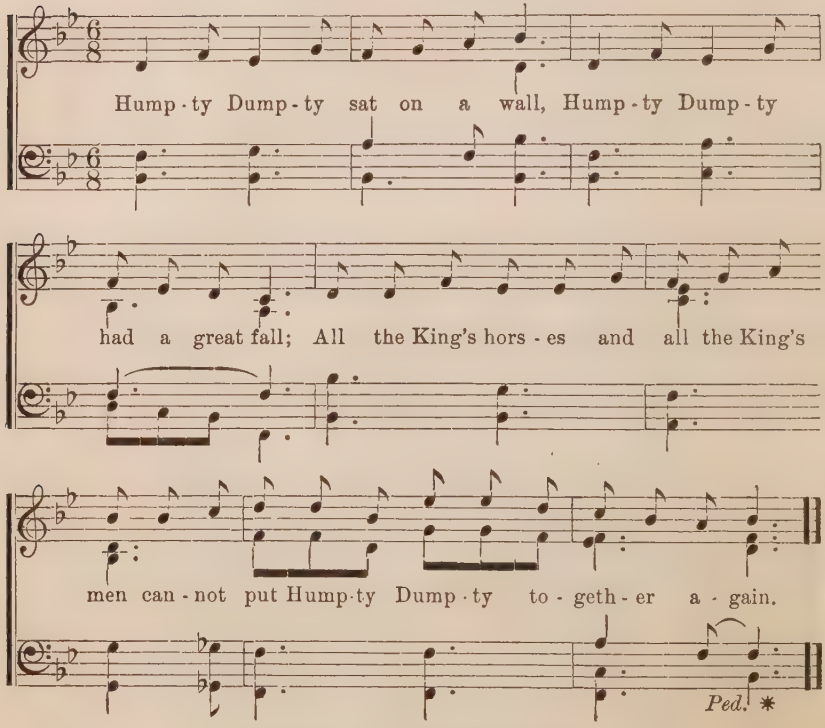


PAT A CAKE (Baby's Hand-Play)

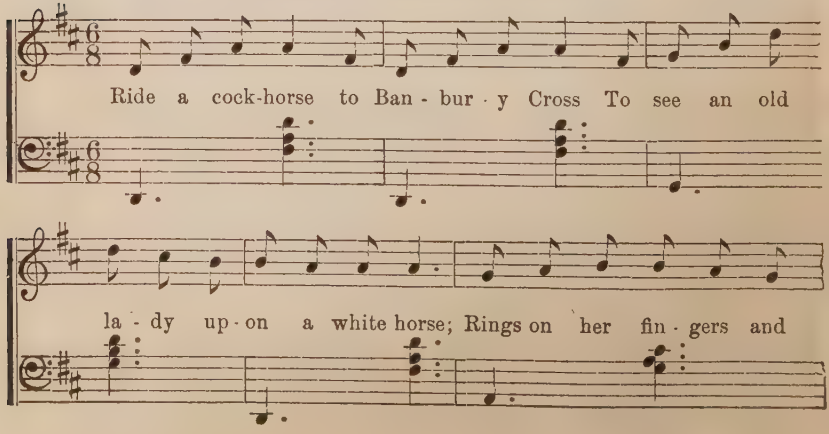

Pat a cake, pat a cake, ba - ker's man! So I will,
mas - ter, as fast as I can. Pat it and prick it and
mark it with B, and put it in th'ov-en for Ba - by and me.

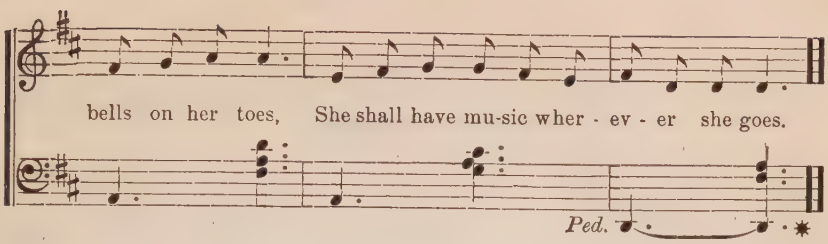
NOTE.—For "B" and "Baby" use the proper initial and name (P—Peter; G—Gladys, etc.), if preferred.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

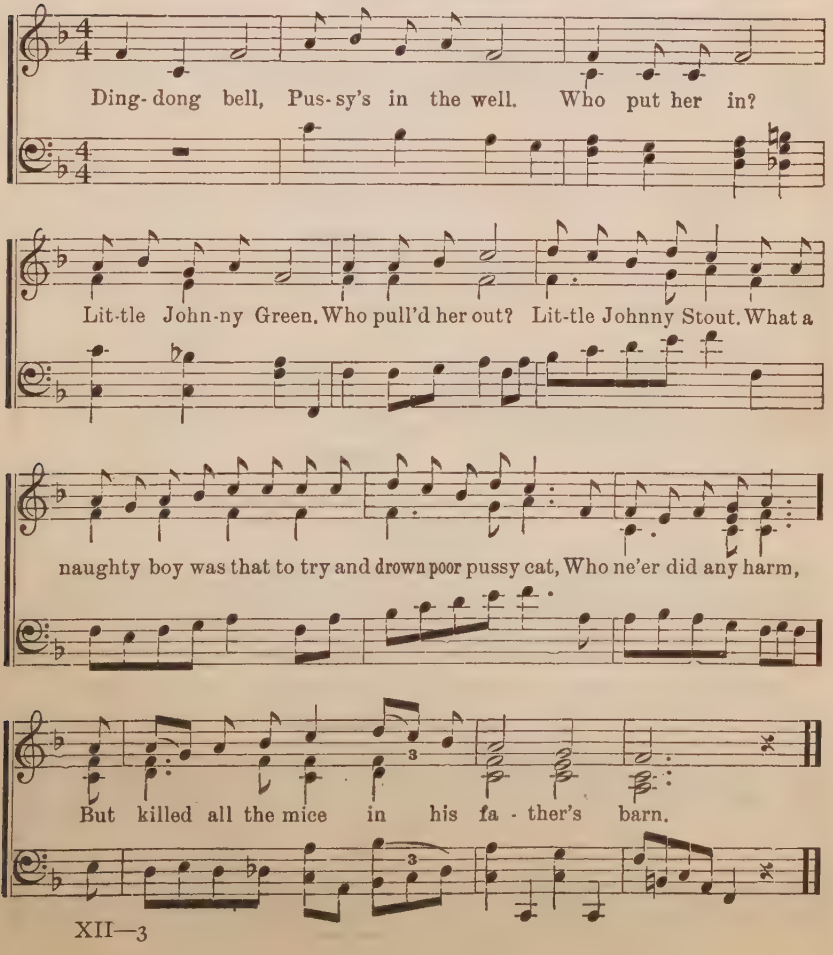

Hump-ty Dump-ty sat on a wall, Hump-ty Dump-ty
had a great fall; All the King's hors-es and all the King's
men can-not put Hump-ty Dump-ty to-geth-er a-gain.
Ped. *

RIDE A COCK-HORSE





DING-DONG BELL

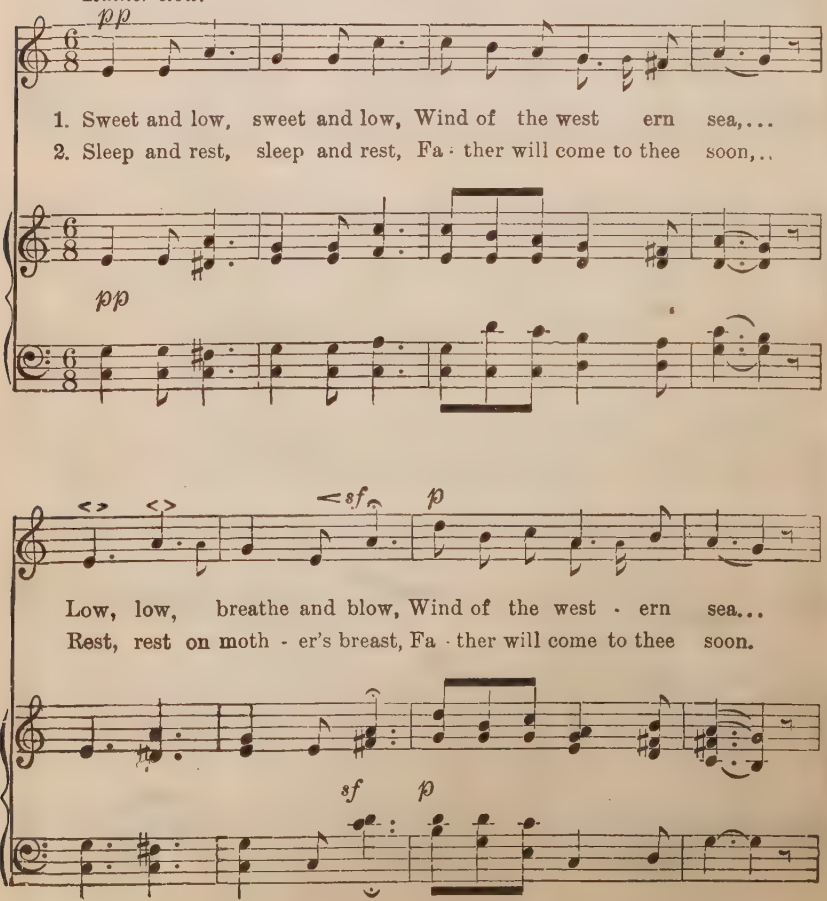
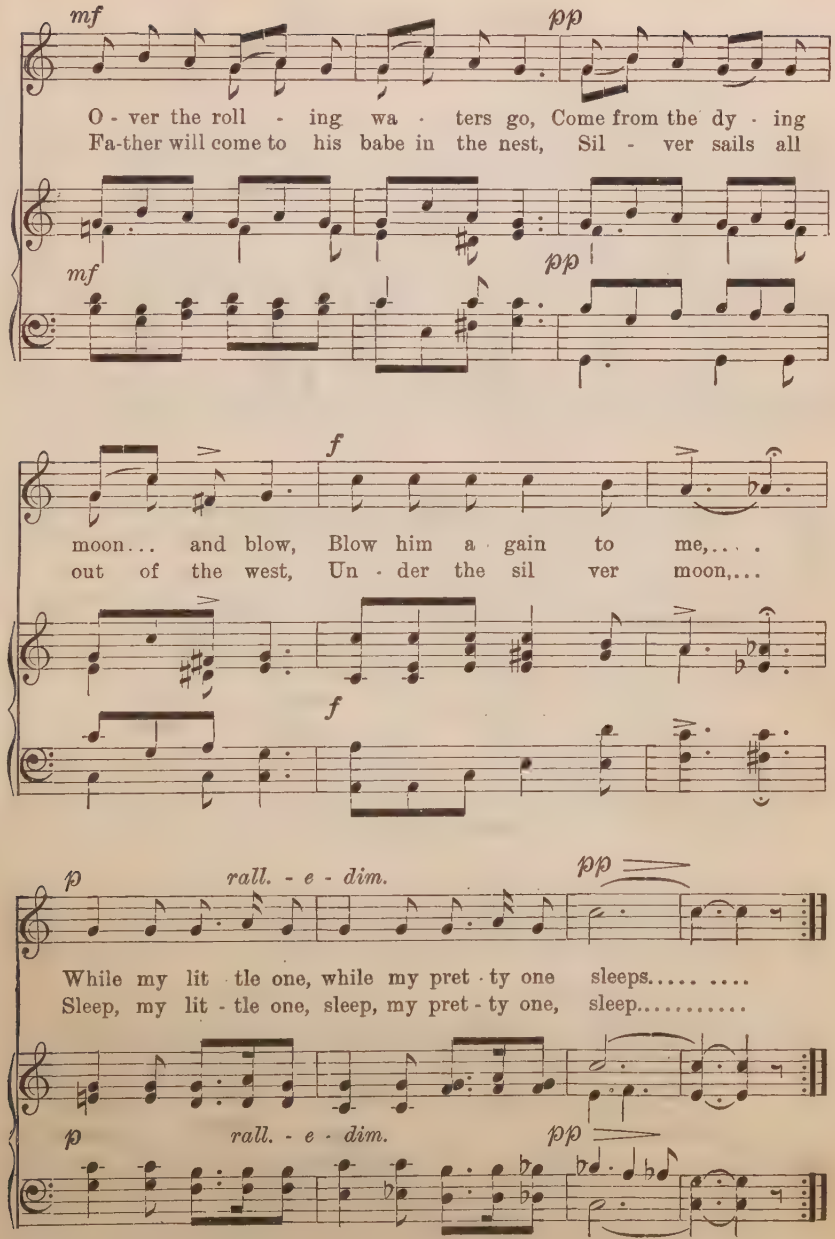

Ding-dong bell, Pus-sy's in the well. Who put her in?
Lit-tle John-ny Green. Who pull'd her out? Lit-tle Johnny Stout. What a
naughty boy was that to try and drown poor pussy cat, Who ne'er did any harm,
But killed all the mice in his fa - ther's barn.

LULLABIES

SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON — JOSEPH BARNBY

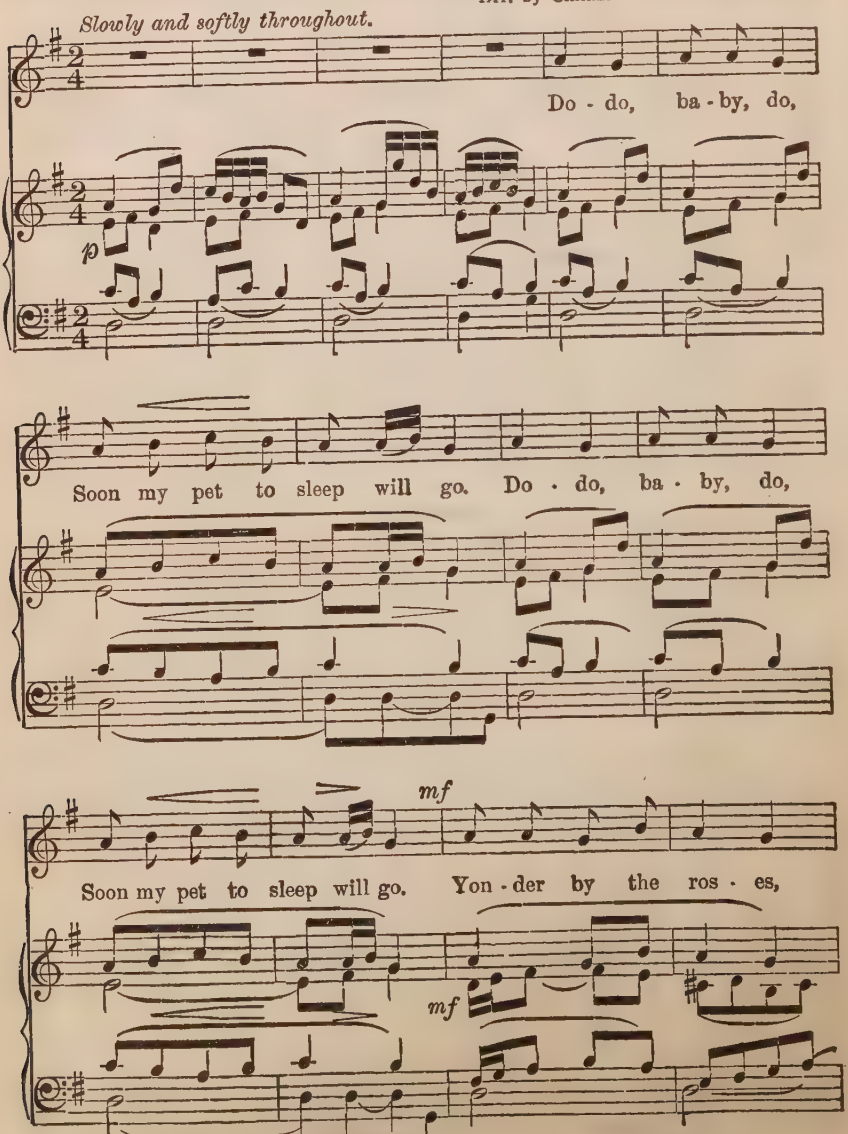
Rather slow.


pp
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west ern sea,...
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon,..
pp
sf
p
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea...
Rest, rest on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon.
sf
p

mf
pp
O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing
Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all
mf
pp
f
moon... and blow, Blow him a gain to me,....
out of the west, Un - der the sil ver moon,...
f
p
rall. - e - dim.
pp
While my lit tle one, while my pret ty one sleeps..... ....
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....
p
rall. - e - dim.
pp

DODO, BABY, DO

English version by C. F. M. (DODO, L'ENFANT, DO) OLD FRENCH LULLABY

Arr. by CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY


Slowly and softly throughout.
Do - do, ba - by, do,
p
Soon my pet to sleep will go. Do - do, ba - by, do,
mf
Soon my pet to sleep will go. Yon - der by the ros - es,
mf

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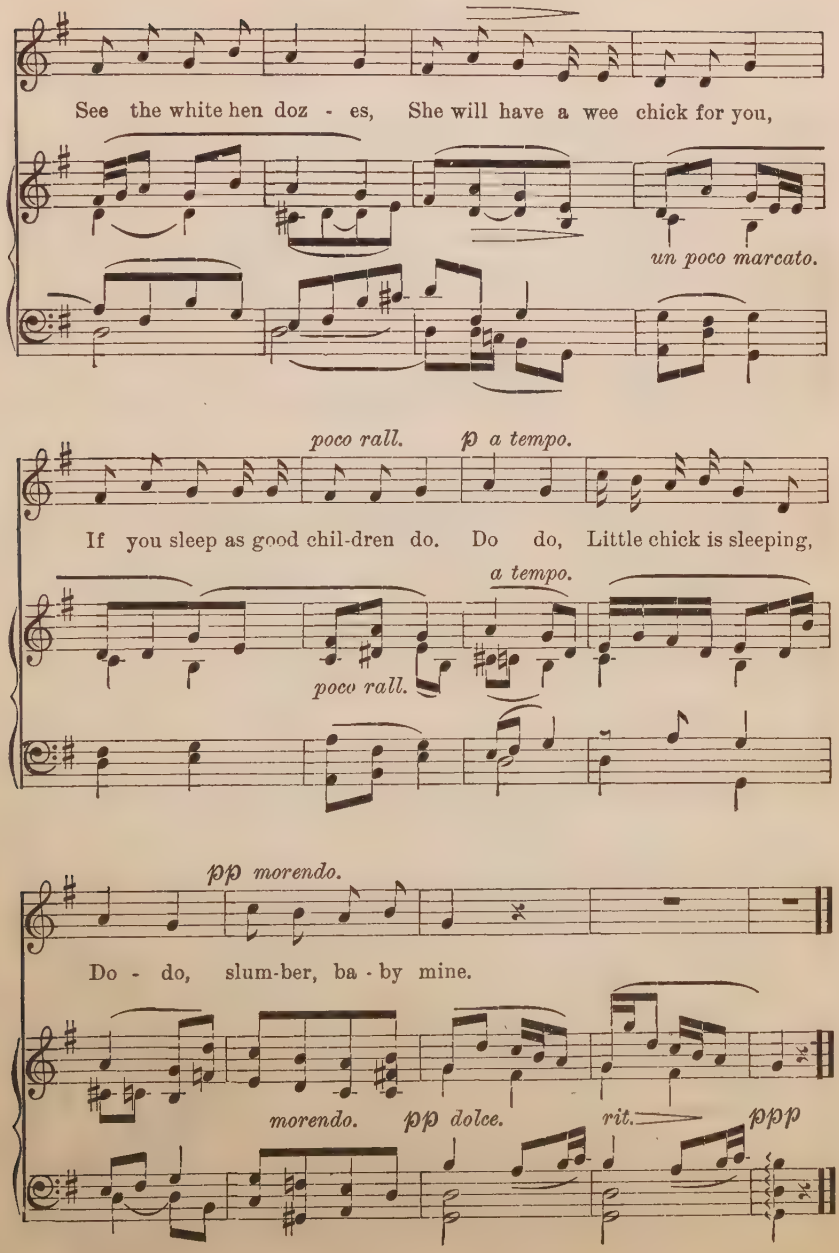
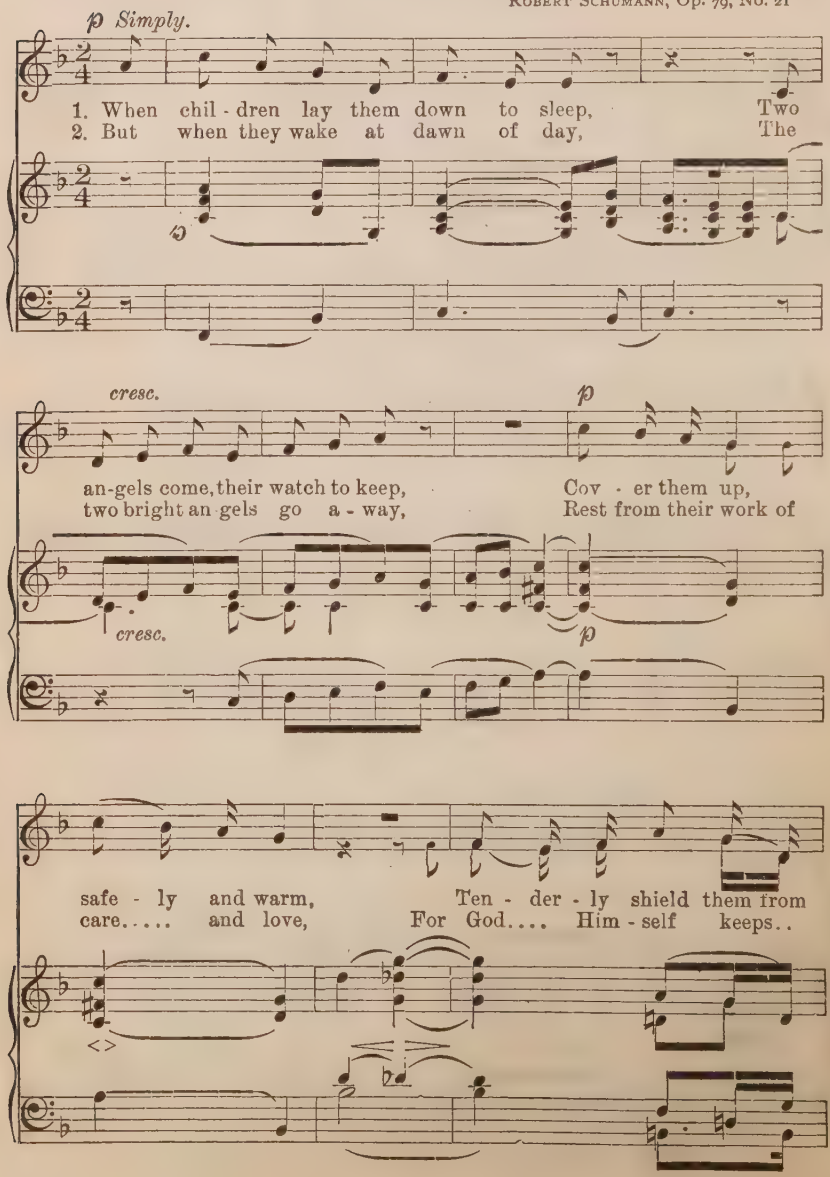
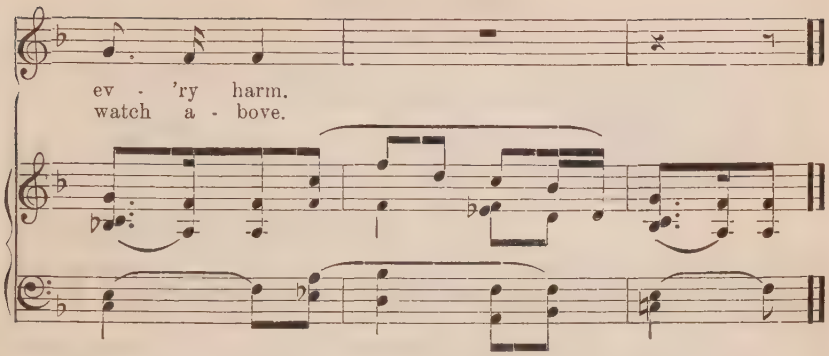

See the white hen doz - es, She will have a wee chick for you,
un poco marcato.
poco rall.
p a tempo.
If you sleep as good chil-dren do. Do do, Little chick is sleeping,
a tempo.
poco rall.
pp morendo.
Do - do, slum-ber, ba - by mine.
morendo.
pp dolce.
rit.
ppp

GUARDIAN ANGELS

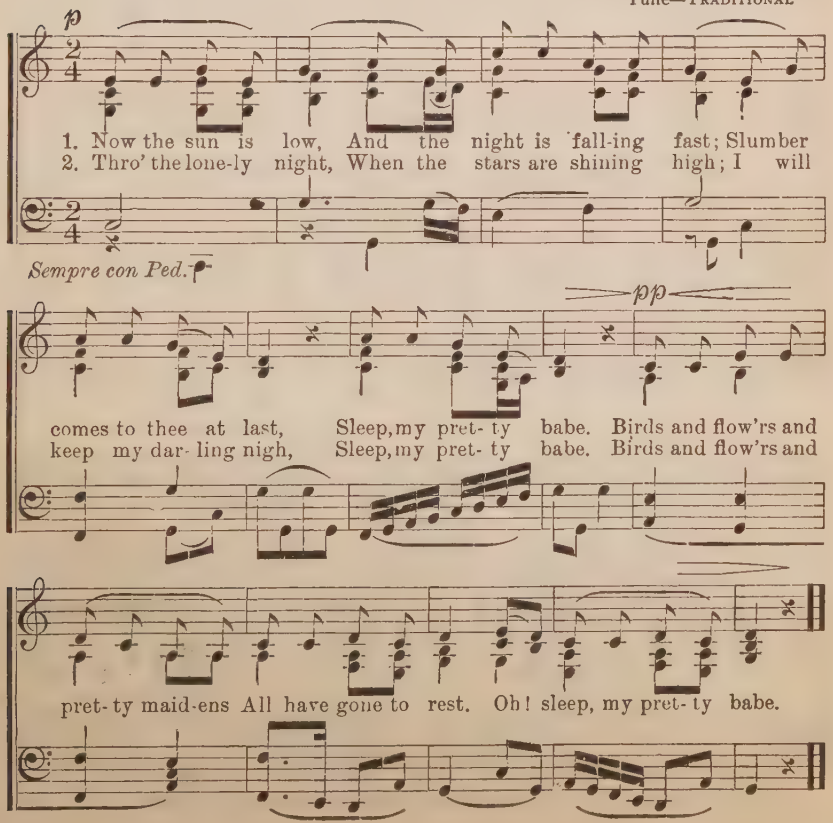
(KINDERWACHT)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 79, No. 21


p Simply.
1. When chil - dren lay them down to sleep, Two
2. But when they wake at dawn of day, The
cresc.
an-gels come, their watch to keep,
two bright an-gels go a - way,
p
Cov - er them up,
Rest from their work of
cresc.
p
safe - ly and warm,
care..... and love,
Ten - der - ly shield them from
For God.... Him - self keeps..



JAPANESE LULLABY

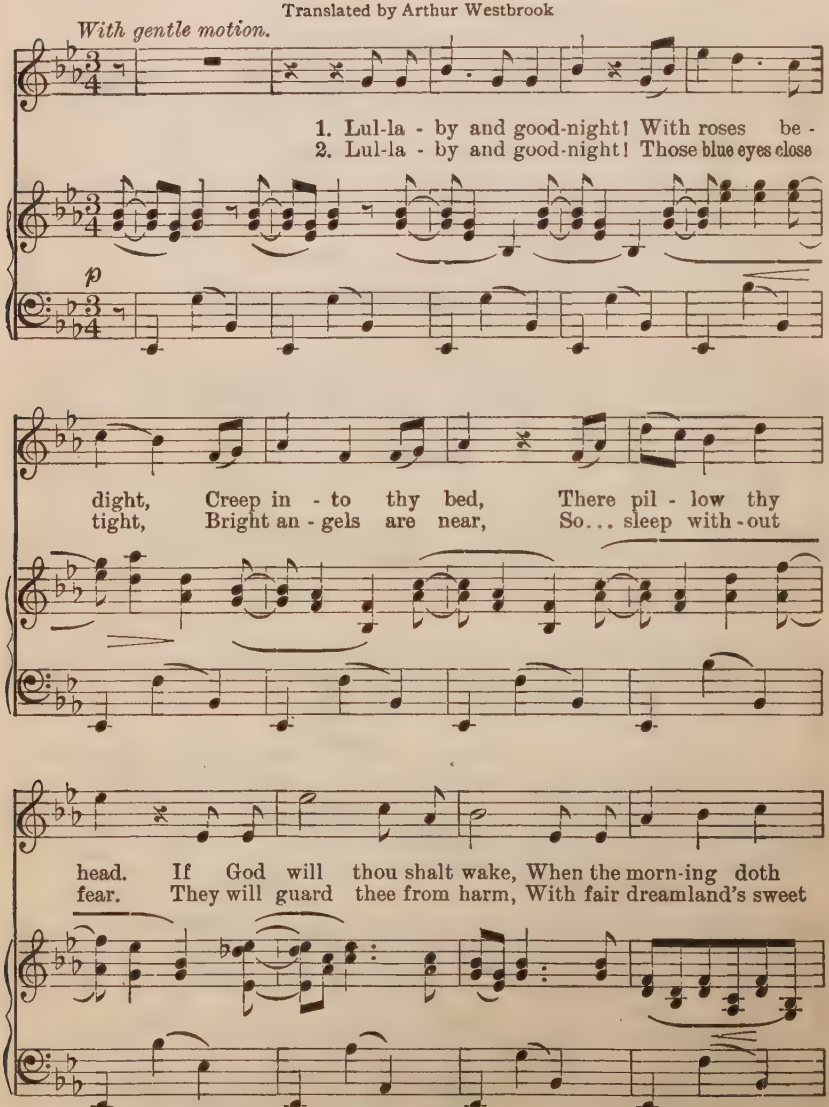
Tune—TRADITIONAL

p
1. Now the sun is low, And the night is fall-ing fast; Slumber
2. Thro' the lone-ly night, When the stars are shining high; I will
Sempre con Ped.
pp
comes to thee at last, Sleep, my pret- ty babe. Birds and flow'rs and
keep my dar- ling nigh, Sleep, my pret- ty babe. Birds and flow'rs and
pret- ty maid-ens All have gone to rest. Oh! sleep, my pret- ty babe.

CRADLE SONG

(WIEGENLIED)

KARL SIMROCK — JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 49, No. 4

Translated by Arthur Westbrook


With gentle motion.
1. Lul-la - by and good-night! With roses be -
2. Lul-la - by and good-night! Those blue eyes close
p
dight, Creep in - to thy bed, There pil - low thy
tight, Bright an - gels are near, So... sleep with - out
head. If God will thou shalt wake, When the morn-ing doth
fear. They will guard thee from harm, With fair dreamland's sweet

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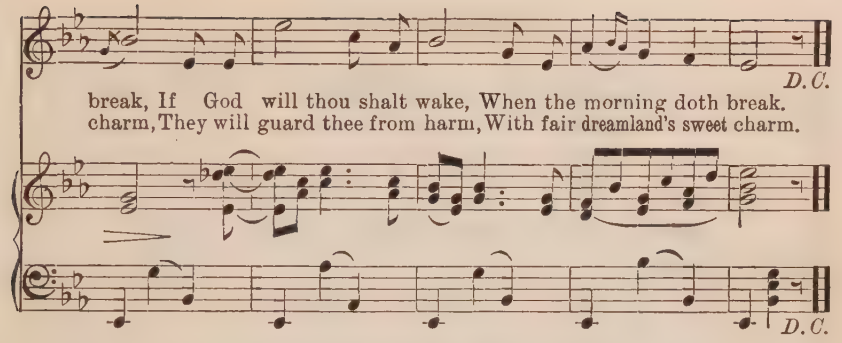
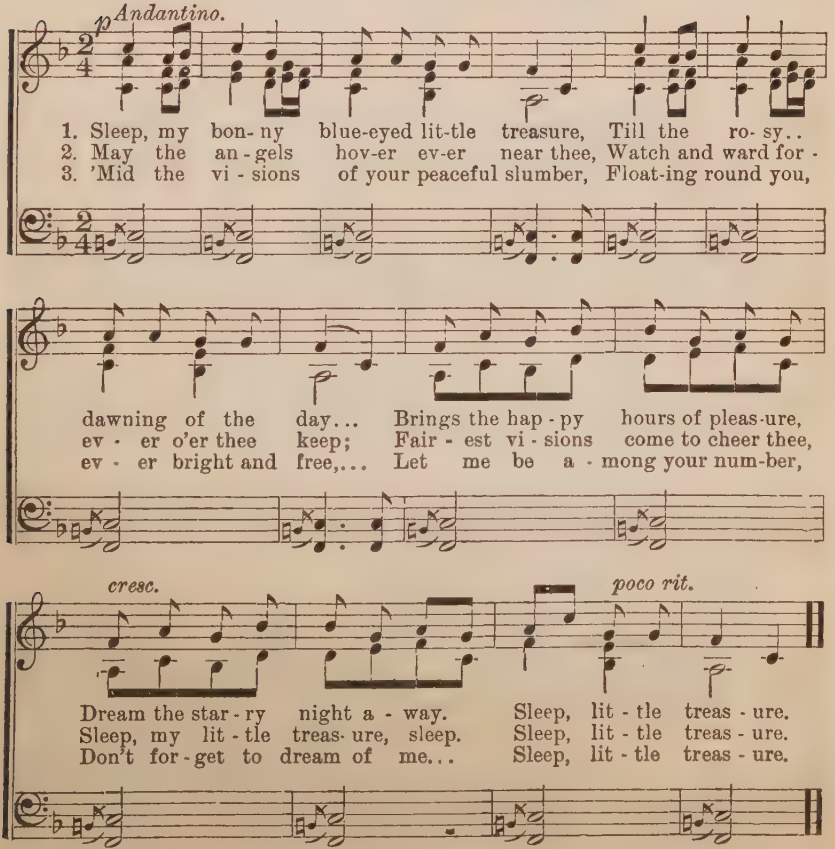
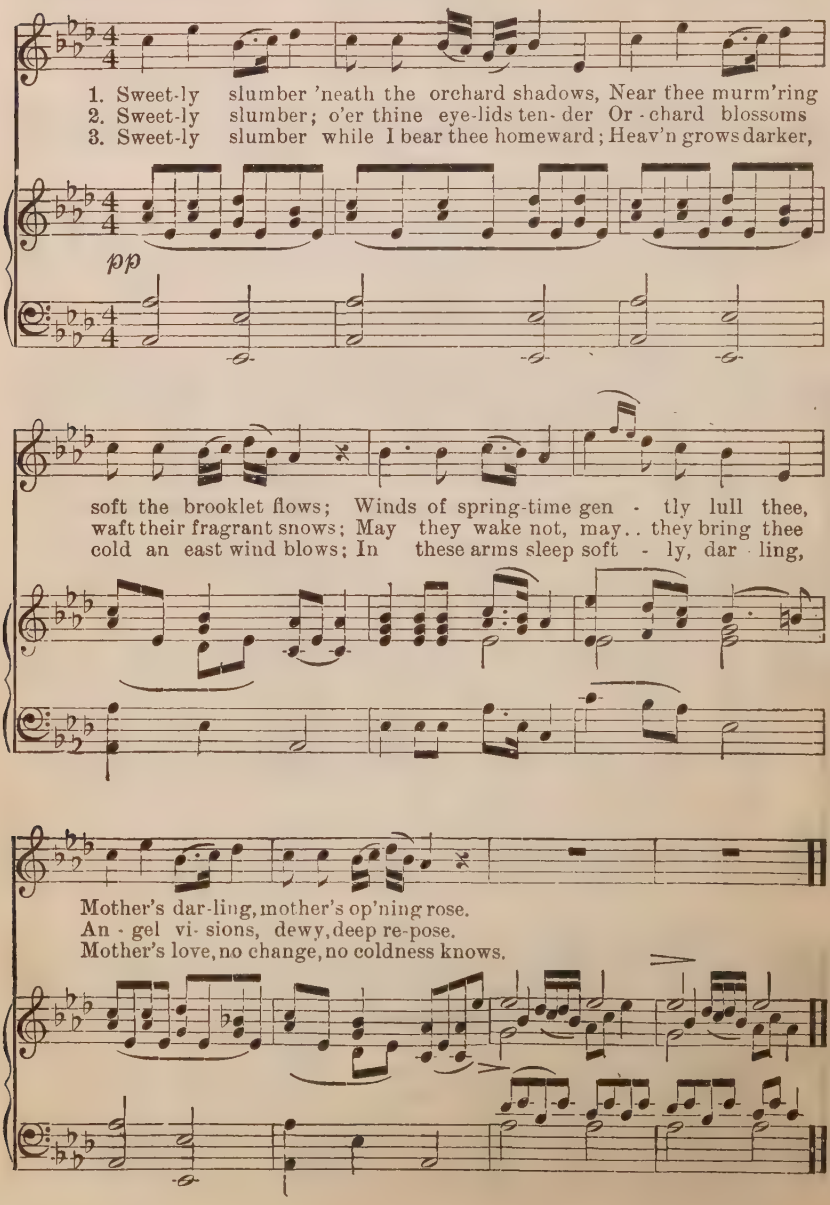

D.C.
break, If God will thou shalt wake, When the morning doth break.
charm, They will guard thee from harm, With fair dreamland's sweet charm.
D.C.

LITHUANIAN LULLABY

p Andantino.
1. Sleep, my bon- ny blue-eyed lit-tle treasure, Till the ro- sy..
2. May the an - gels hov-er ev-er near thee, Watch and ward for -
3. 'Mid the vi - sions of your peaceful slumber, Float-ing round you,
dawning of the day... Brings the hap - py hours of pleas-ure,
ev - er o'er thee keep; Fair - est vi - sions come to cheer thee,
ev - er bright and free,... Let me be a - mong your num-ber,
cresc.
poco rit.
Dream the star - ry night a - way. Sleep, lit - tle treas - ure.
Sleep, my lit - tle treas - ure, sleep. Sleep, lit - tle treas - ure.
Don't for - get to dream of me... Sleep, lit - tle treas - ure.

CRADLE SONG

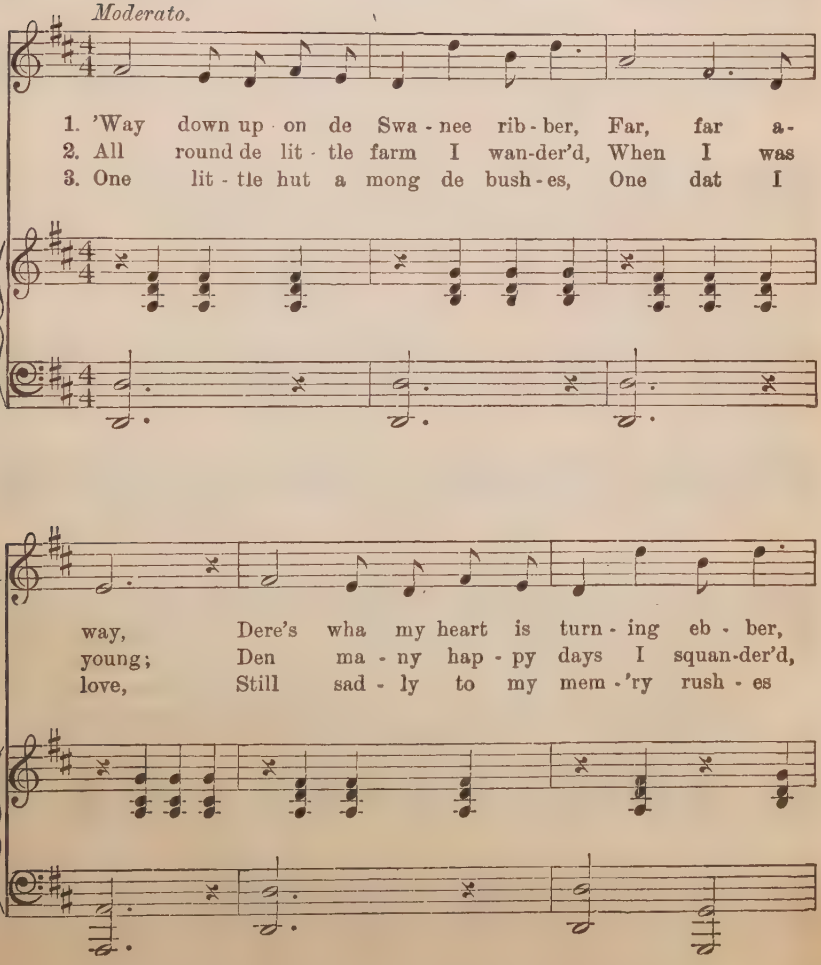
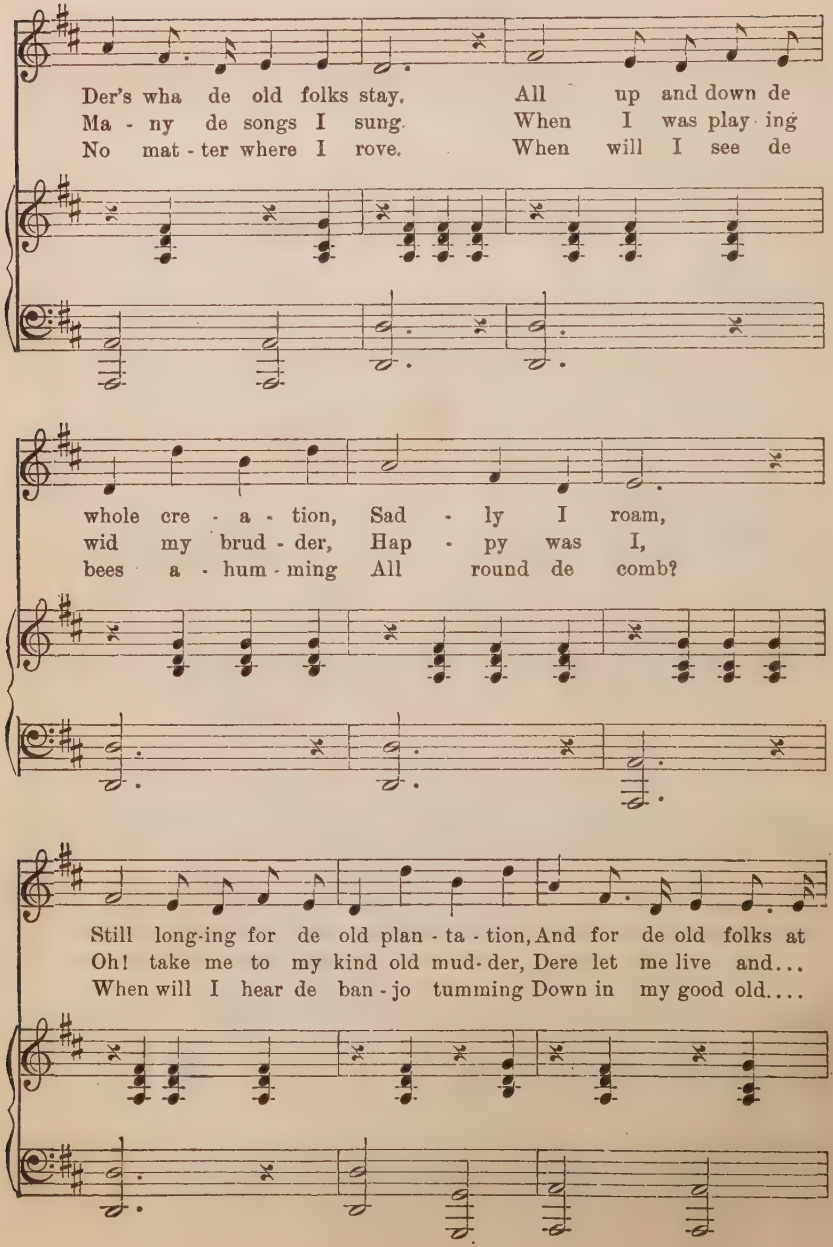
English words by F. R. R. FRANZ SCHUBERT

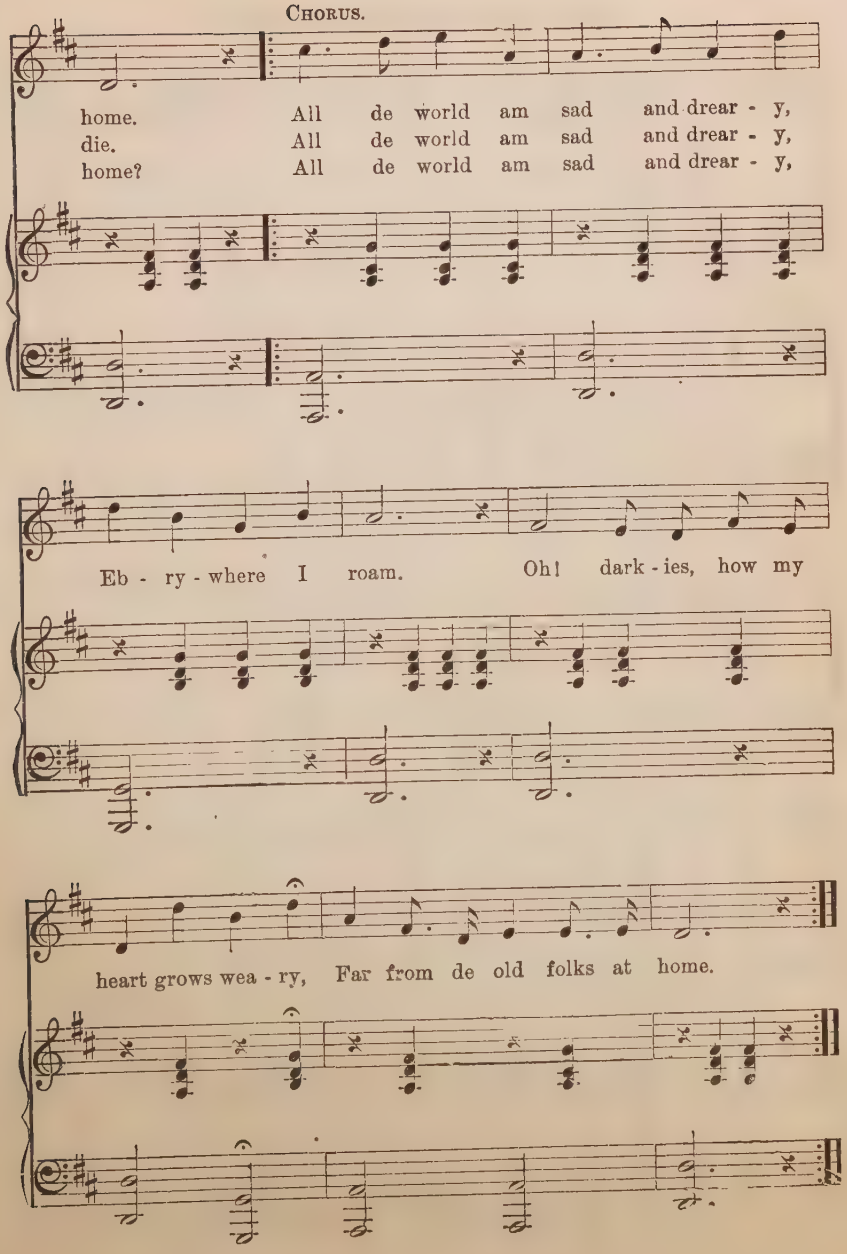

1. Sweet-ly slumber 'neath the orchard shadows, Near thee murm'ring
2. Sweet-ly slumber; o'er thine eye-lids ten- der Or - chard blossoms
3. Sweet-ly slumber while I bear thee homeward; Heav'n grows darker,
pp
soft the brooklet flows; Winds of spring-time gen - tly lull thee,
waft their fragrant snows; May they wake not, may.. they bring thee
cold an east wind blows; In these arms sleep soft - ly, dar - ling,
Mother's dar-ling, mother's op'ning rose.
An - gel vi- sions, dewy, deep re-pose.
Mother's love, no change, no coldness knows.

SONGS OF HOME AND REMINISCENCE

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

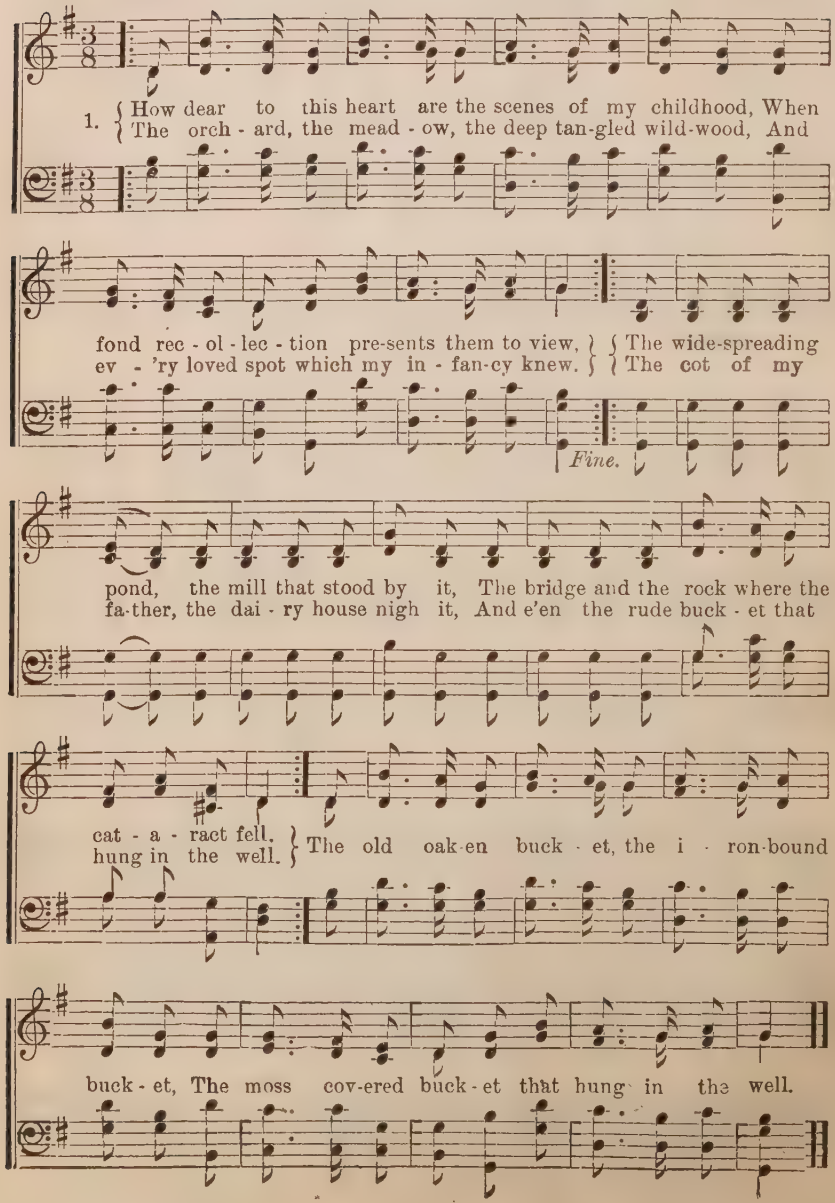
STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Moderato.
1. 'Way down up on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a-
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan-der'd, When I was
3. One lit - tle hut a mong de bush - es, One dat I
way, Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber,
young; Den ma - ny hap - py days I squan-der'd,
love, Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es

Der's wha de old folks stay, All up and down de
Ma - ny de songs I sung. When I was play - ing
No mat - ter where I rove. When will I see de
whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I,
bees a - hum - ming All round de comb?
Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at
Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and...
When will I hear de ban - jo tumming Down in my good old....


Chorus.
home. All de world am sad and drear - y,
die. All de world am sad and drear - y,
home? All de world am sad and drear - y,
Eb - ry - where I roam. Oh! dark - ies, how my
heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

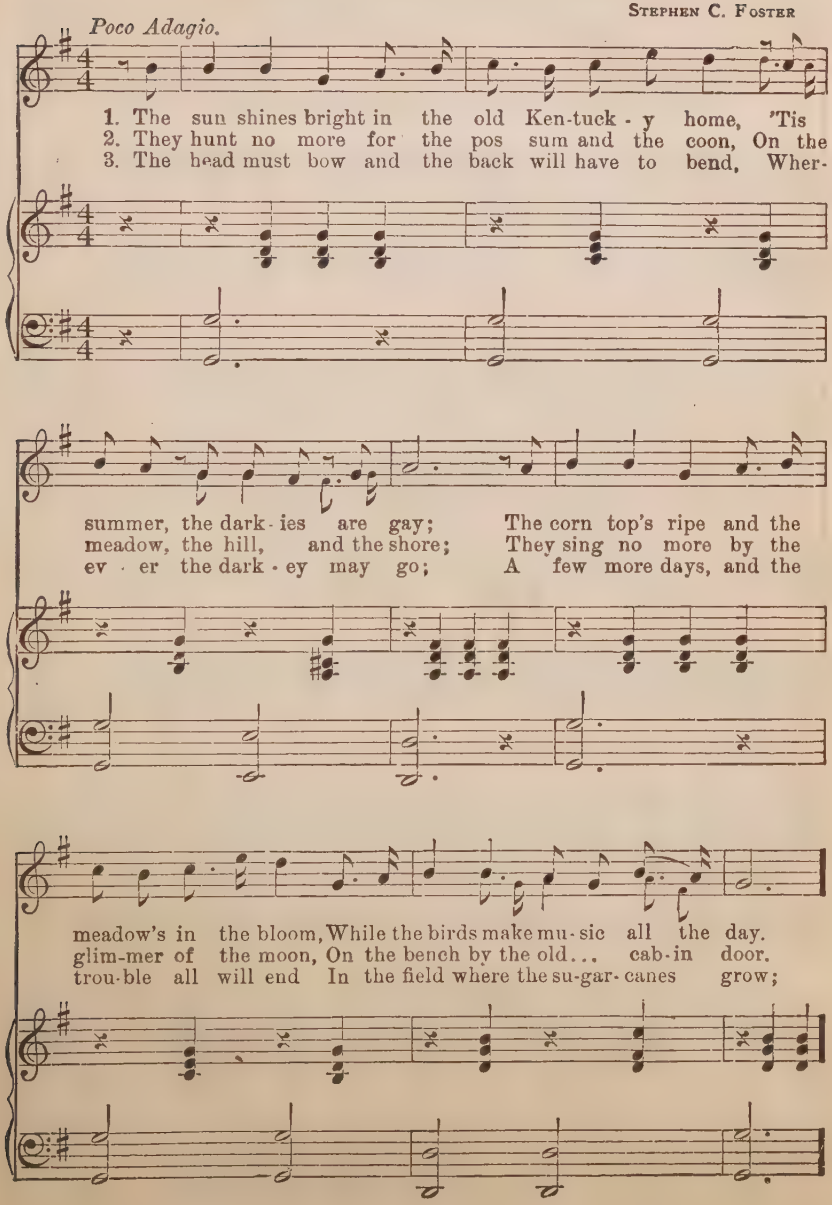
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

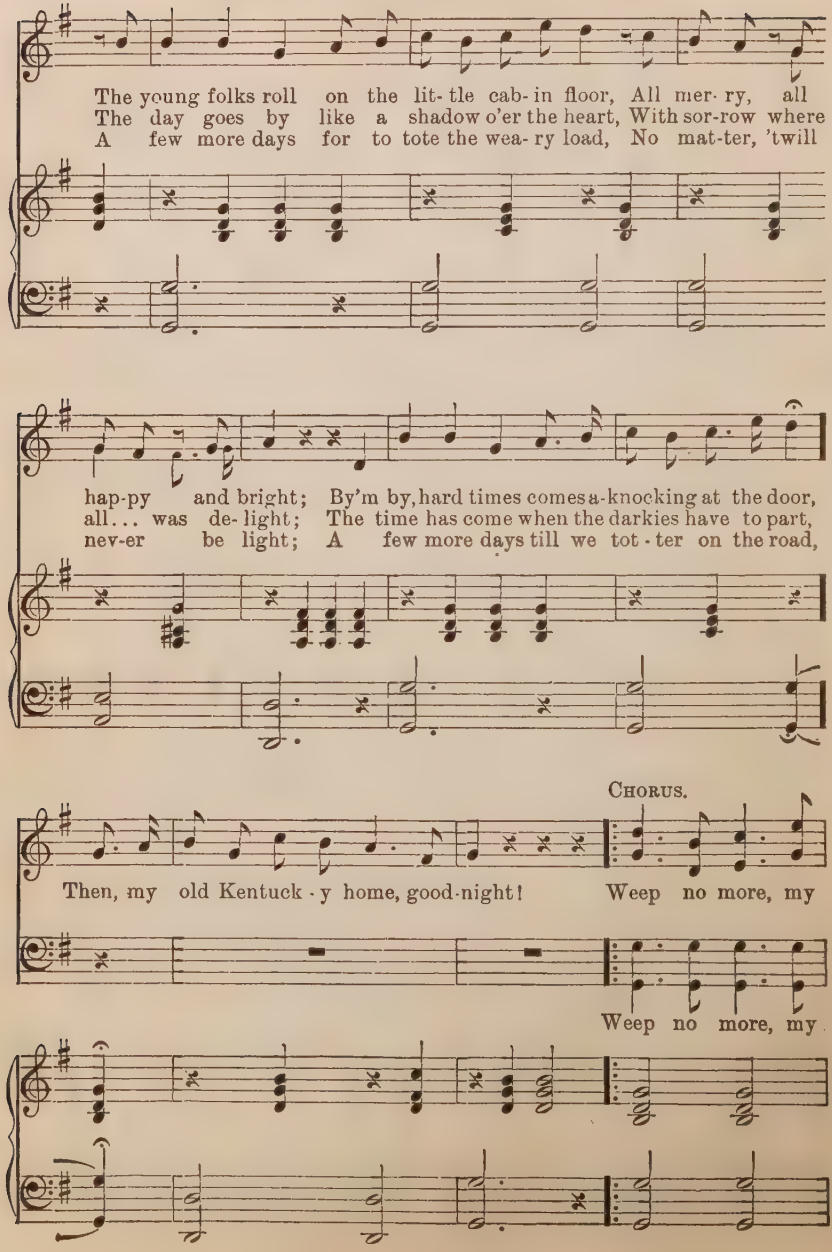
S. WOODWORTH C. KIALLMARK

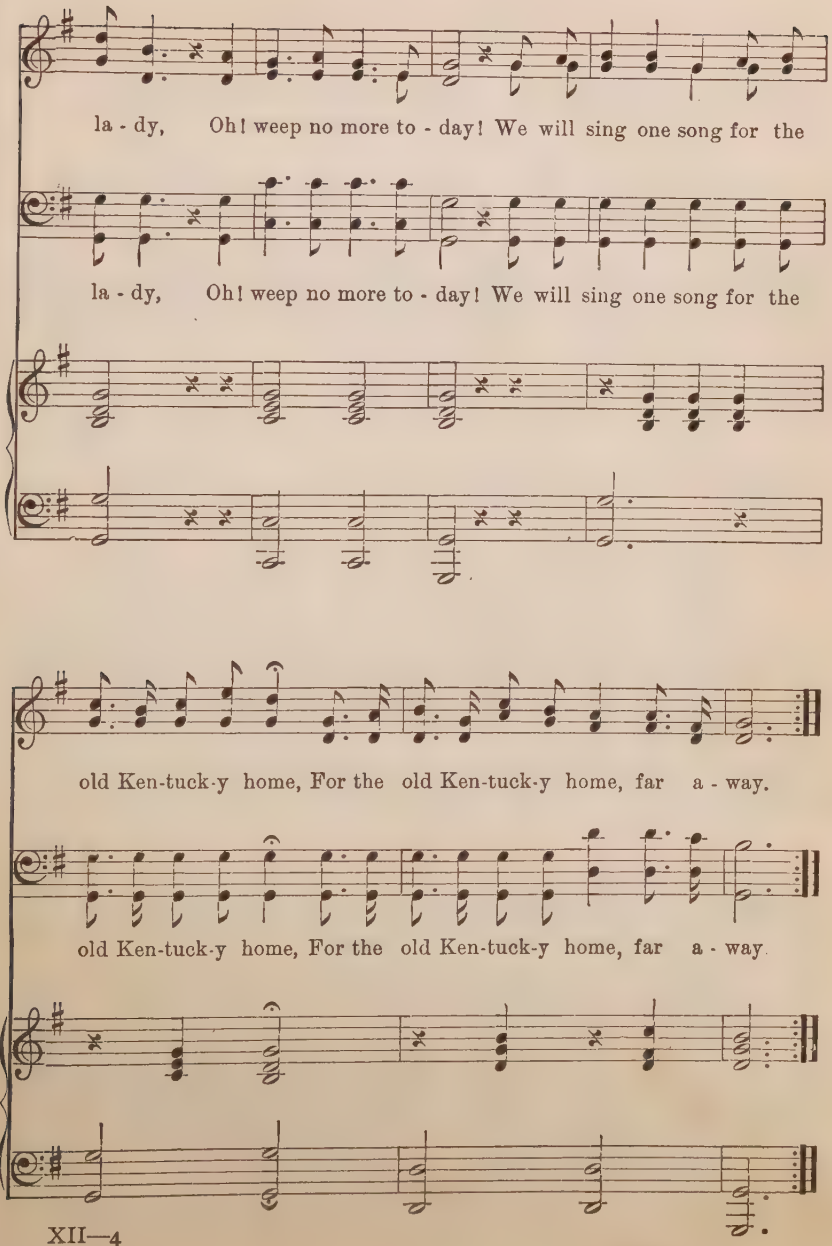

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When
The orch - ard, the mead - ow, the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And
fond rec - ol - lec - tion pre-sents them to view, The wide-spreading
ev - 'ry loved spot which my in - fan-cy knew. The cot of my
Fine.
pond, the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the
fa-ther, the dai - ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that
cat - a - ract fell.
hung in the well. The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron-bound
buck - et, The moss cov-ered buck - et that hung in the well.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

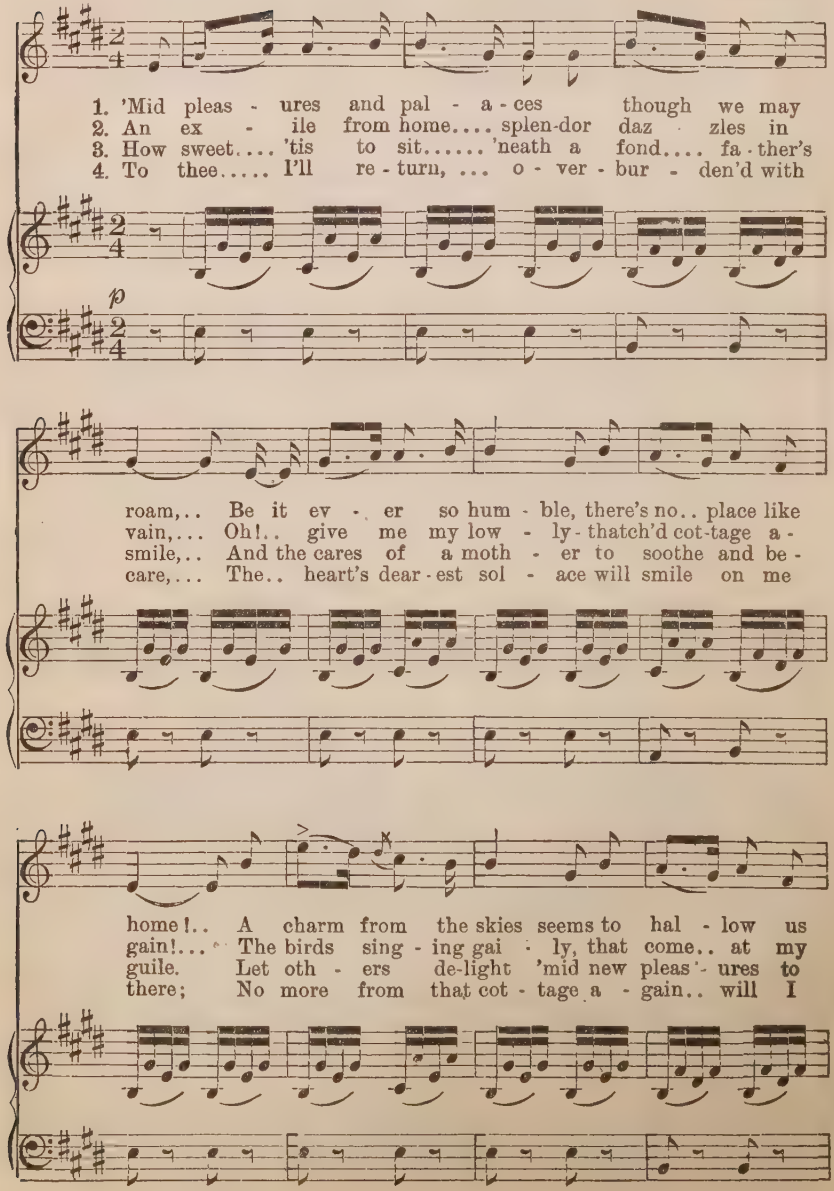
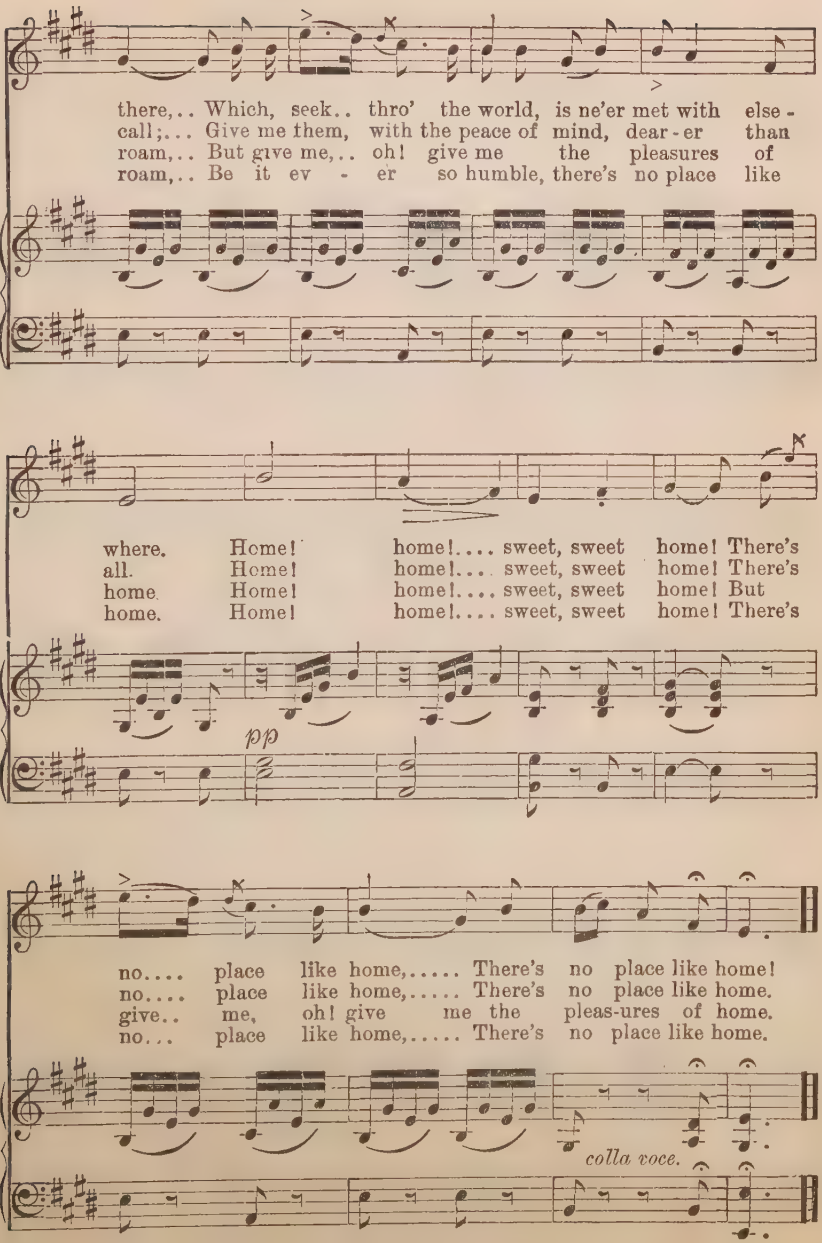

Poco Adagio.
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck - y home, 'Tis
2. They hunt no more for the pos sum and the coon, On the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-
summer, the dark - ies are gay; The corn top's ripe and the
meadow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the
ev - er the dark - ey may go; A few more days, and the
meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the day.
glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old... cab - in door.
trou-ble all will end In the field where the su-gar - canes grow;


The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sor-row where
A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill
hap-py and bright; By'm by, hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
all... was de-light; The time has come when the darkies have to part,
nev-er be light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road,
Chorus.
Then, my old Kentuck-y home, good-night! Weep no more, my
Weep no more, my

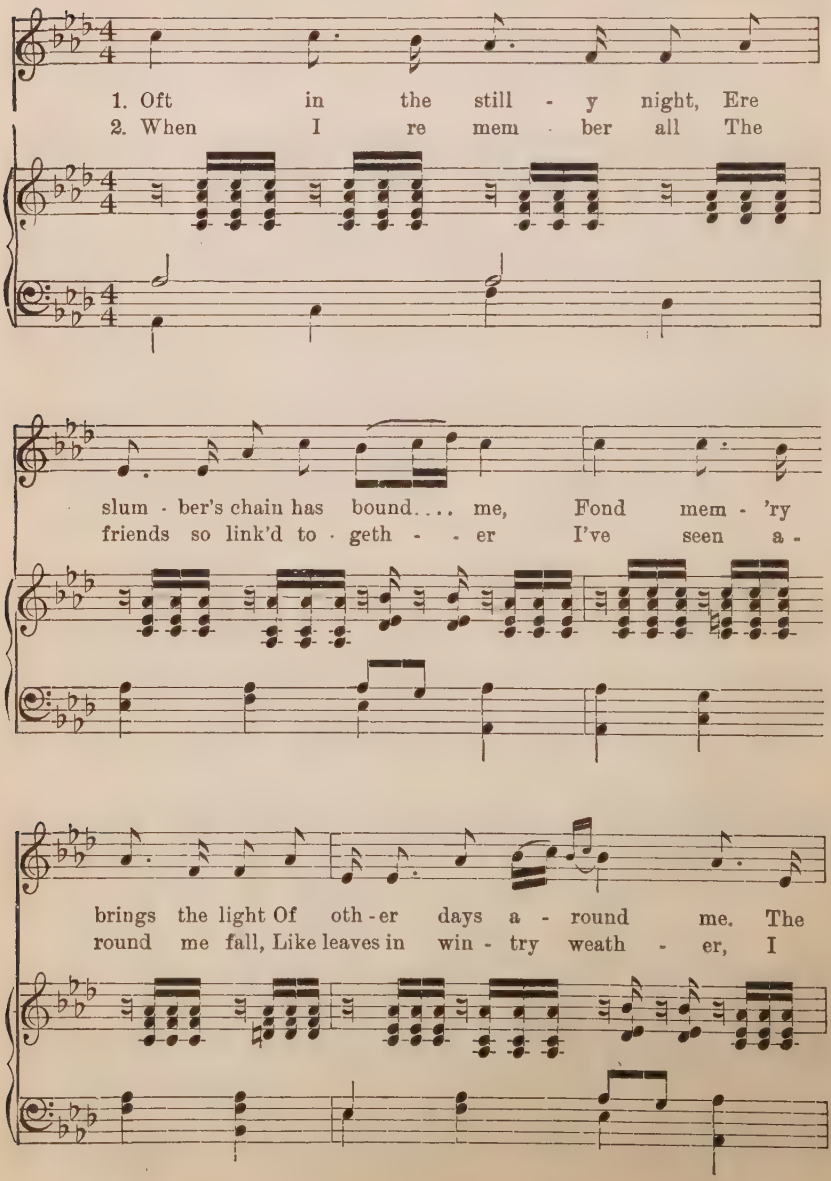
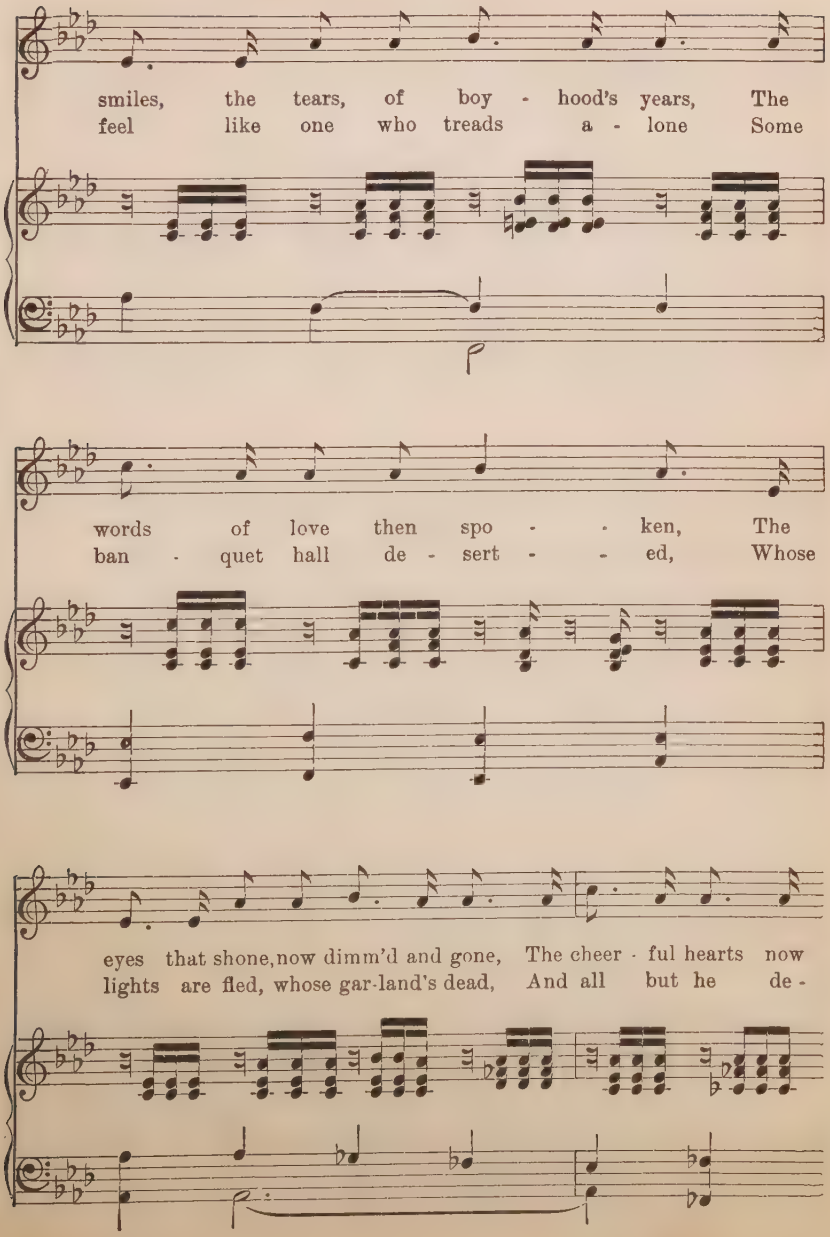

la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the
la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the
old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a - way.
old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a - way.

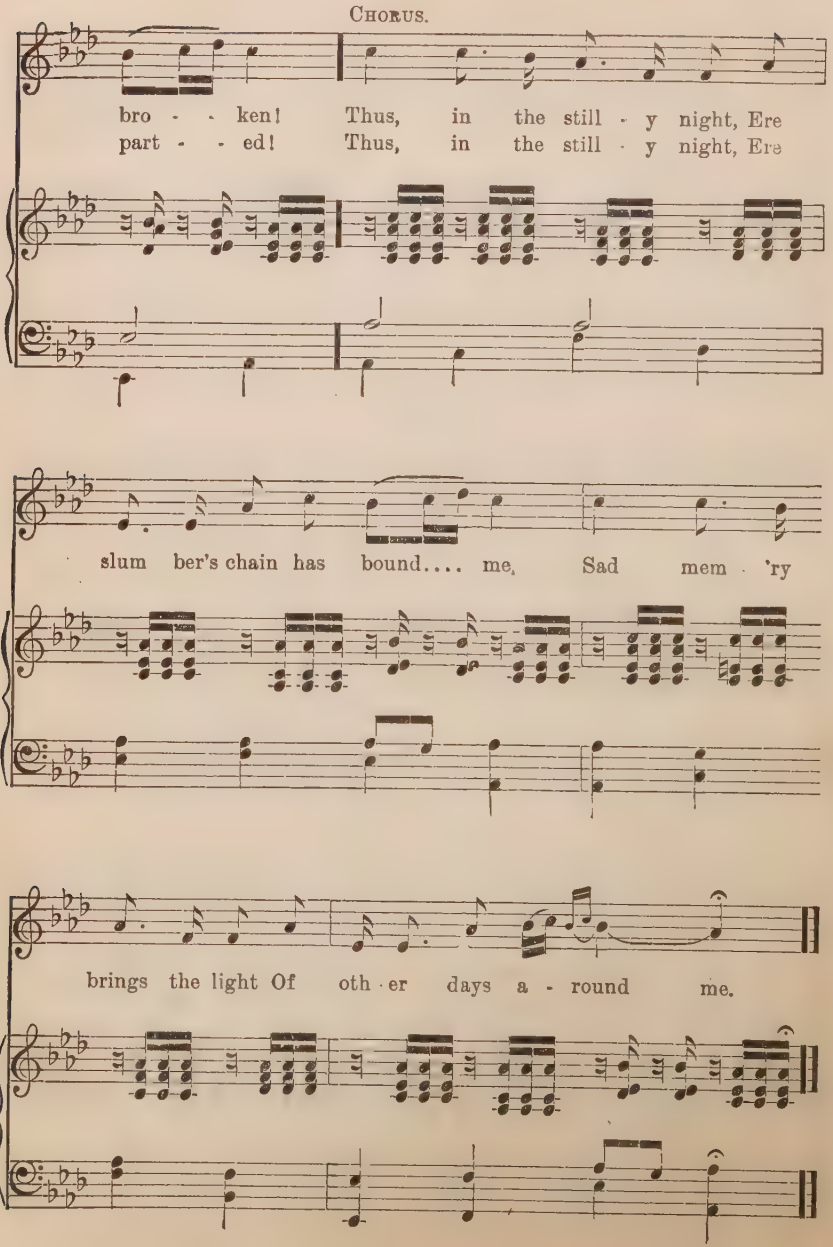
HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE HENRY R. BISHOP


1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may
2. An ex - ile from home.... splen-dor daz - zles in
3. How sweet.... 'tis to sit..... 'neath a fond.... fa - ther's
4. To thee..... I'll re - turn, ... o - ver - bur - den'd with
p
roam,.. Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no.. place like
vain,... Oh!.. give me my low - ly - thatch'd cot-tage a -
smile,.. And the cares of a moth - er to soothe and be -
care,... The.. heart's dear - est sol - ace will smile on me
home!.. A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
gain!... The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that come.. at my
guile. Let oth - ers de-light 'mid new pleas - ures to
there; No more from that cot - tage a - gain.. will I

there,.. Which, seek.. thro' the world, is ne'er met with else -
call;... Give me them, with the peace of mind, dear - er than
roam,.. But give me,.. oh! give me the pleasures of
roam,.. Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like
where. Home! home!.... sweet, sweet home! There's
all. Home! home!.... sweet, sweet home! There's
home. Home! home!.... sweet, sweet home! But
home. Home! home!.... sweet, sweet home! There's
pp
no.... place like home,..... There's no place like home!
no.... place like home,..... There's no place like home.
give.. me, oh! give me the pleas-ures of home.
no... place like home,..... There's no place like home.
colla voce.

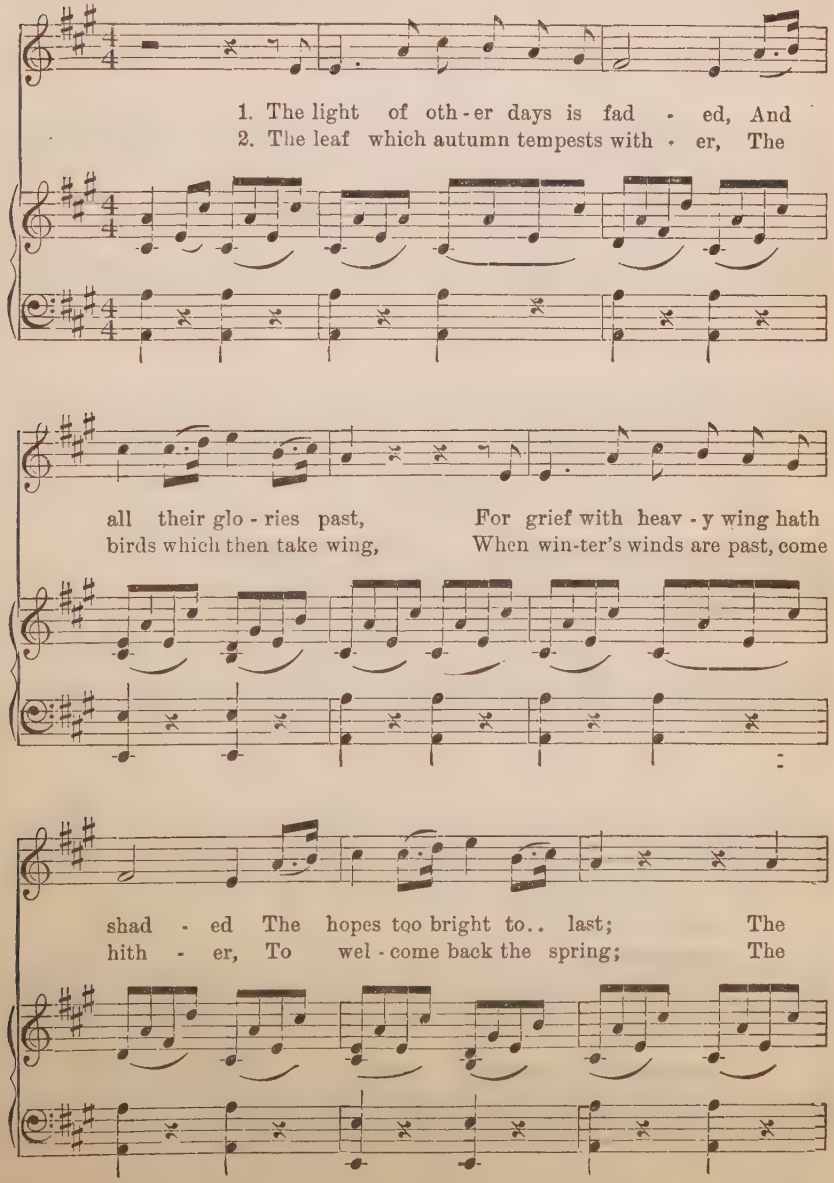
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

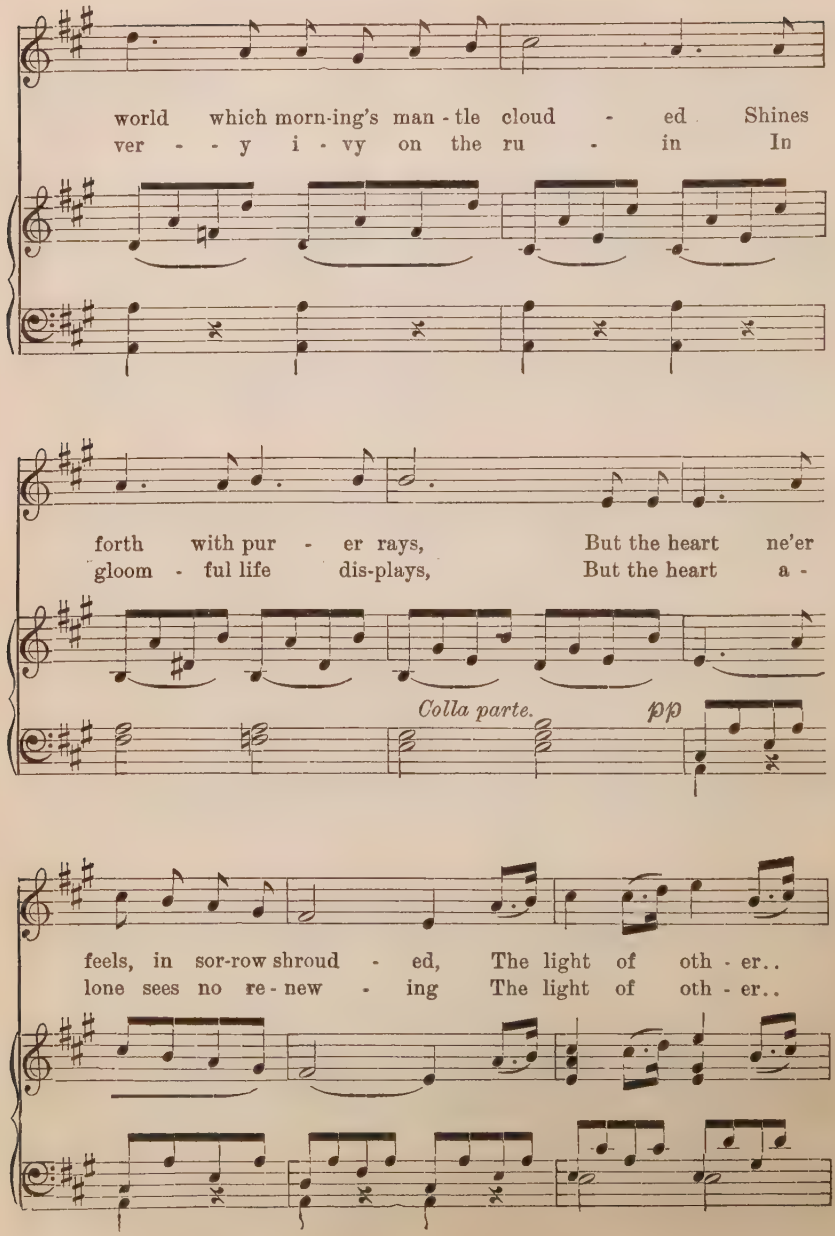
THOMAS MOORE

1. Oft in the still - y night, Ere
2. When I re mem - ber all The
slum - ber's chain has bound.... me, Fond mem - 'ry
friends so link'd to - geth - - er I've seen a -
brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me. The
round me fall, Like leaves in win - try weath - er, I

smiles, the tears, of boy - hood's years, The
feel like one who treads a - lone Some
words of love then spo - - ken, The
ban - quet hall de - sert - - ed, Whose
eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The cheer - ful hearts now
lights are fled, whose gar-land's dead, And all but he de -

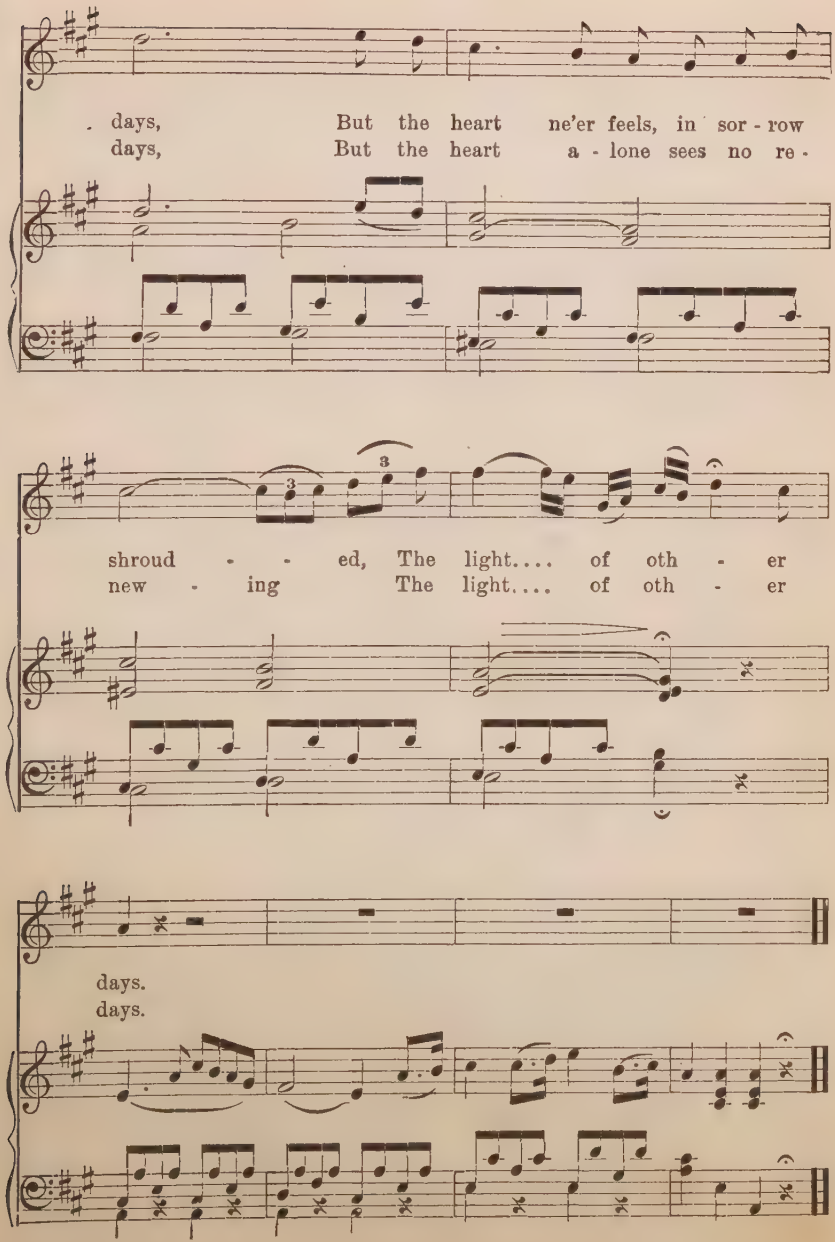

Chorus.
bro - - ken! Thus, in the still - y night, Ere
part - - ed! Thus, in the still - y night, Ere
slum ber's chain has bound.... me, Sad mem - 'ry
brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

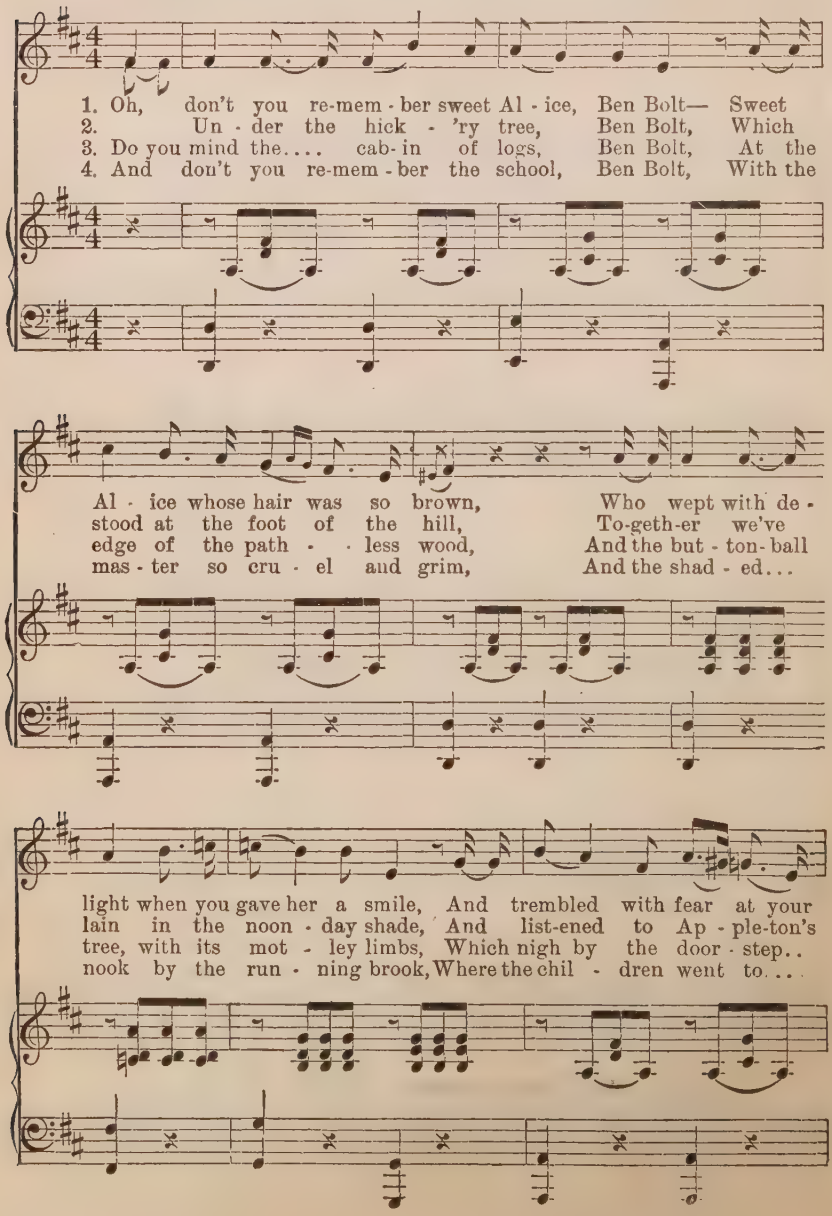
ALFRED BUNN M. W. BALFE

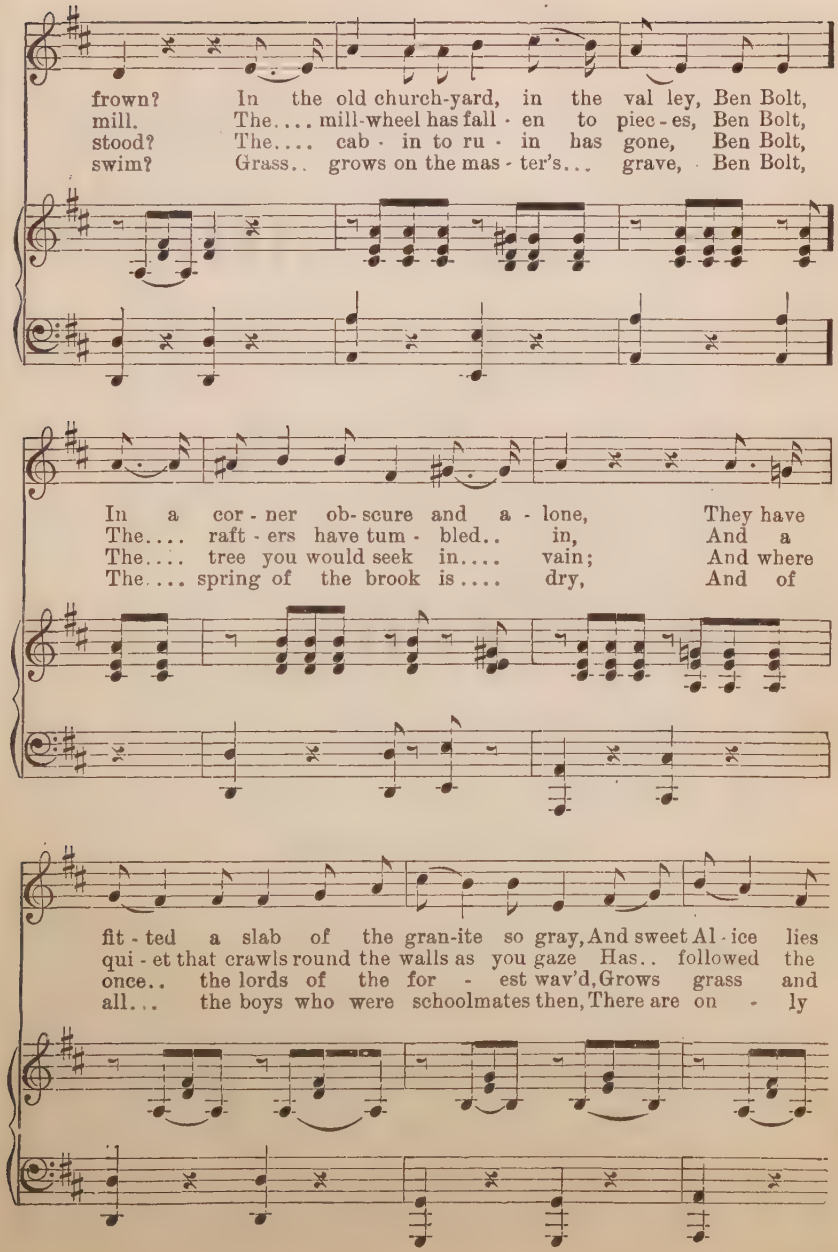

1. The light of oth - er days is fad - ed, And
2. The leaf which autumn tempests with - er, The
all their glo - ries past, For grief with heav - y wing hath
birds which then take wing, When win-ter's winds are past, come
shad - ed The hopes too bright to.. last; The
hith - er, To wel - come back the spring; The

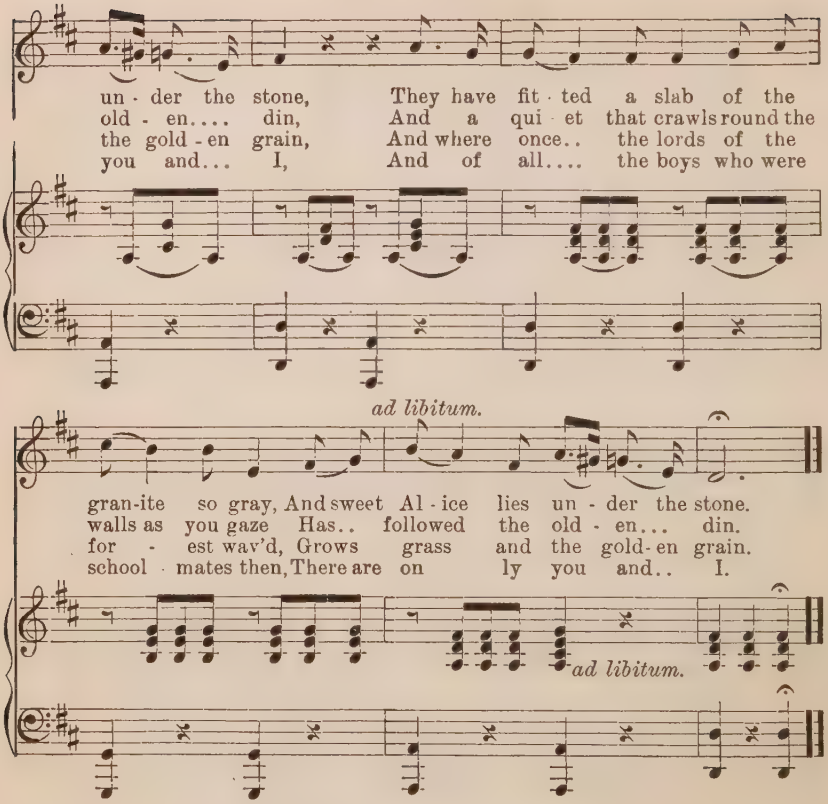

world which morn-ing's man - tle cloud - ed Shines
ver - - y i - vy on the ru - in In
forth with pur - er rays, But the heart ne'er
gloom - ful life dis-plays, But the heart a -
Colla parte.
pp
feels, in sor-row shroud - ed, The light of oth - er..
lone sees no re - new - ing The light of oth - er..


days, But the heart ne'er feels, in sor - row
days, But the heart a - lone sees no re -
shroud - - ed, The light.... of oth - er
new - ing The light.... of oth - er
days.
days.

BEN BOLT

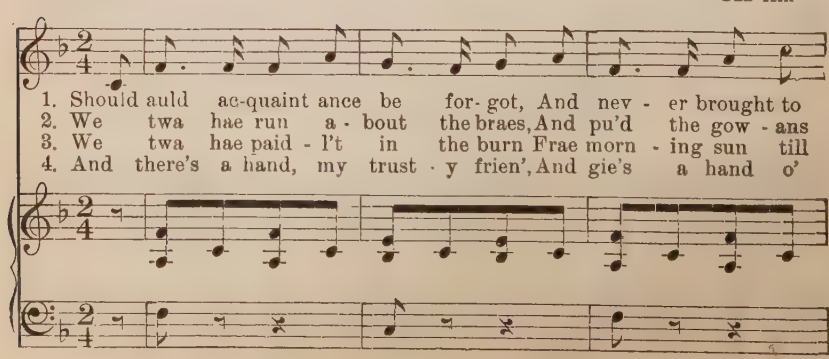
THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH NELSON KNEASS

1. Oh, don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt— Sweet
2. Un-der the hick-'ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which
3. Do you mind the.... cab-in of logs, Ben Bolt, At the
4. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the
Al-ice whose hair was so brown, Who wept with de-
stood at the foot of the hill, To-geth-er we've
edge of the path-less wood, And the but-ton-ball
mas-ter so cru-el and grim, And the shad-ed...
light when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your
lain in the noon-day shade, And list-ened to Ap-ple-ton's
tree, with its mot-ley limbs, Which nigh by the door-step..
nook by the run-ning brook, Where the chil-dren went to...

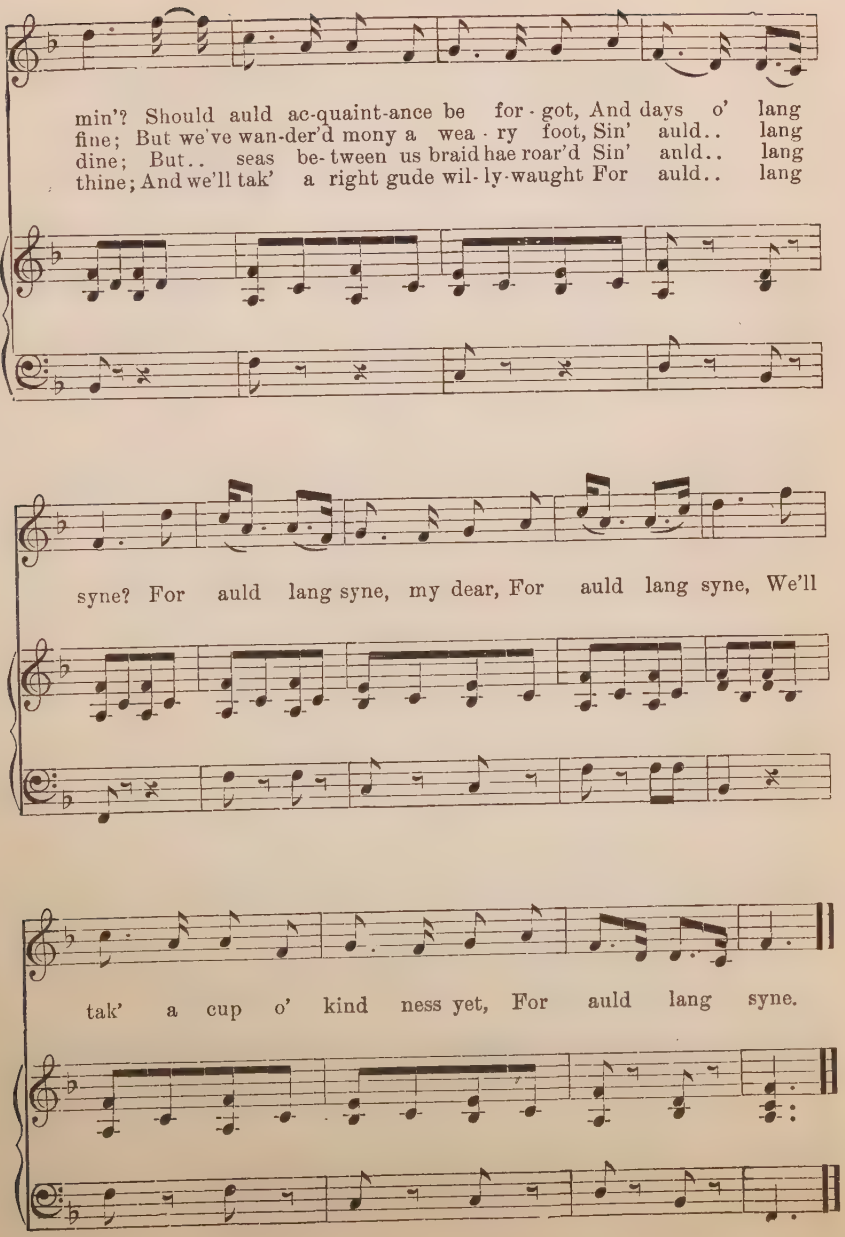

frown? In the old church-yard, in the val ley, Ben Bolt,
mill. The.... mill-wheel has fall · en to piec - es, Ben Bolt,
stood? The.... cab · in to ru · in has gone, Ben Bolt,
swim? Grass.. grows on the mas - ter's... grave, Ben Bolt,
In a cor - ner ob- scure and a - lone, They have
The.... raft - ers have tum - bled.. in, And a
The.... tree you would seek in.... vain; And where
The.... spring of the brook is.... dry, And of
fit - ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze Has.. followed the
once.. the lords of the for - est wav'd, Grows grass and
all... the boys who were schoolmates then, There are on - ly


un - der the stone, They have fit - ted a slab of the
old - en.... din, And a qui - et that crawls round the
the gold - en grain, And where once.. the lords of the
you and... I, And of all.... the boys who were
ad libitum.
gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone.
walls as you gaze Has.. followed the old - en... din.
for - est wav'd, Grows grass and the gold-en grain.
school - mates then, There are on ly you and.. I.
ad libitum.

AULD LANG SYNE

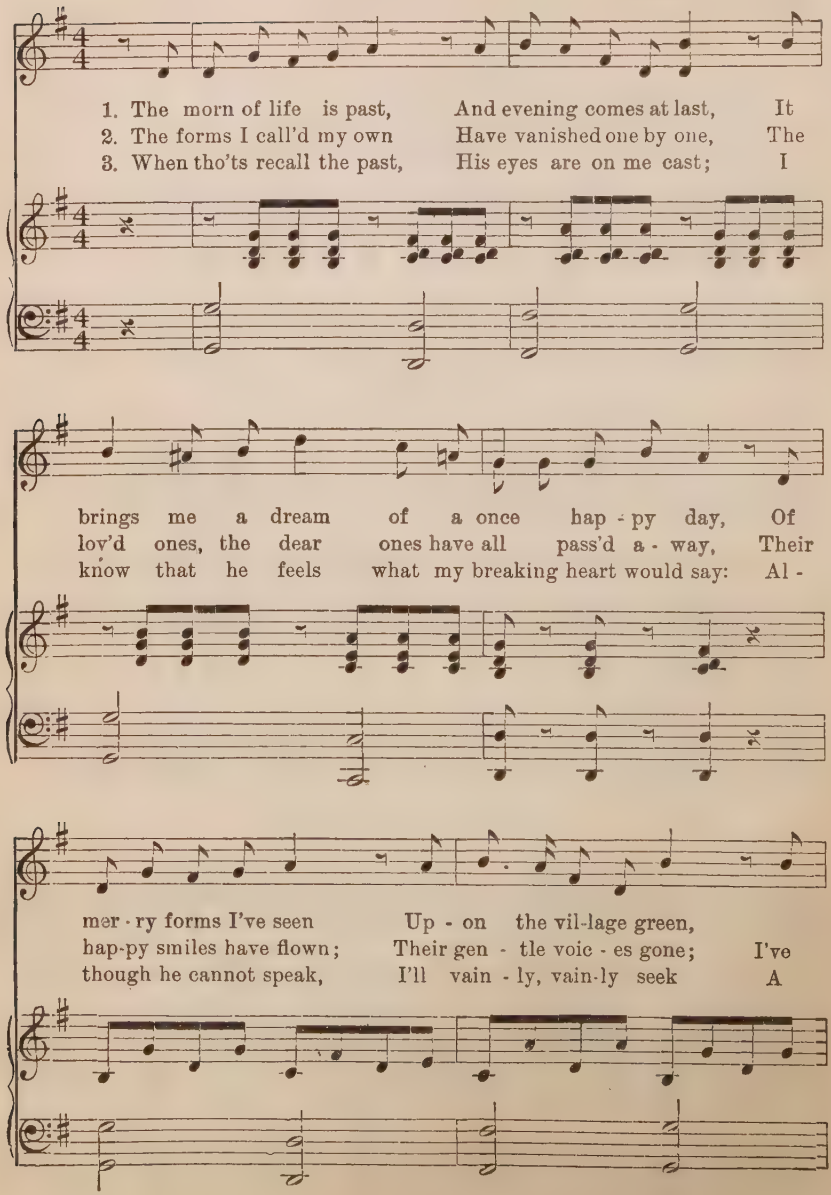
ROBERT BURNS — OLD AIR

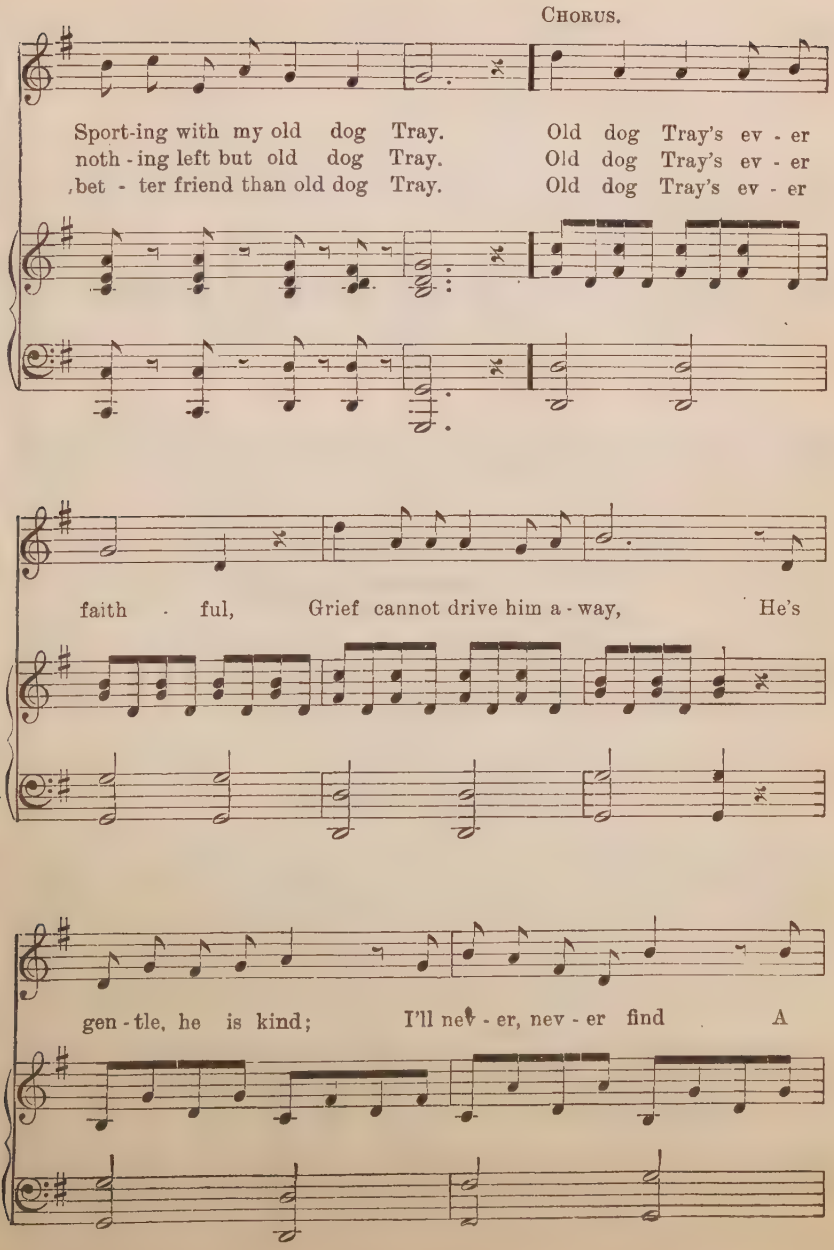

1. Should auld ac-quaint ance be for- got, And nev - er brought to
2. We twa hae run a - bout the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans
3. We twa hae paid - l't in the burn Frae morn - ing sun till
4. And there's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o'

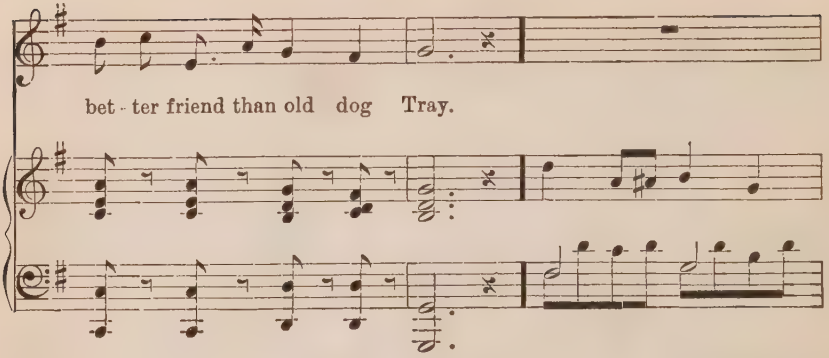

min'? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days o' lang
fine; But we've wan-der'd mony a wea-ry foot, Sin' auld.. lang
dine; But.. seas be-tween us braid hae roar'd Sin' auld.. lang
thine; And we'll tak' a right gude wil-ly-waught For auld.. lang
syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll
tak' a cup o' kind ness yet, For auld lang syne.

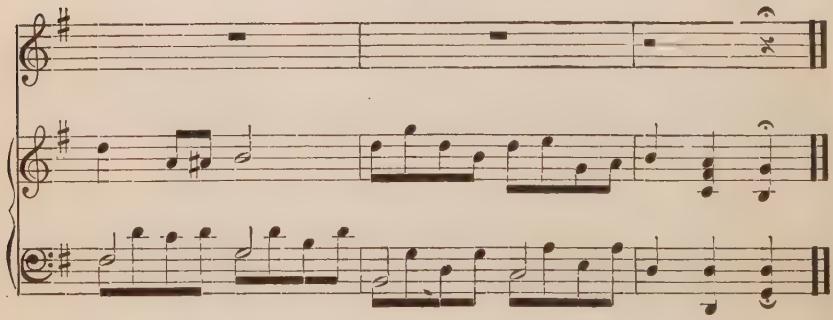
OLD DOG TRAY

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


1. The morn of life is past, And evening comes at last, It
2. The forms I call'd my own Have vanished one by one, The
3. When tho'ts recall the past, His eyes are on me cast; I
brings me a dream of a once hap - py day, Of
lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd a - way, Their
know that he feels what my breaking heart would say: Al -
mer - ry forms I've seen Up - on the vil-lage green,
hap-py smiles have flown; Their gen - tle voic - es gone; I've
though he cannot speak, I'll vain - ly, vain-ly seek A

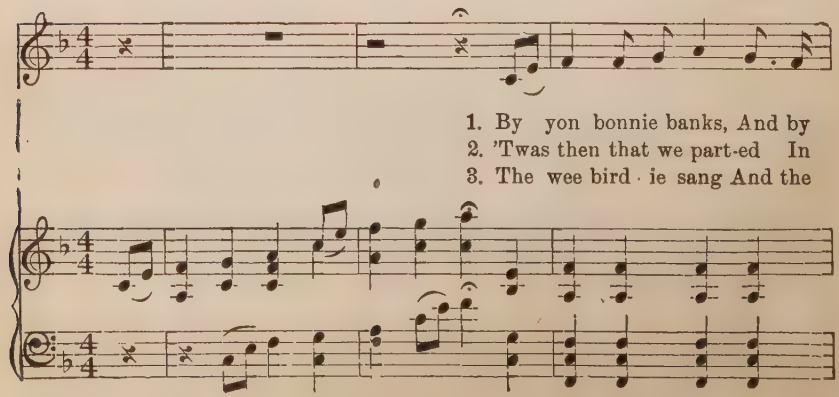

Chorus.
Sport-ing with my old dog Tray. Old dog Tray's ev - er
noth - ing left but old dog Tray. Old dog Tray's ev - er
bet - ter friend than old dog Tray. Old dog Tray's ev - er
faith - ful, Grief cannot drive him a - way, He's
gen - tle, he is kind; I'll nev - er, nev - er find A

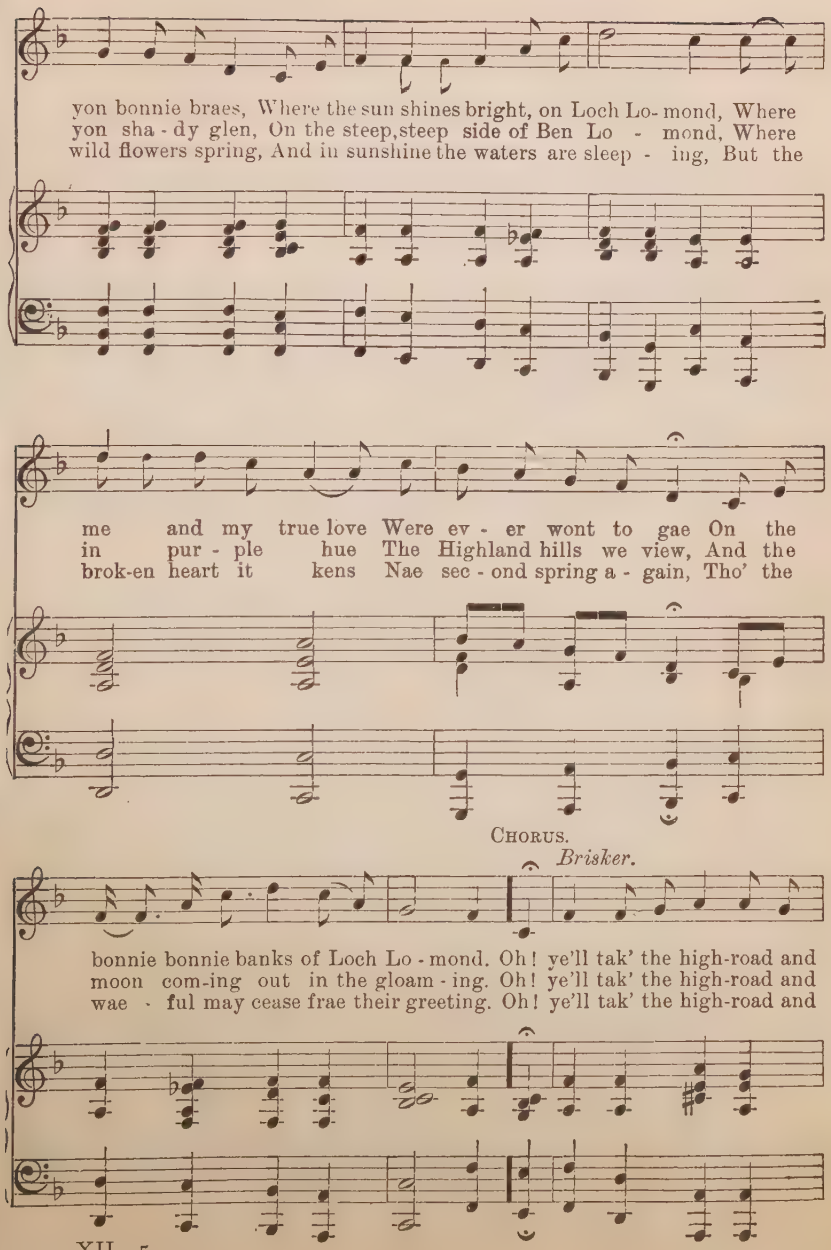


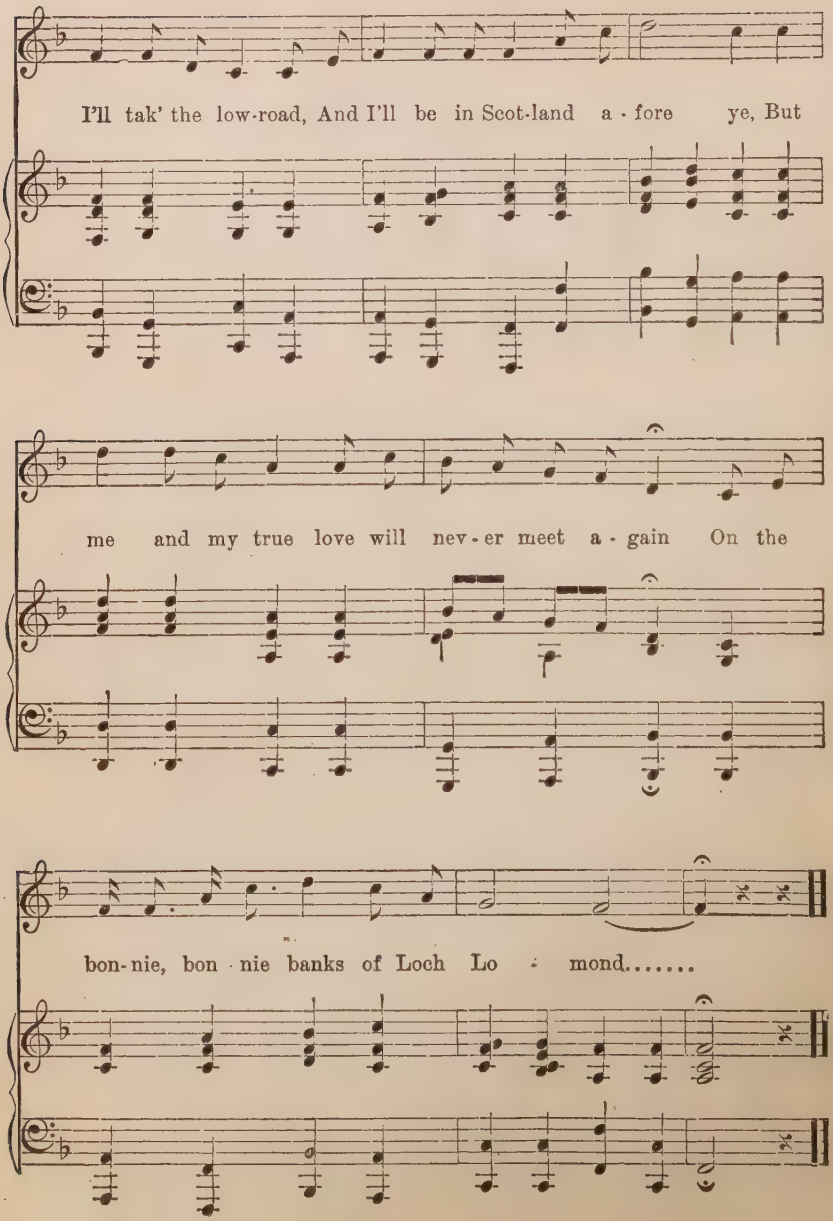


LOCH LOMOND

M. LAWSON



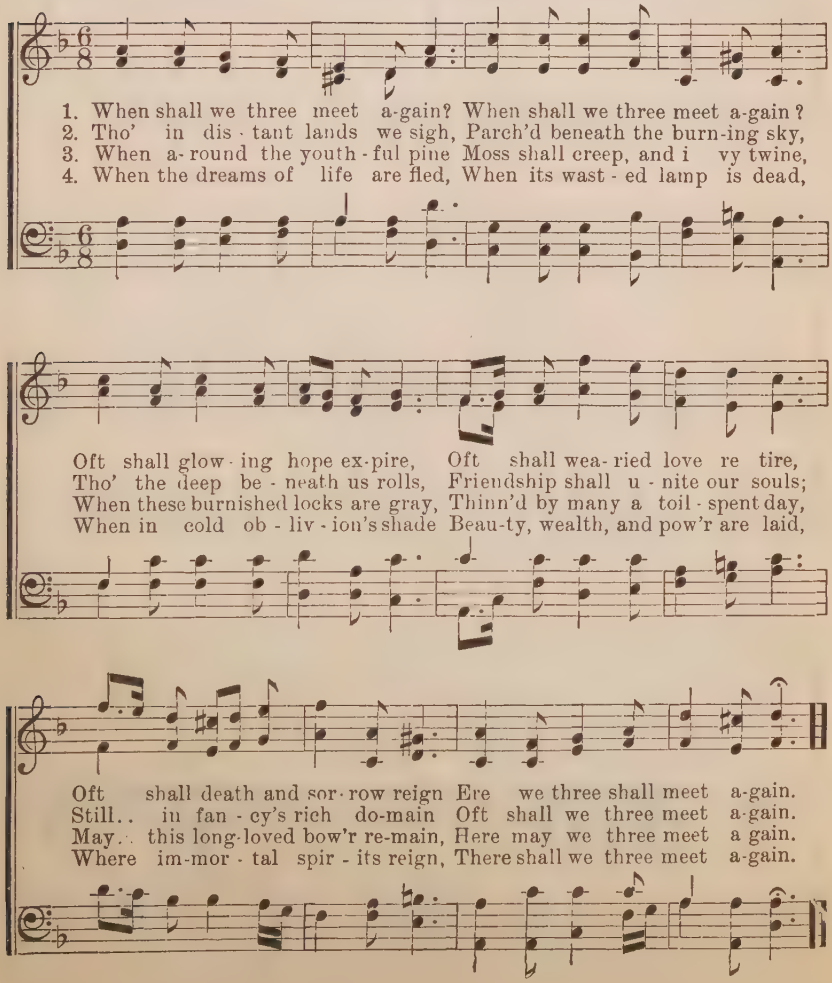

yon bonnie braes, Where the sun shines bright, on Loch Lo- mond, Where
yon sha - dy glen, On the steep,steep side of Ben Lo - mond, Where
wild flowers spring, And in sunshine the waters are sleep - ing, But the
me and my true love Were ev - er wont to gae On the
in pur - ple hue The Highland hills we view, And the
brok-en heart it kens Nae sec - ond spring a - gain, Tho' the
Chorus.
Brisker.
bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lo - mond. Oh! ye'll tak' the high-road and
moon com-ing out in the gloam - ing. Oh! ye'll tak' the high-road and
wae - ful may cease frae their greeting. Oh! ye'll tak' the high-road and


I'll tak' the low-road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But
me and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain On the
bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.....

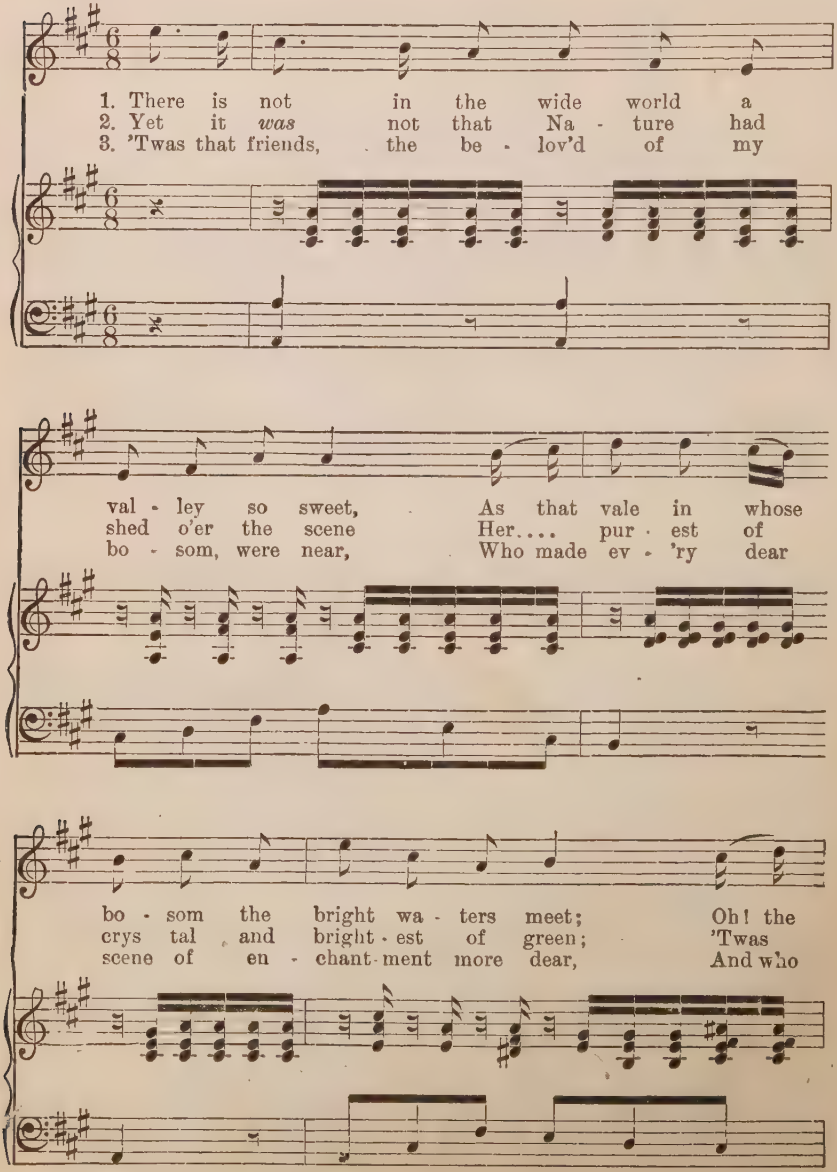
SONGS OF SENTIMENT

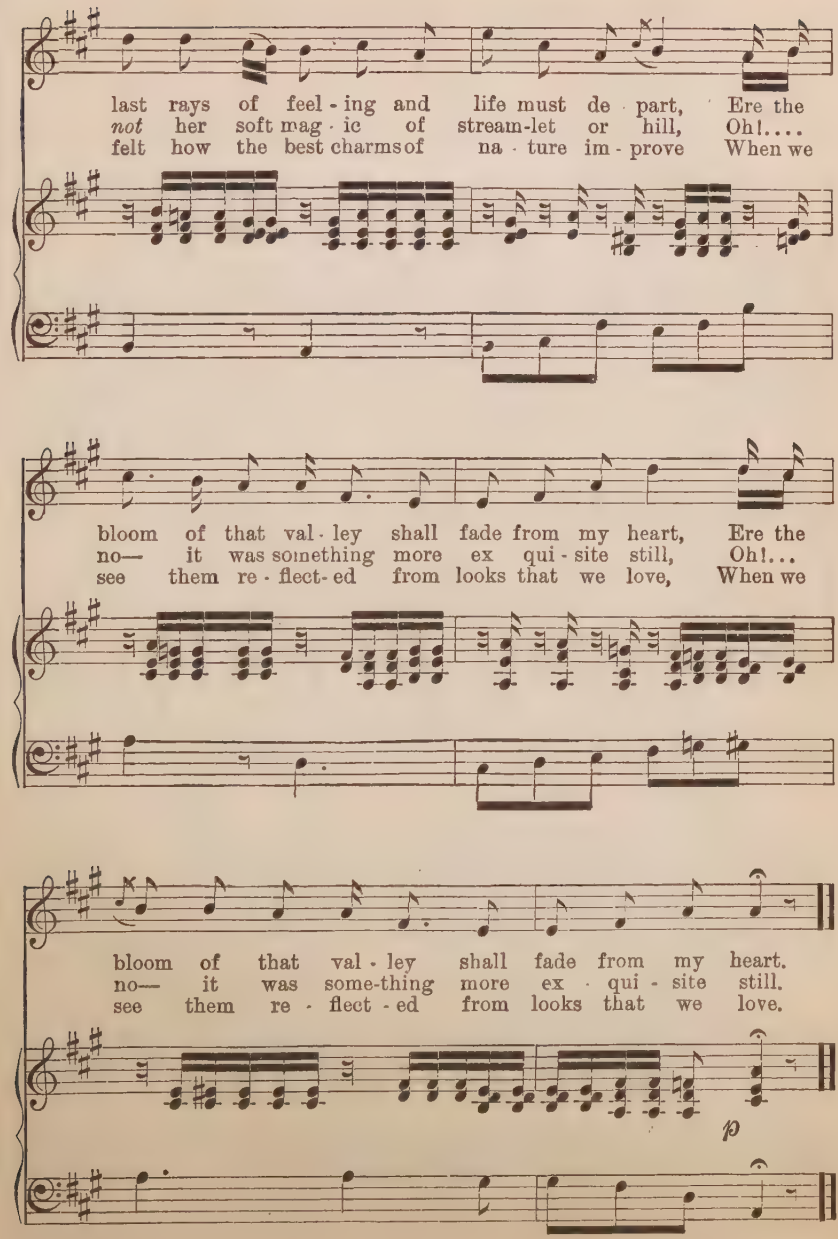
WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

Harmonized by EDWARD S. CUMMINGS

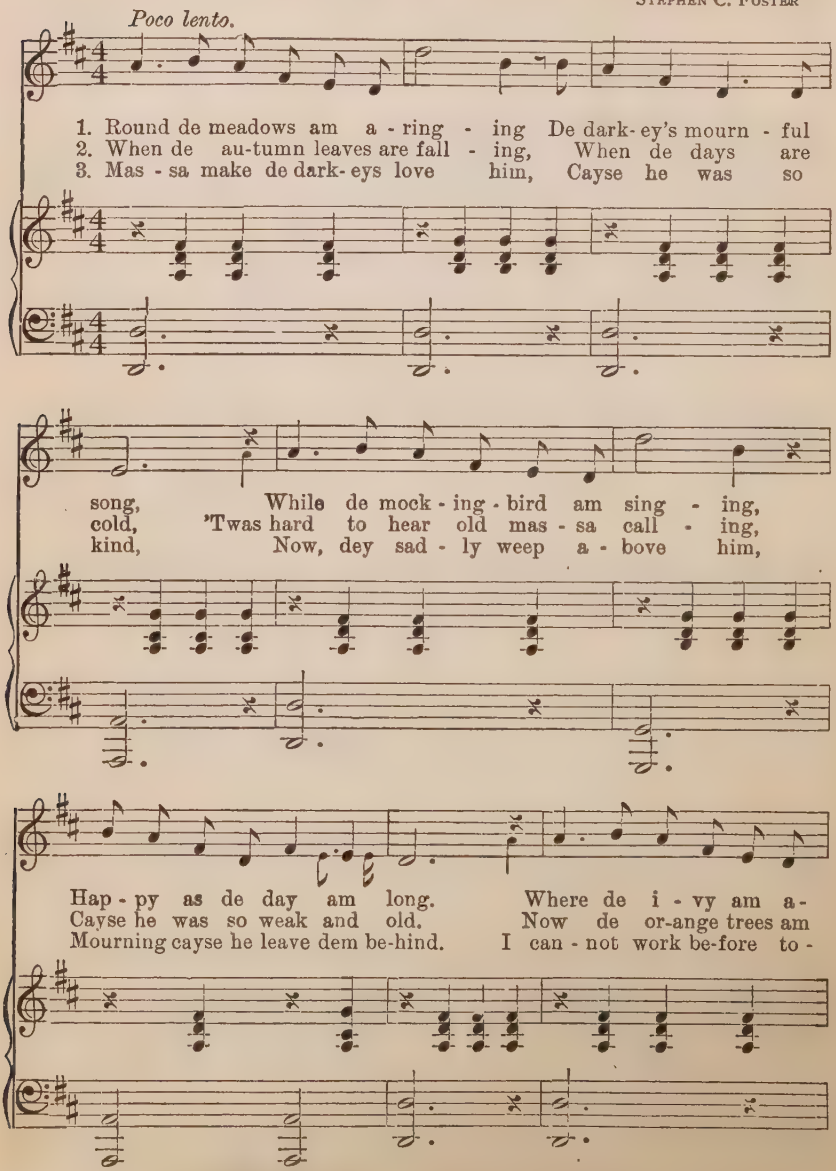

1. When shall we three meet a-gain? When shall we three meet a-gain?
2. Tho' in dis-tant lands we sigh, Parch'd beneath the burn-ing sky,
3. When a-round the youth-ful pine Moss shall creep, and i vy twine,
4. When the dreams of life are fled, When its wast-ed lamp is dead,
Oft shall glow-ing hope ex-pire, Oft shall wea-ried love re tire,
Tho' the deep be-neath us rolls, Friendship shall u-nite our souls;
When these burnished locks are gray, Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day,
When in cold ob-liv-ion's shade Beau-ty, wealth, and pow'r are laid,
Oft shall death and sor-row reign Ere we three shall meet a-gain.
Still.. in fan-cy's rich do-main Oft shall we three meet a-gain.
May.. this long-loved bow'r re-main, Here may we three meet a gain.
Where im-mor-tal spir-its reign, There shall we three meet a-gain.

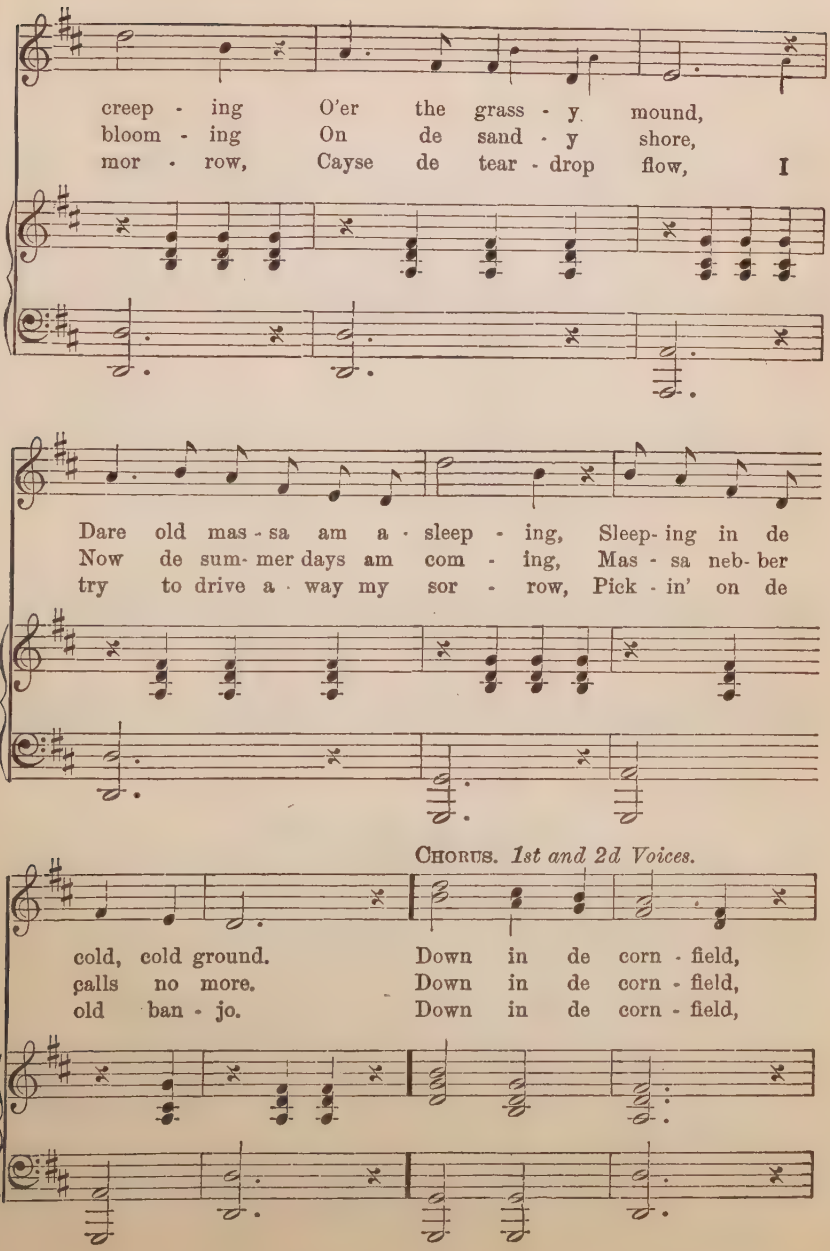
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

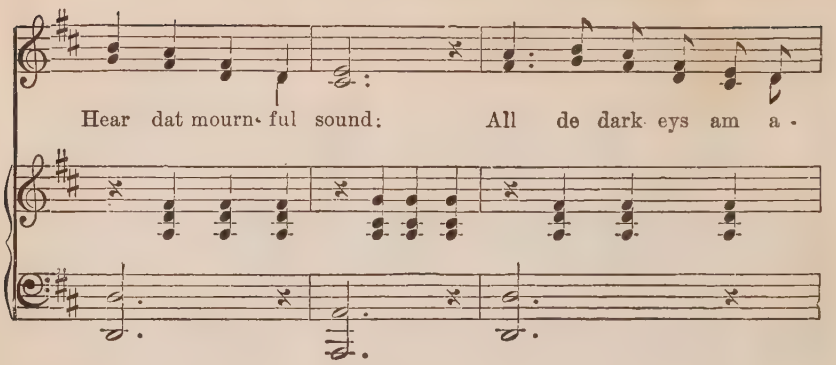
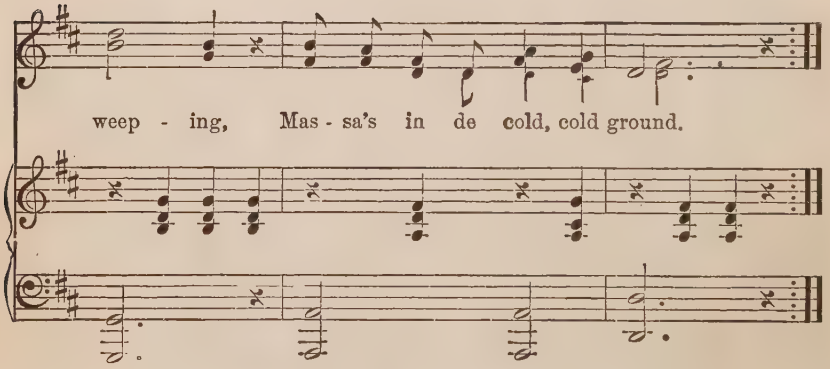
THOMAS MOORE — OLD AIR

1. There is not in the wide world a
2. Yet it *was* not that Na - ture had
3. 'Twas that friends, the be - lov'd of my
val - ley so sweet, As that vale in whose
shed o'er the scene Her.... pur - est of
bo - som, were near, Who made ev - 'ry dear
bo - som the bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the
crys tal and bright - est of green; 'Twas
scene of en - chant - ment more dear, And who


last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the
not her soft mag - ic of stream-let or hill, Oh!....
felt how the best charms of na - ture im - prove When we
bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the
no— it was something more ex qui - site still, Oh!...
see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love, When we
bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.
no— it was some-thing more ex - qui - site still.
see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love.
p

MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND

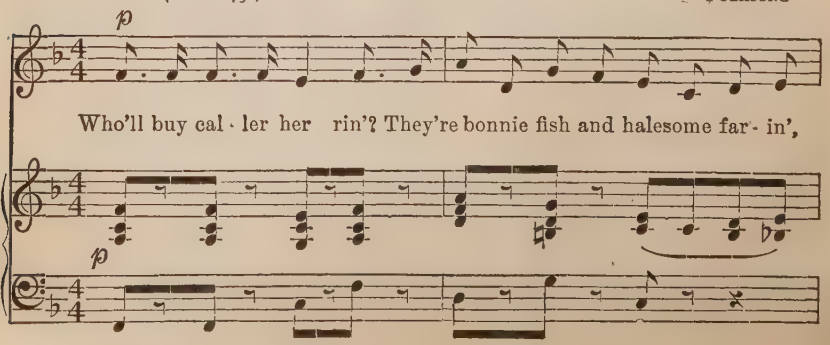
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Poco lento.
1. Round de meadows am a - ring - ing De dark-ey's mourn - ful
2. When de au-tumn leaves are fall - ing, When de days are
3. Mas - sa make de dark-eys love him, Cayse he was so
song, While de mock - ing - bird am sing - ing,
cold, 'Twas hard to hear old mas - sa call - ing,
kind, Now, dey sad - ly weep a - bove him,
Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -
Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or-ange trees am
Mourning cayse he leave dem be-hind. I can - not work be-fore to -

By special permission of Messrs. Oliver Ditson Co.

creep - ing O'er the grass - y mound,
bloom - ing On de sand - y shore,
mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow, I
Dare old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing, Sleep - ing in de
Now de sum - mer days am com - ing, Mas - sa neb - ber
try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pick - in' on de
CHORUS. 1st and 2d Voices.
cold, cold ground. Down in de corn - field,
calls no more. Down in de corn - field,
old ban - jo. Down in de corn - field,

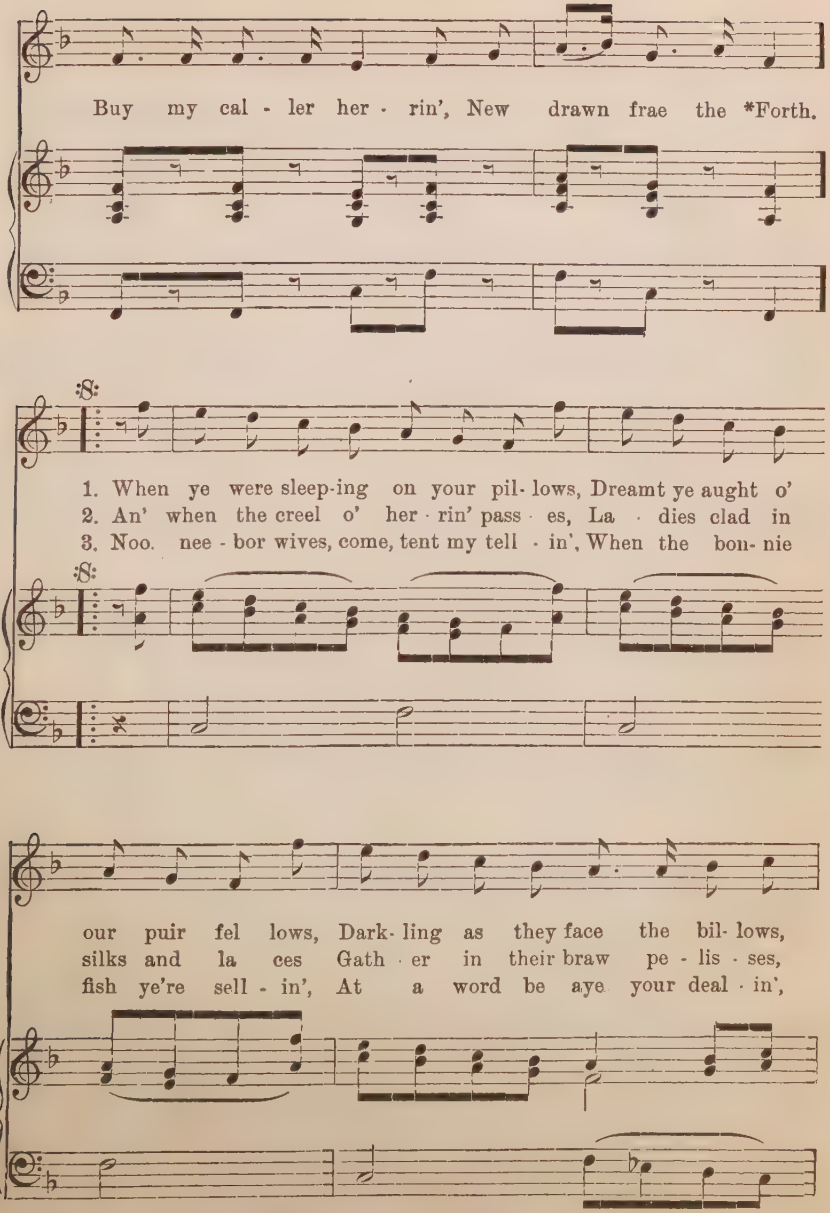


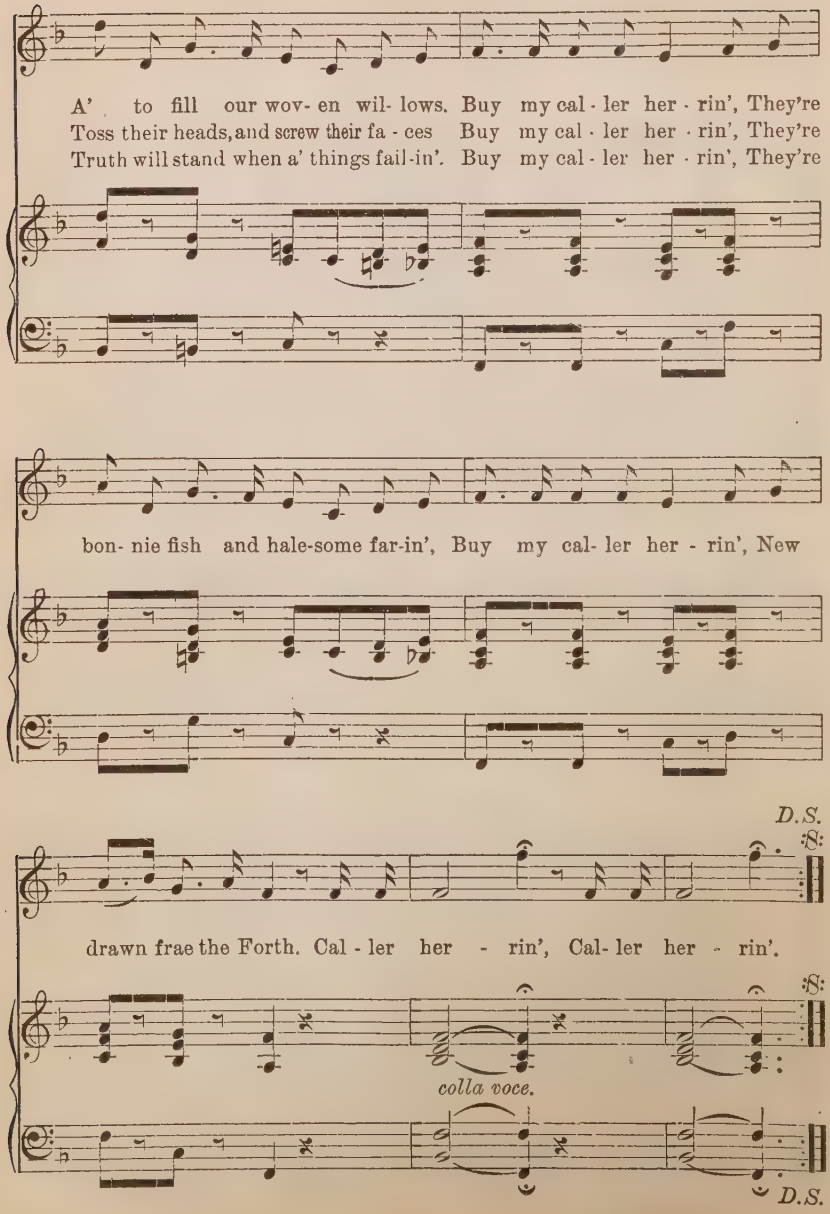
*CALLER HERRIN'

LADY NAIRNE (about 1790) FOLKSONG



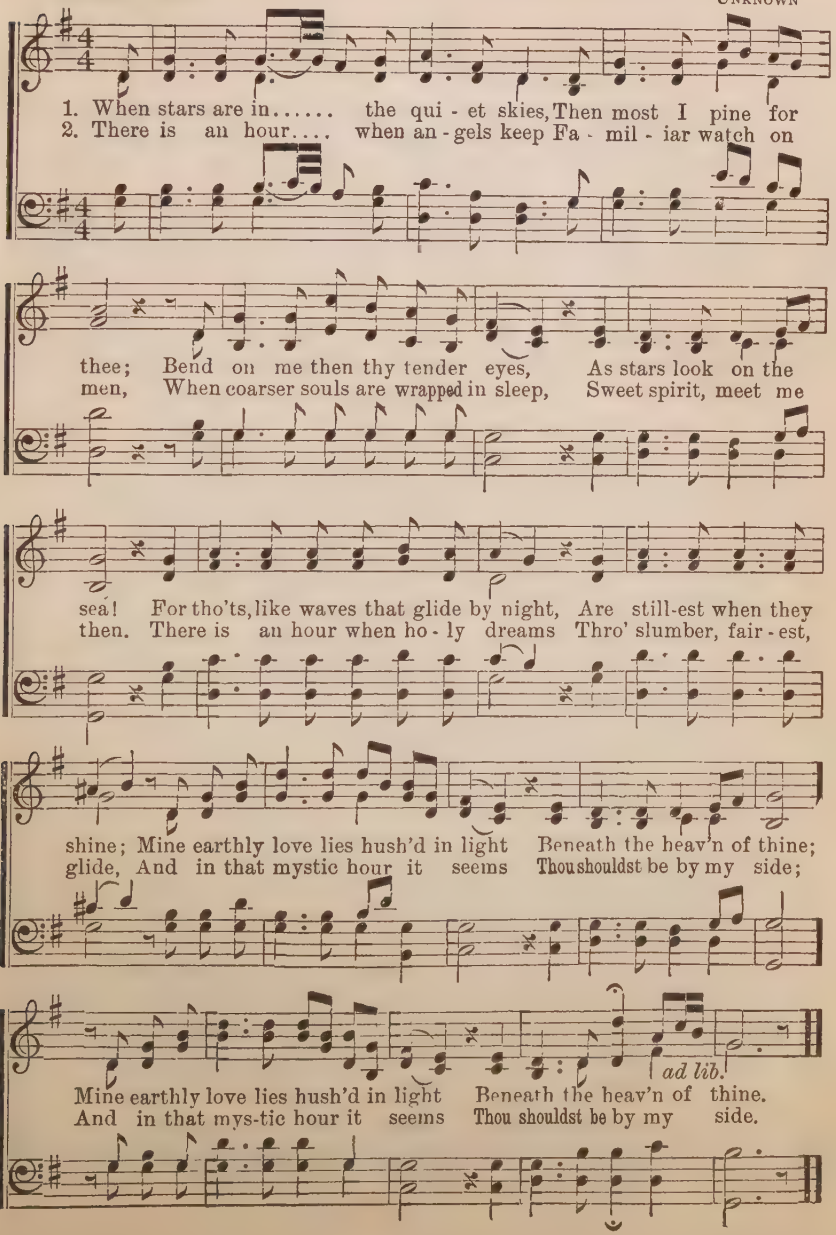
* Caller=fresh.


Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the *Forth.
1. When ye were sleep-ing on your pil- lows, Dreamt ye aught o'
2. An' when the creel o' her - rin' pass - es, La - dies clad in
3. Noo, nee - bor wives, come, tent my tell - in', When the bon- nie
our puir fel lows, Dark- ling as they face the bil- lows,
silks and la ces Gath - er in their braw pe - lis - ses,
fish ye're sell - in', At a word be aye your deal - in',

*Forth=a river in Scotland.

A' to fill our wov- en wil- lows. Buy my cal - ler her - rin', They're
Toss their heads, and screw their fa - ces Buy my cal - ler her - rin', They're
Truth will stand when a' things fail-in'. Buy my cal - ler her - rin', They're
bon- nie fish and hale-some far-in', Buy my cal- ler her - rin', New
D.S.
drawn frae the Forth. Cal - ler her - rin', Cal- ler her - rin'.
colla voce.
D.S.

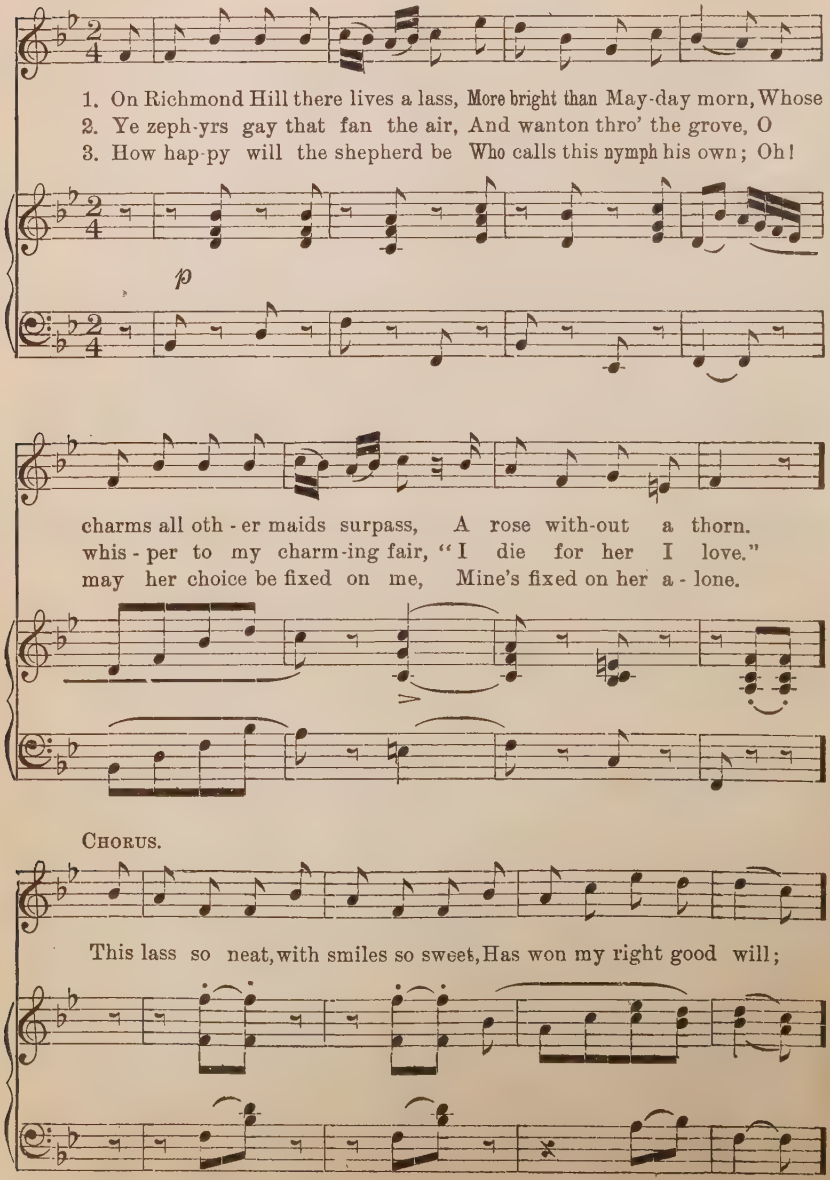
WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES

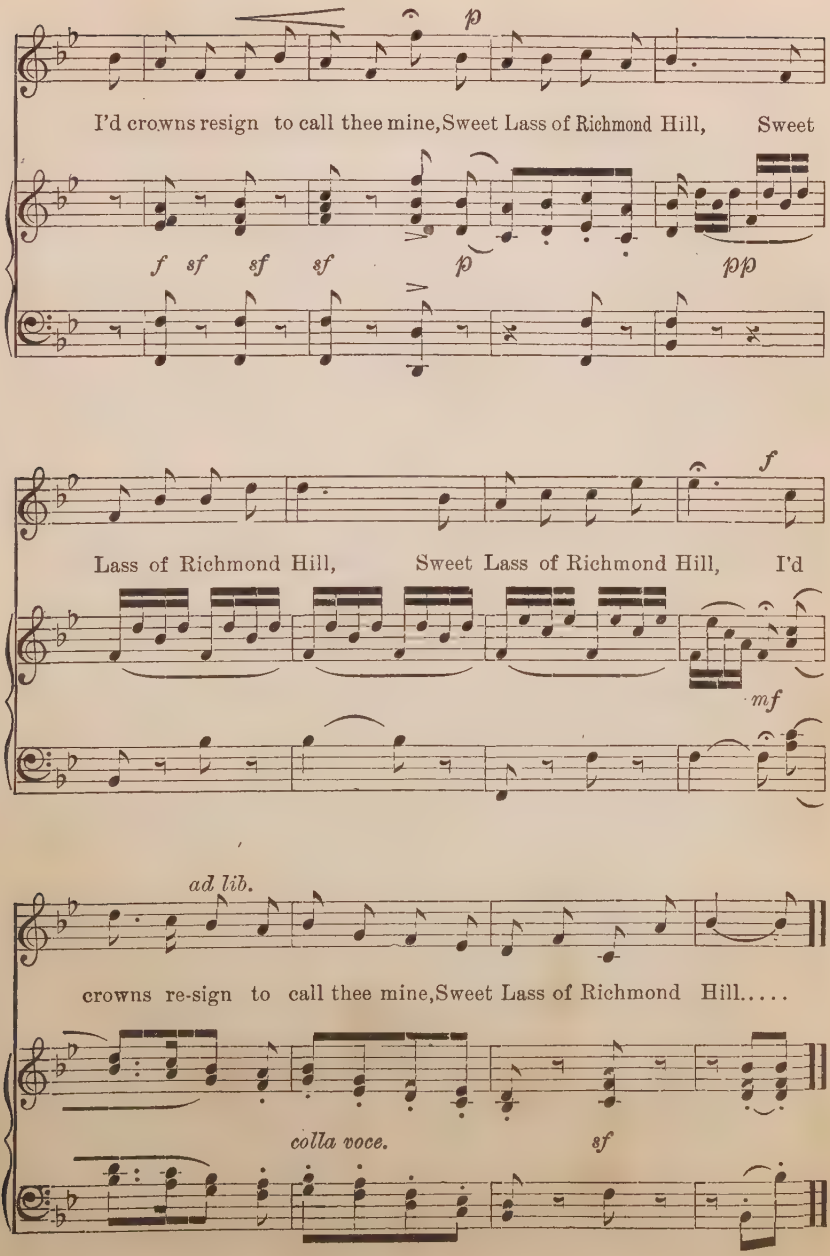
BULWER LYTTON UNKNOWN


1. When stars are in..... the qui - et skies, Then most I pine for
2. There is an hour.... when an - gels keep Fa - mil - iar watch on
thee; Bend on me then thy tender eyes, As stars look on the
men, When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep, Sweet spirit, meet me
sea! For tho'ts, like waves that glide by night, Are still-est when they
then. There is an hour when ho - ly dreams Thro' slumber, fair - est,
shine; Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light Beneath the heav'n of thine;
glide, And in that mystic hour it seems Thou shouldst be by my side;
ad lib.
Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light Beneath the heav'n of thine.
And in that mys-tic hour it seems Thou shouldst be by my side.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

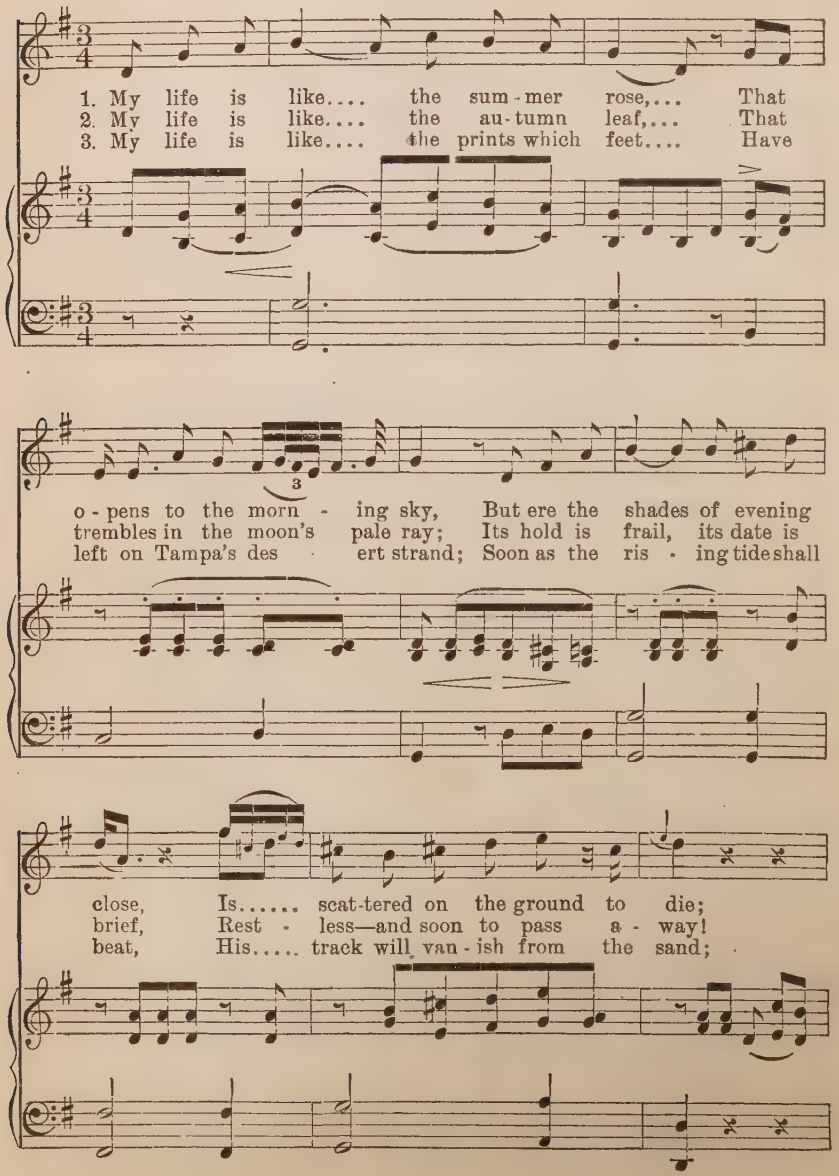
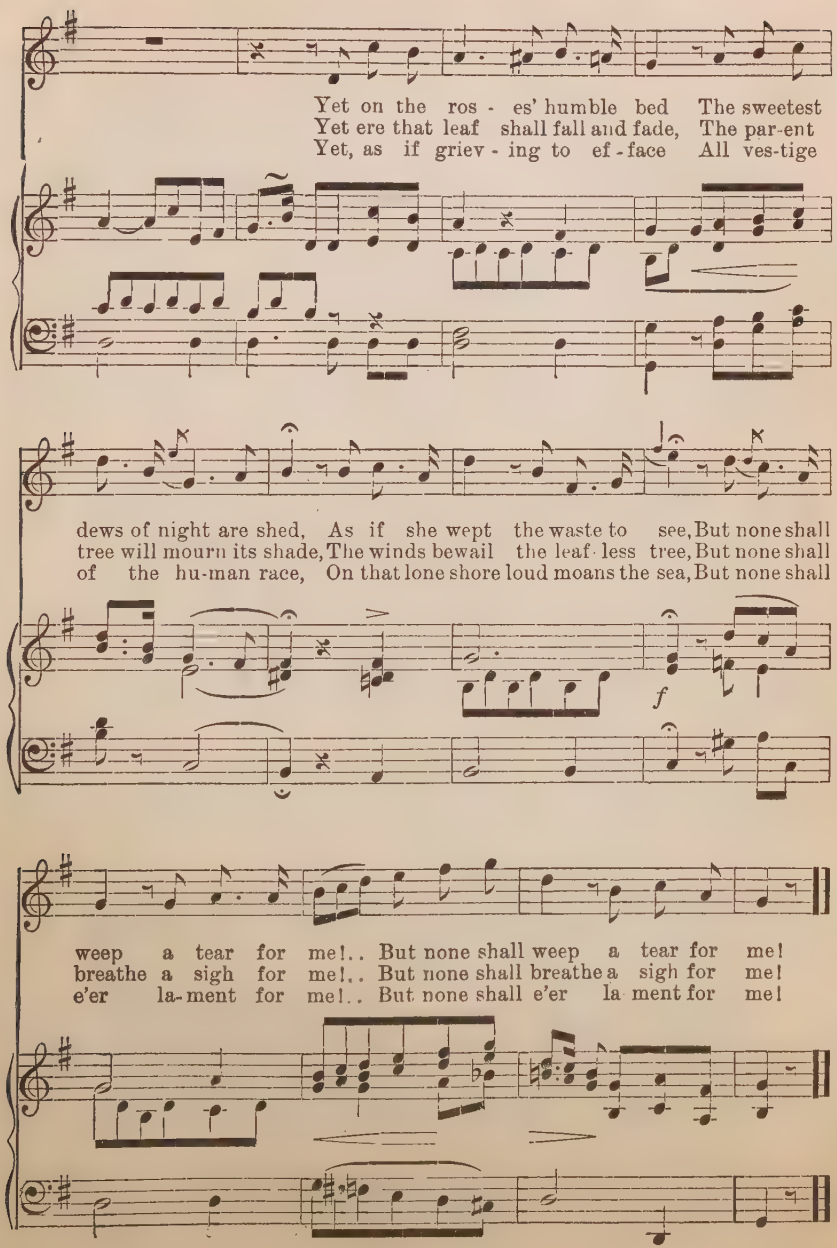
LEONARD MCNALLY JAMES HOOK


1. On Richmond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May-day morn, Whose
2. Ye zeph-yrs gay that fan the air, And wanton thro' the grove, O
3. How hap-py will the shepherd be Who calls this nymph his own; Oh!
p
charms all oth-er maids surpass, A rose with-out a thorn.
whis-per to my charm-ing fair, "I die for her I love."
may her choice be fixed on me, Mine's fixed on her a-lone.
CHORUS.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will;


p
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet
f sf sf sf
p
pp
f
Lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill, I'd
mf
ad lib.
crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.....
colla voce.
sf

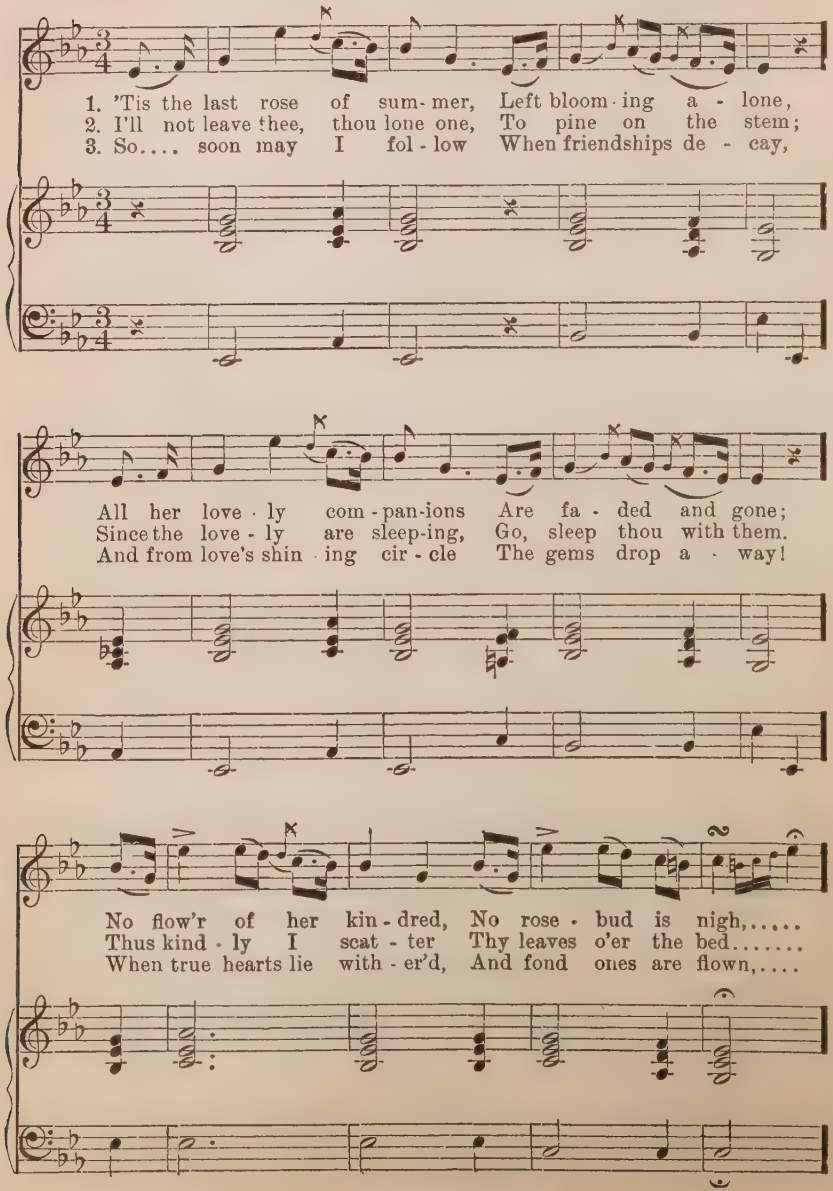
MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE

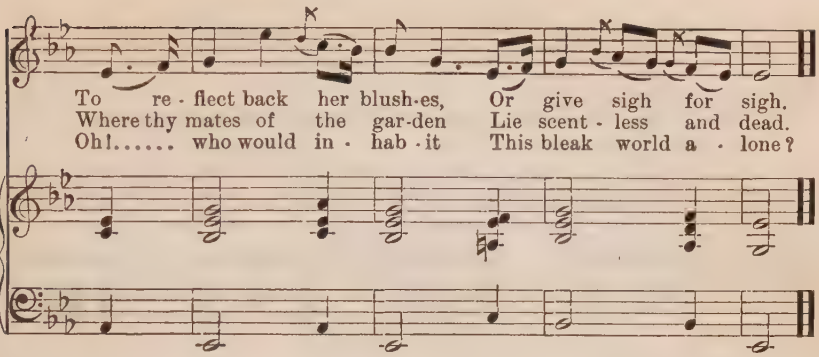
RICHARD HENRY WILDE — CHARLES THIBAULT


1. My life is like.... the sum-mer rose,... That
2. My life is like.... the au-tumn leaf,... That
3. My life is like.... the prints which feet.... Have
o-pens to the morn - ing sky, But ere the shades of evening
trembles in the moon's pale ray; Its hold is frail, its date is
left on Tampa's des - ert strand; Soon as the ris - ing tide shall
close, Is..... scat-tered on the ground to die;
brief, Rest - less—and soon to pass a - way!
beat, His..... track will van-ish from the sand;

Yet on the ros - es' humble bed The sweetest
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade, The par-ent
Yet, as if griev - ing to ef - face All ves-tige
dews of night are shed, As if she wept the waste to see, But none shall
tree will mourn its shade, The winds bewail the leaf - less tree, But none shall
of the hu-man race, On that lone shore loud moans the sea, But none shall
f
weep a tear for me!.. But none shall weep a tear for me!
breathe a sigh for me!.. But none shall breathe a sigh for me!
e'er la-ment for me!.. But none shall e'er la ment for me!

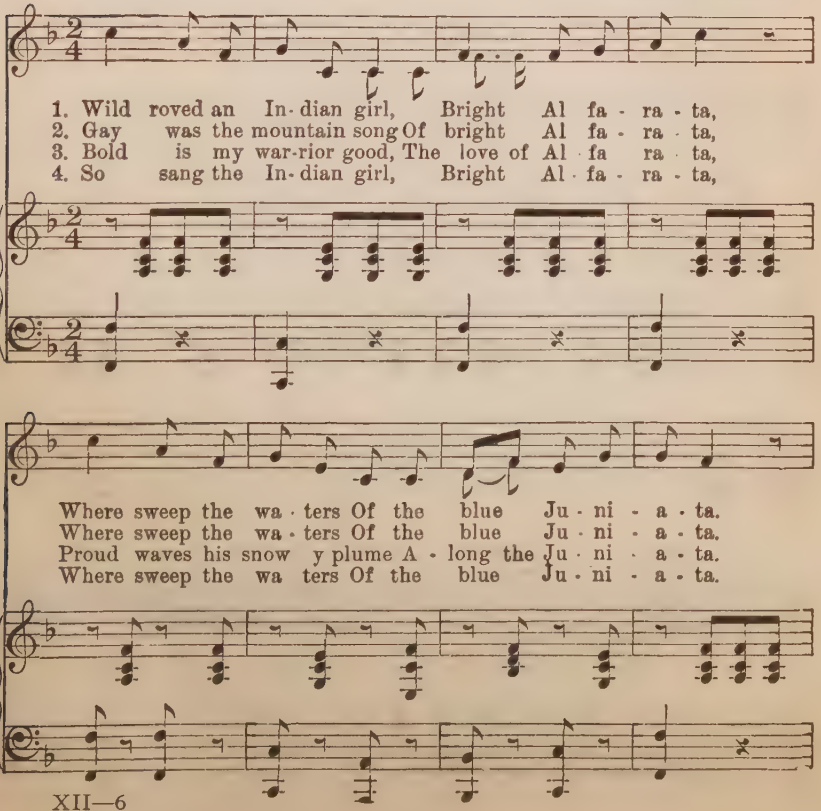
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

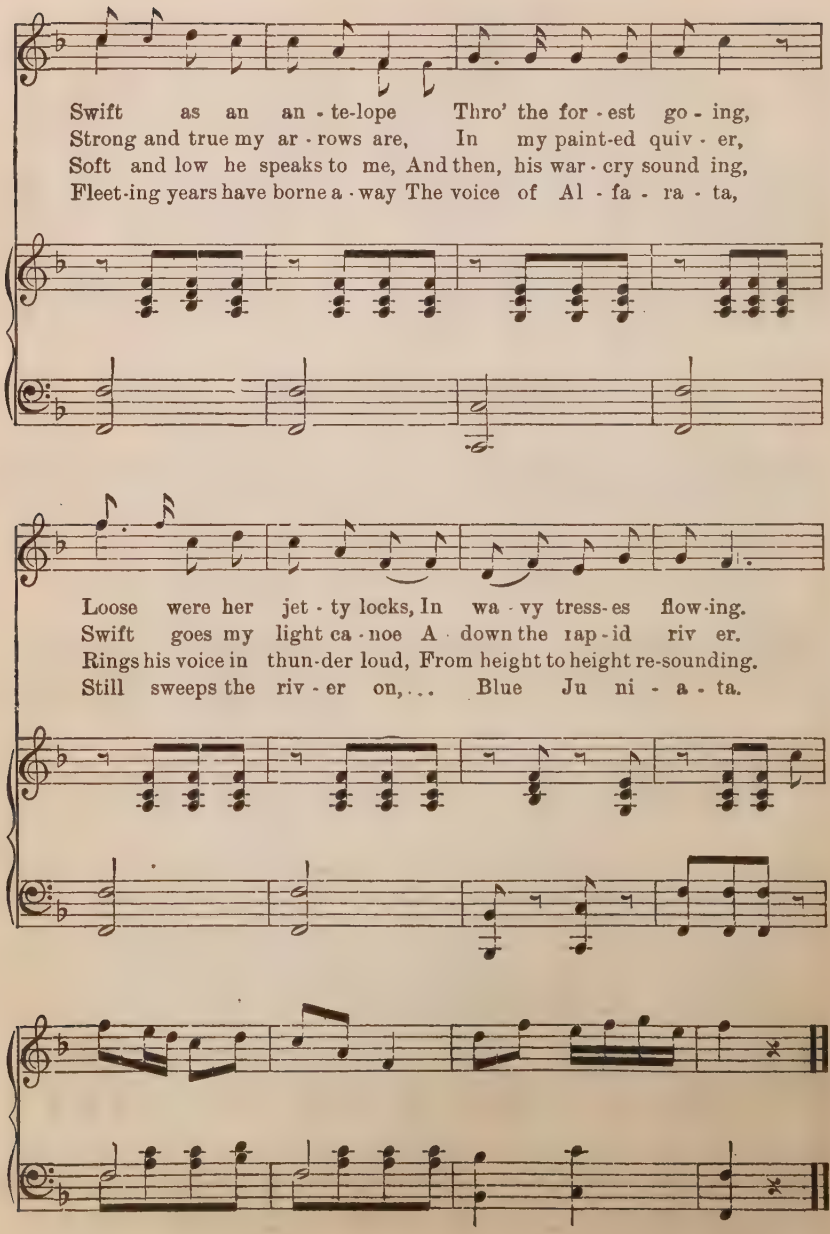
THOMAS MOORE — OLD AIR


1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone,
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem;
3. So.... soon may I fol - low When friendships de - cay,
All her love - ly com - pan-ions Are fa - ded and gone;
Since the love - ly are sleep-ing, Go, sleep thou with them.
And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - way!
No flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh,.....
Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed.....
When true hearts lie with - er'd, And fond ones are flown,....


To re - flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.
Oh!..... who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone?

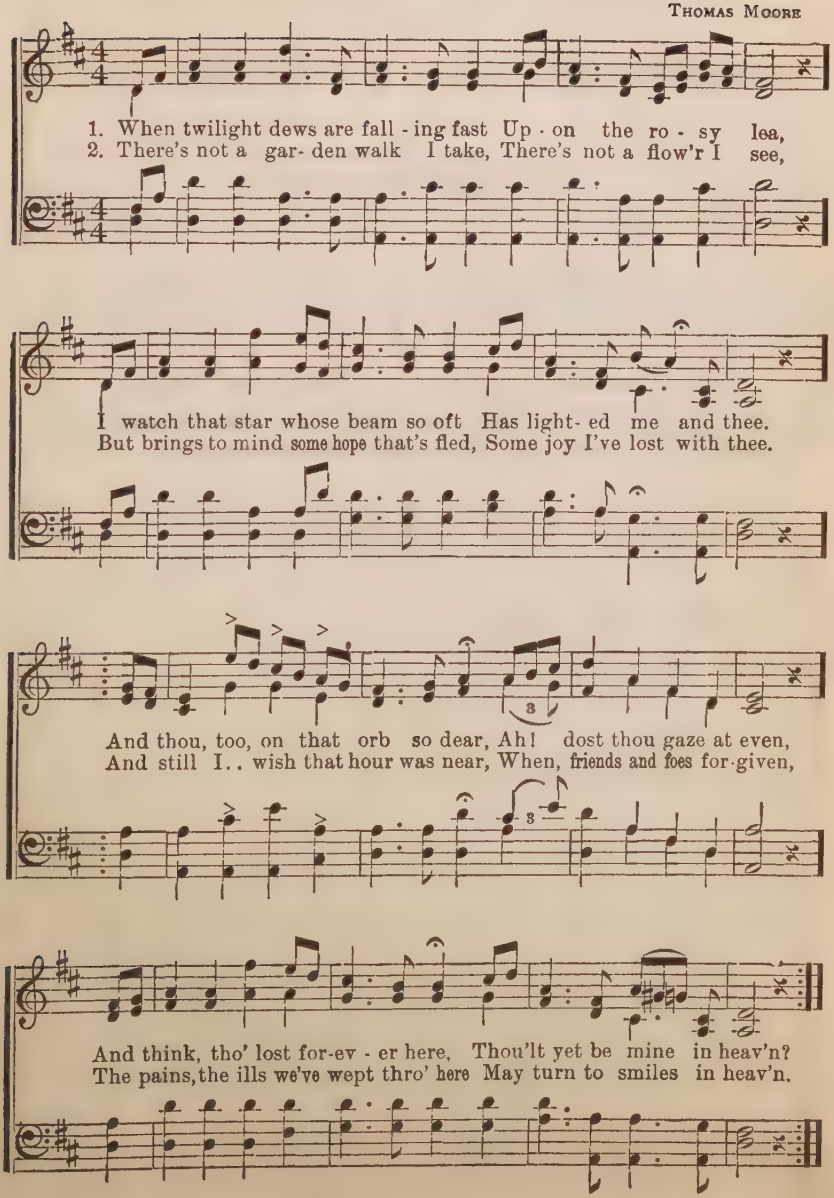
THE BLUE JUNIATA

Mrs. E. D. SULLIVAN

1. Wild roved an In - dian girl, Bright Al fa - ra - ta,
2. Gay was the mountain song Of bright Al fa - ra - ta,
3. Bold is my war-rior good, The love of Al fa ra ta,
4. So sang the In - dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta,
Where sweep the wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta.
Where sweep the wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta.
Proud waves his snow y plume A - long the Ju - ni - a - ta.
Where sweep the wa ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta.

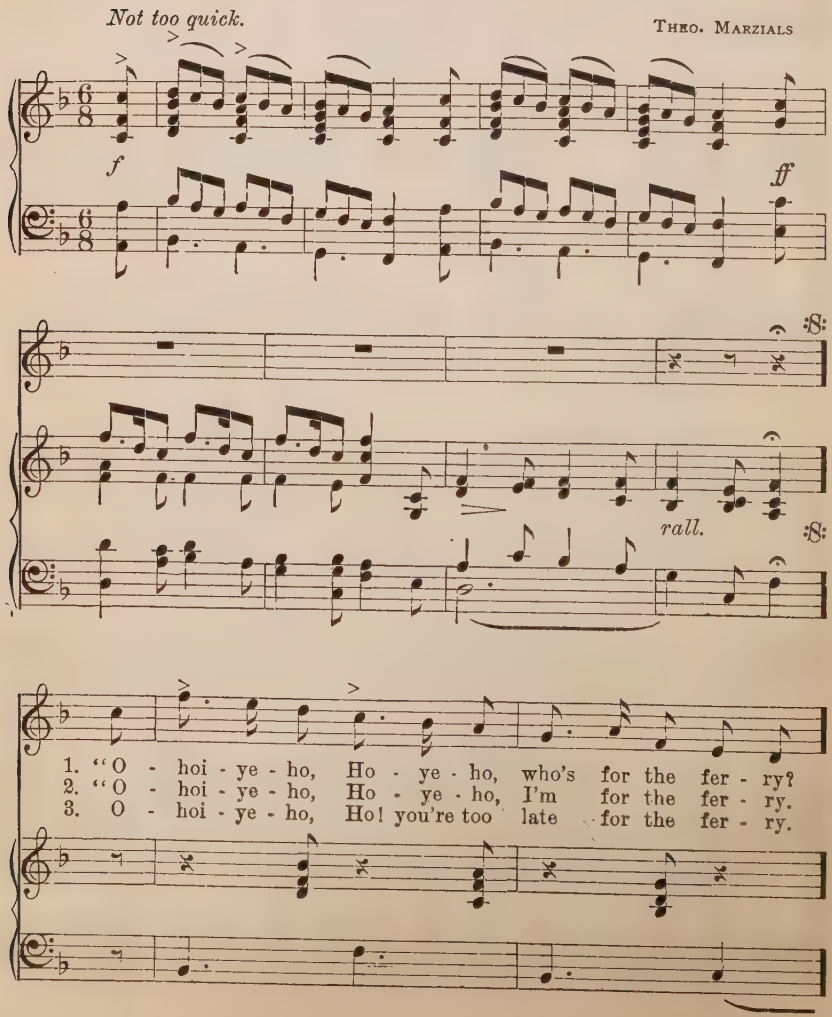
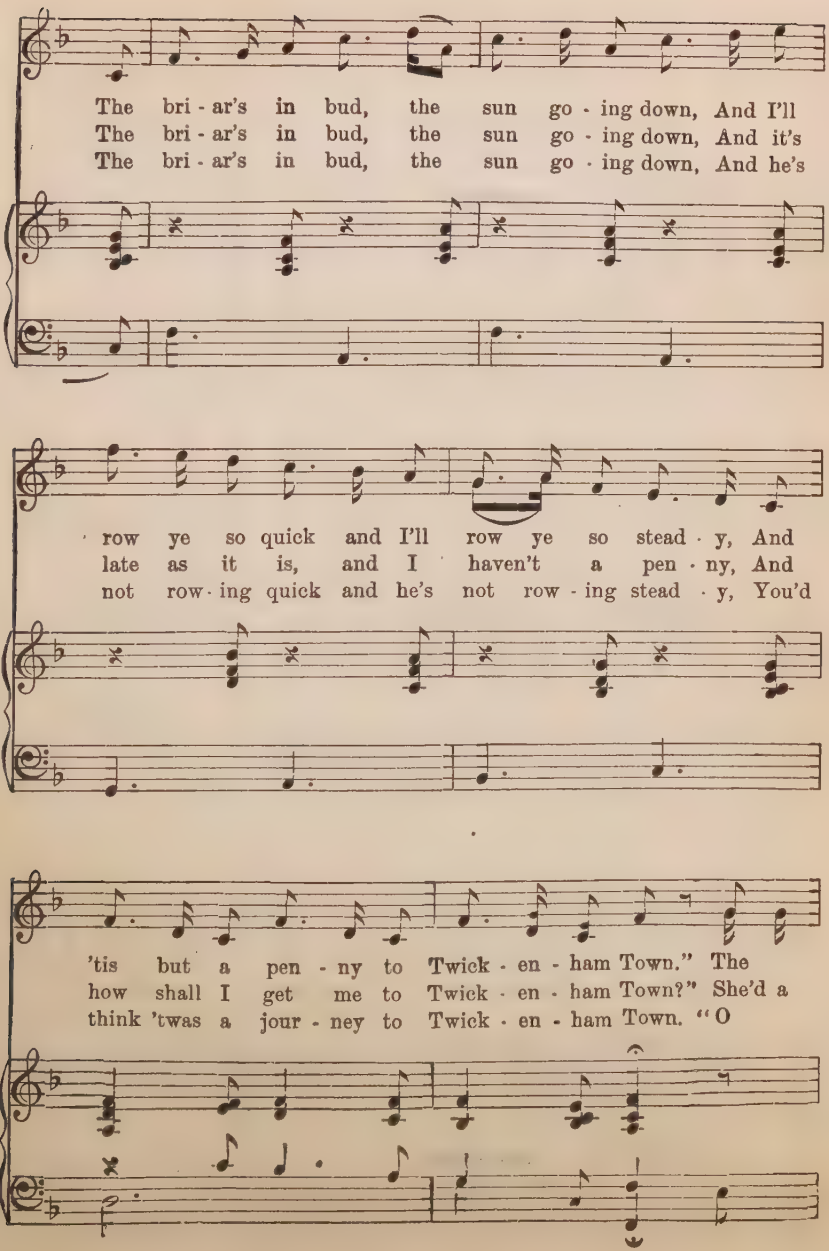

Swift as an an - te-lope Thro' the for - est go - ing,
Strong and true my ar - rows are, In my paint-ed quiv - er,
Soft and low he speaks to me, And then, his war - cry sound ing,
Fleet-ing years have borne a - way The voice of Al - fa - ra - ta,
Loose were her jet - ty locks, In wa - vy tress - es flow - ing.
Swift goes my light ca - noe A - down the rap - id riv er.
Rings his voice in thun-der loud, From height to height re-sounding.
Still sweeps the riv - er on, . . . Blue Ju ni - a - ta.

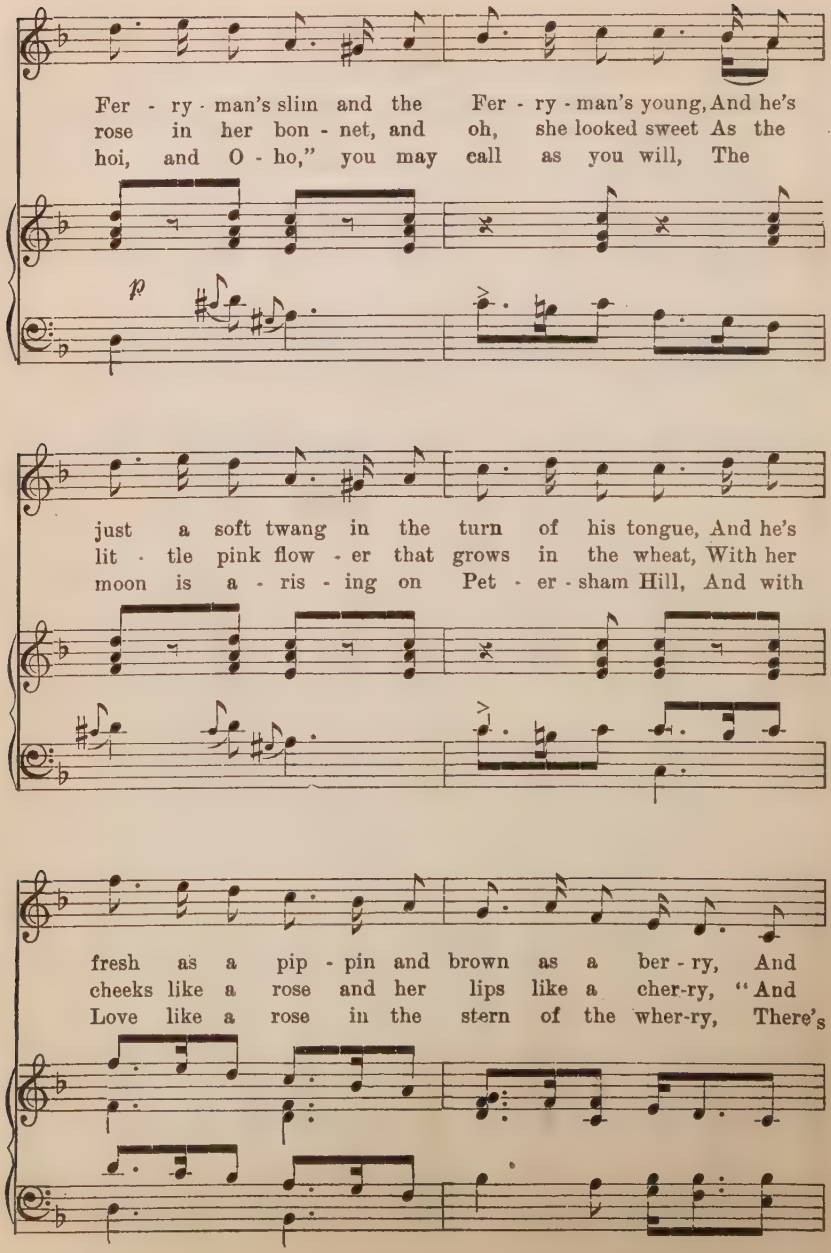
TWILIGHT DEWS

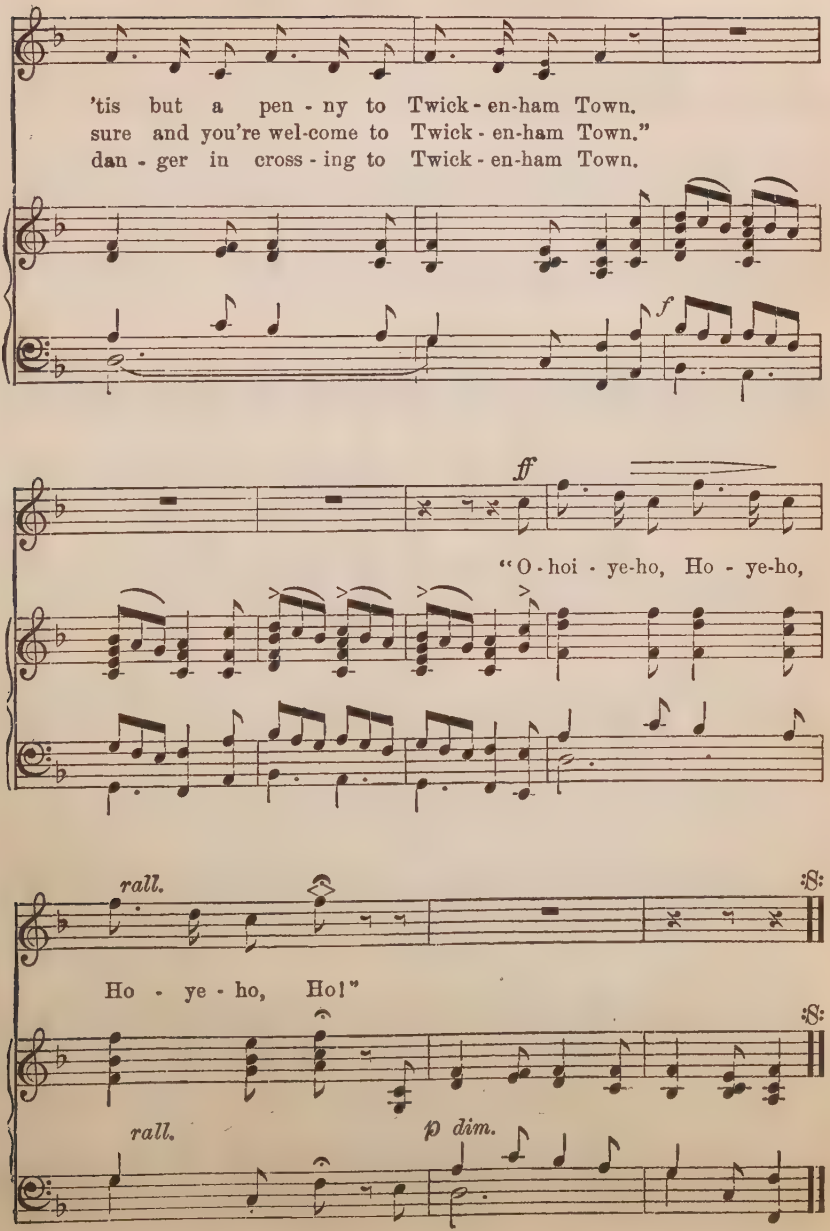
THOMAS MOORE


1. When twilight dews are fall - ing fast Up - on the ro - sy lea,
2. There's not a gar- den walk I take, There's not a flow'r I see,
I watch that star whose beam so oft Has light- ed me and thee.
But brings to mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee.
3
And thou, too, on that orb so dear, Ah! dost thou gaze at even,
And still I.. wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for-given,
3
And think, tho' lost for-ev - er here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n?
The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here May turn to smiles in heav'n.

TWICKENHAM FERRY

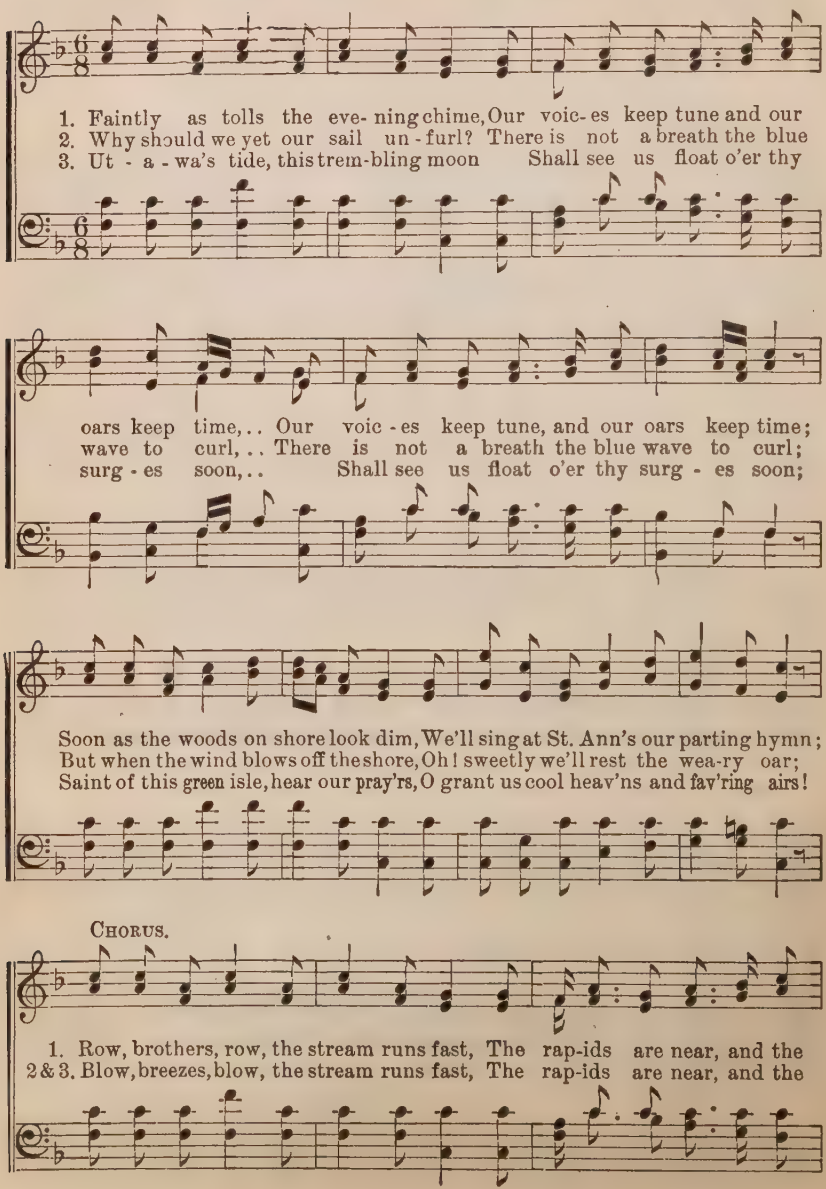

Not too quick.
THEO. MARZIALS
f
ff
rall.
1. "O - hoi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, who's for the fer - ry?
2. "O - hoi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, I'm for the fer - ry.
3. O - hoi - ye - ho, Ho! you're too late for the fer - ry.

The bri - ar's in bud, the sun go - ing down, And I'll
The bri - ar's in bud, the sun go - ing down, And it's
The bri - ar's in bud, the sun go - ing down, And he's
row ye so quick and I'll row ye so stead - y, And
late as it is, and I haven't a pen - ny, And
not row - ing quick and he's not row - ing stead - y, You'd
'tis but a pen - ny to Twick - en - ham Town." The
how shall I get me to Twick - en - ham Town?" She'd a
think 'twas a jour - ney to Twick - en - ham Town. "O

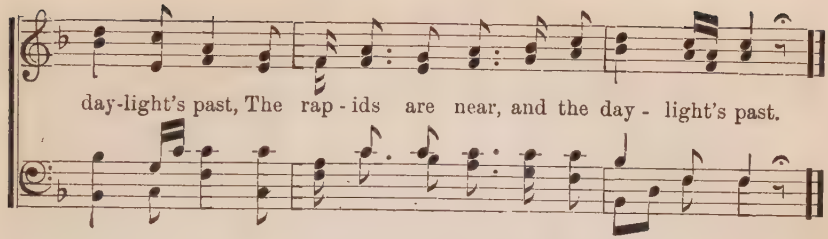

Fer - ry - man's slim and the Fer - ry - man's young, And he's
rose in her bon - net, and oh, she looked sweet As the
hoi, and O - ho," you may call as you will, The
p
just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue, And he's
lit - tle pink flow - er that grows in the wheat, With her
moon is a - ris - ing on Pet - er - sham Hill, And with
fresh as a pip - pin and brown as a ber - ry, And
cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cher-ry, "And
Love like a rose in the stern of the wher-ry, There's


'tis but a pen - ny to Twick - en-ham Town.
sure and you're wel-come to Twick - en-ham Town."
dan - ger in cross - ing to Twick - en-ham Town.
f
ff
"O - hoi - ye-ho, Ho - ye-ho,
rall.
Ho - ye - ho, Ho!"
rall.
p dim.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG

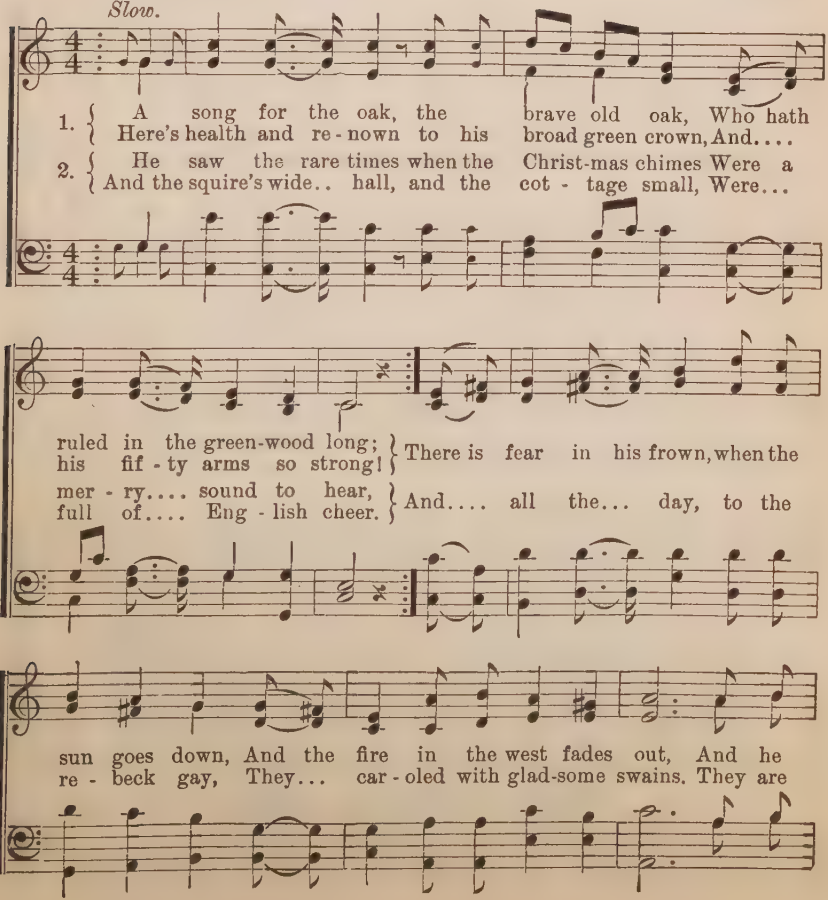
THOMAS MOORE — Unknown

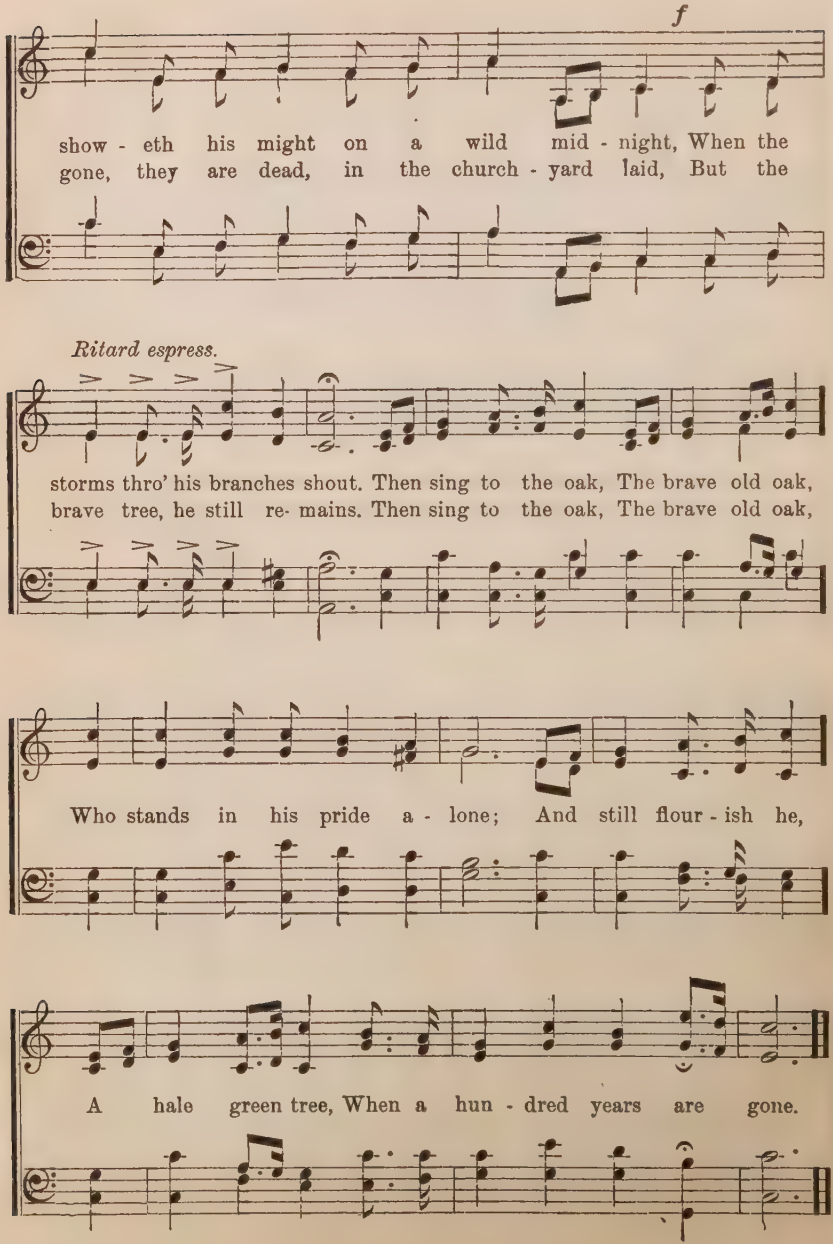

1. Faintly as tolls the eve- ning chime, Our voic- es keep tune and our
2. Why should we yet our sail un - furl? There is not a breath the blue
3. Ut - a - wa's tide, this trem-bling moon Shall see us float o'er thy
oars keep time, .. Our voic - es keep tune, and our oars keep time;
wave to curl, .. There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
surg - es soon, .. Shall see us float o'er thy surg - es soon;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn;
But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh! sweetly we'll rest the wea-ry oar;
Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'rs, O grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring airs!
CHORUS.
1. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near, and the
2 & 3. Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near, and the



THE BRAVE OLD OAK

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY E. J. LODER

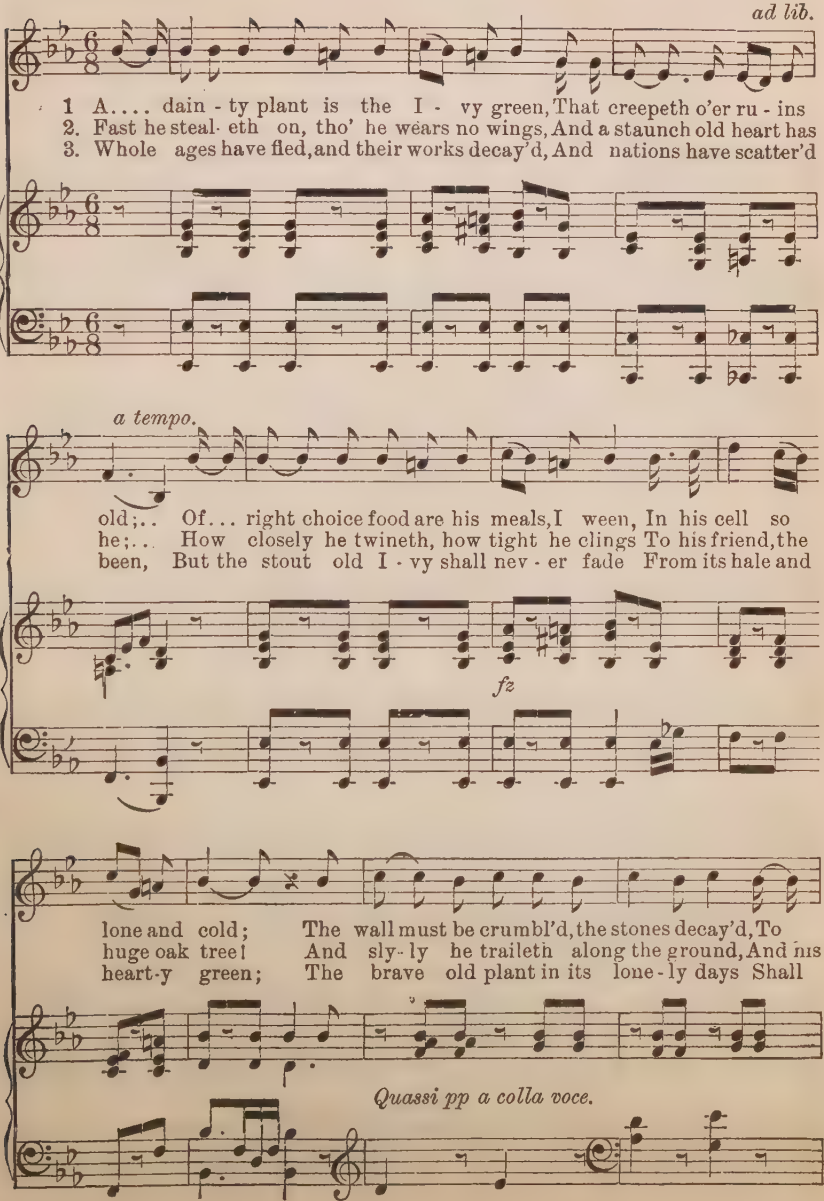
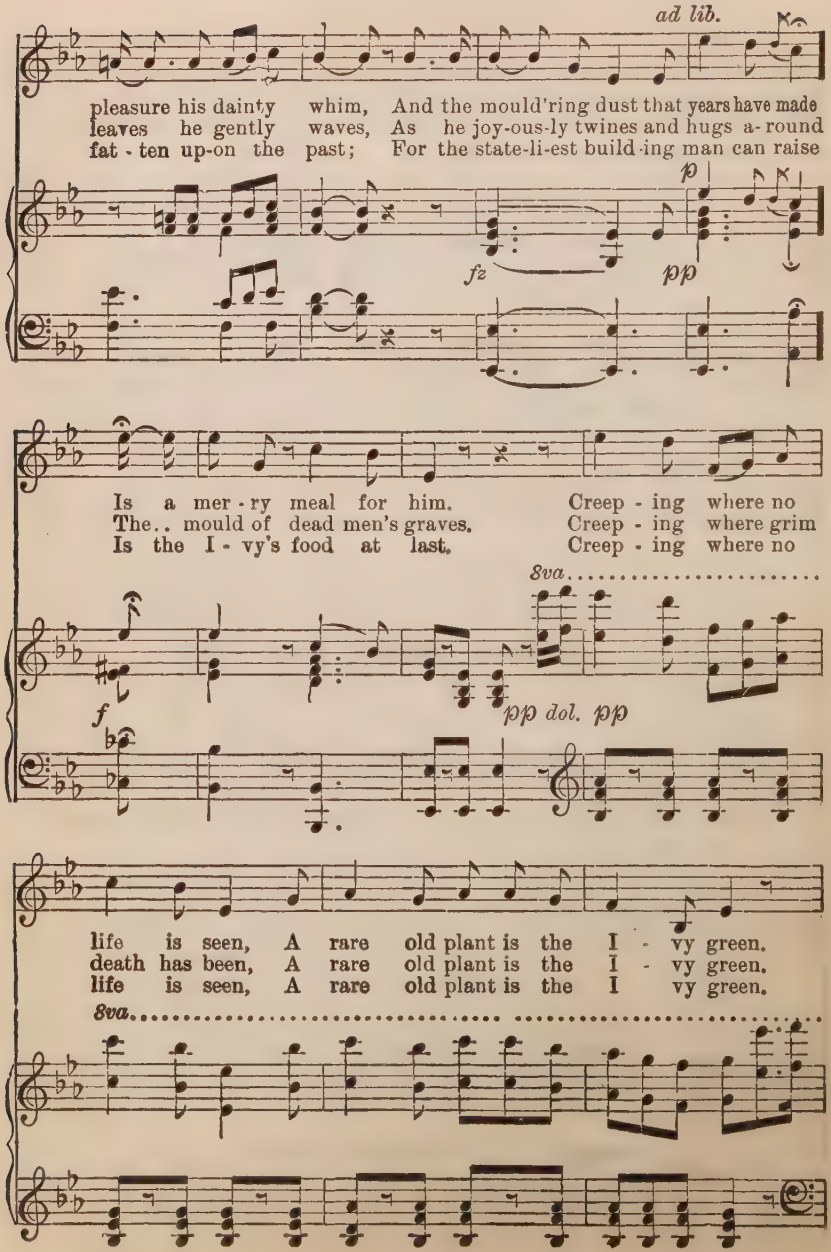

Slow.
1. A song for the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath
Here's health and re - nown to his broad green crown, And....
2. He saw the rare times when the Christ-mas chimes Were a
And the squire's wide.. hall, and the cot - tage small, Were...
ruled in the green-wood long; his fif - ty arms so strong!
There is fear in his frown, when the
mer - ry.... sound to hear, full of.... Eng - lish cheer.
And.... all the... day, to the
sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out, And he
re - beck gay, They... car - oled with glad-some swains. They are

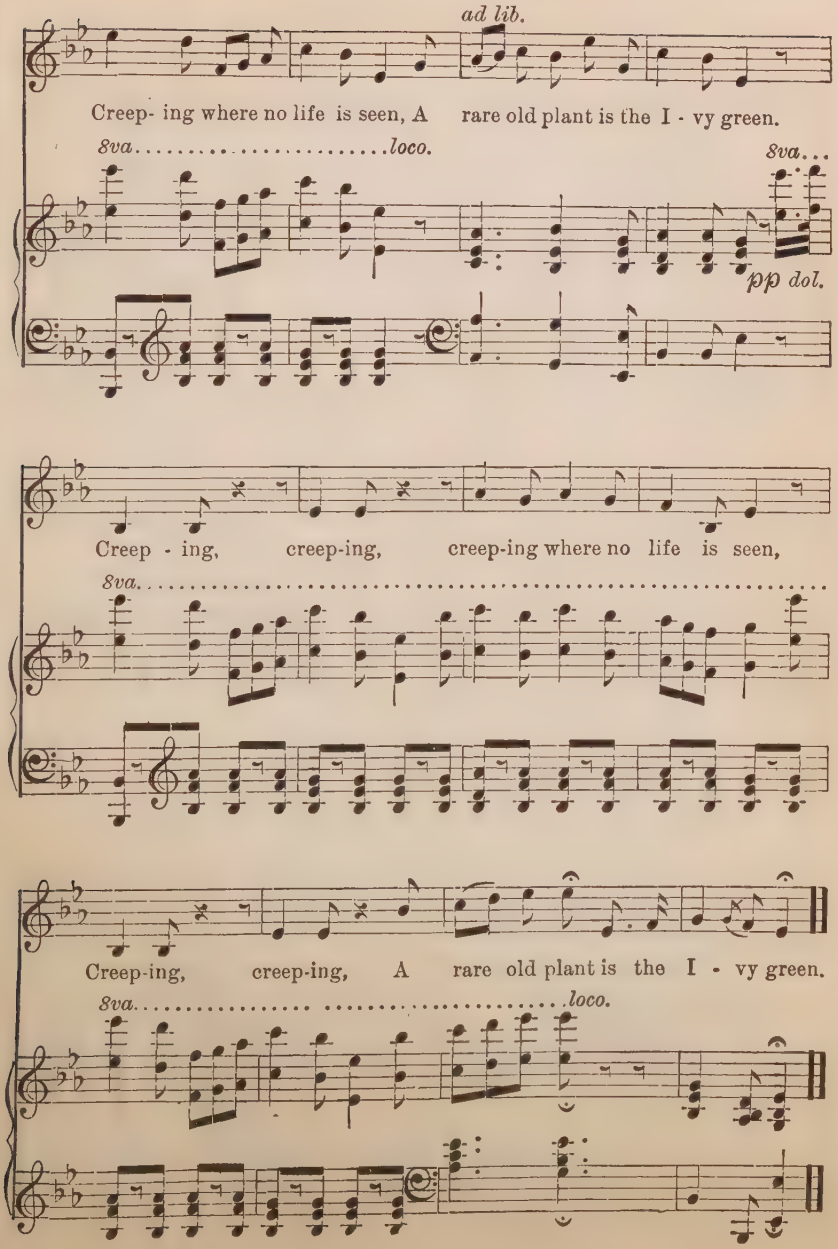

f
show - eth his might on a wild mid - night, When the
gone, they are dead, in the church - yard laid, But the
Ritard espress.
storms thro' his branches shout. Then sing to the oak, The brave old oak,
brave tree, he still re- mains. Then sing to the oak, The brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride a - lone; And still flour - ish he,
A hale green tree, When a hun - dred years are gone.

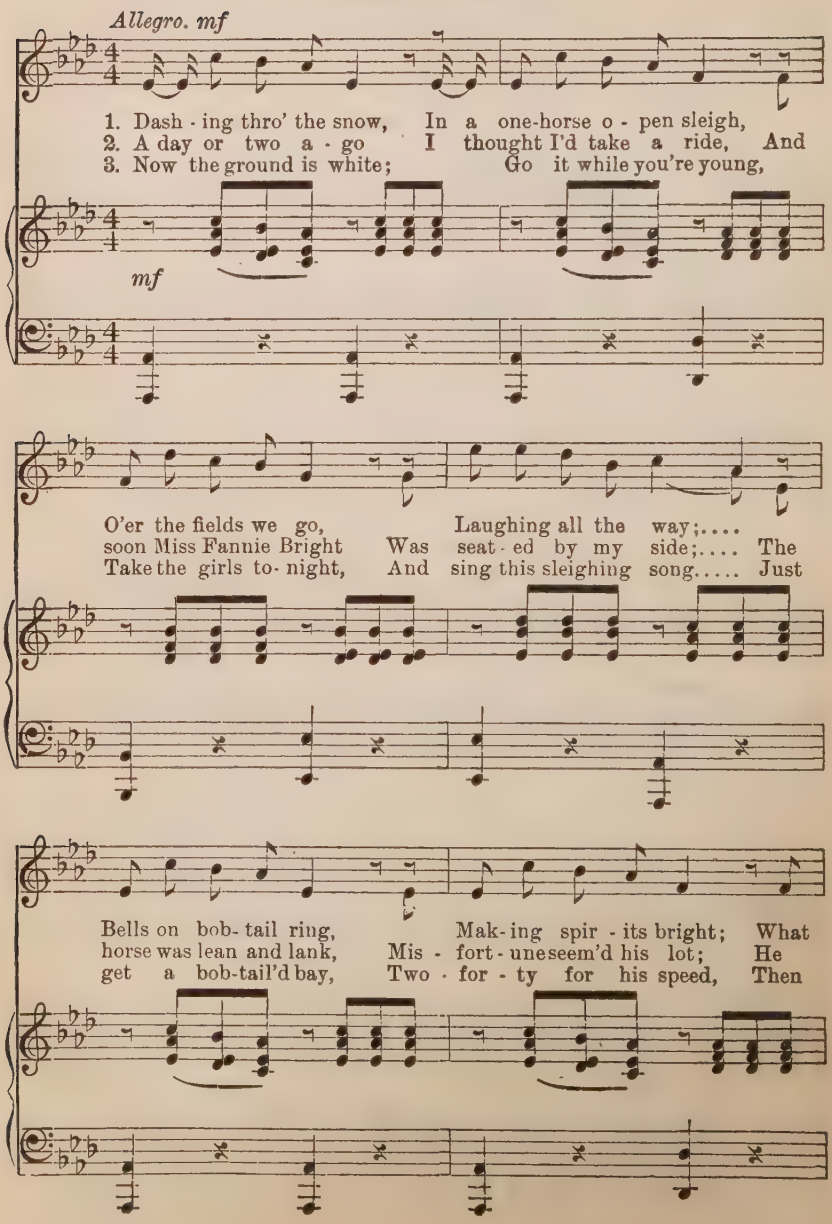
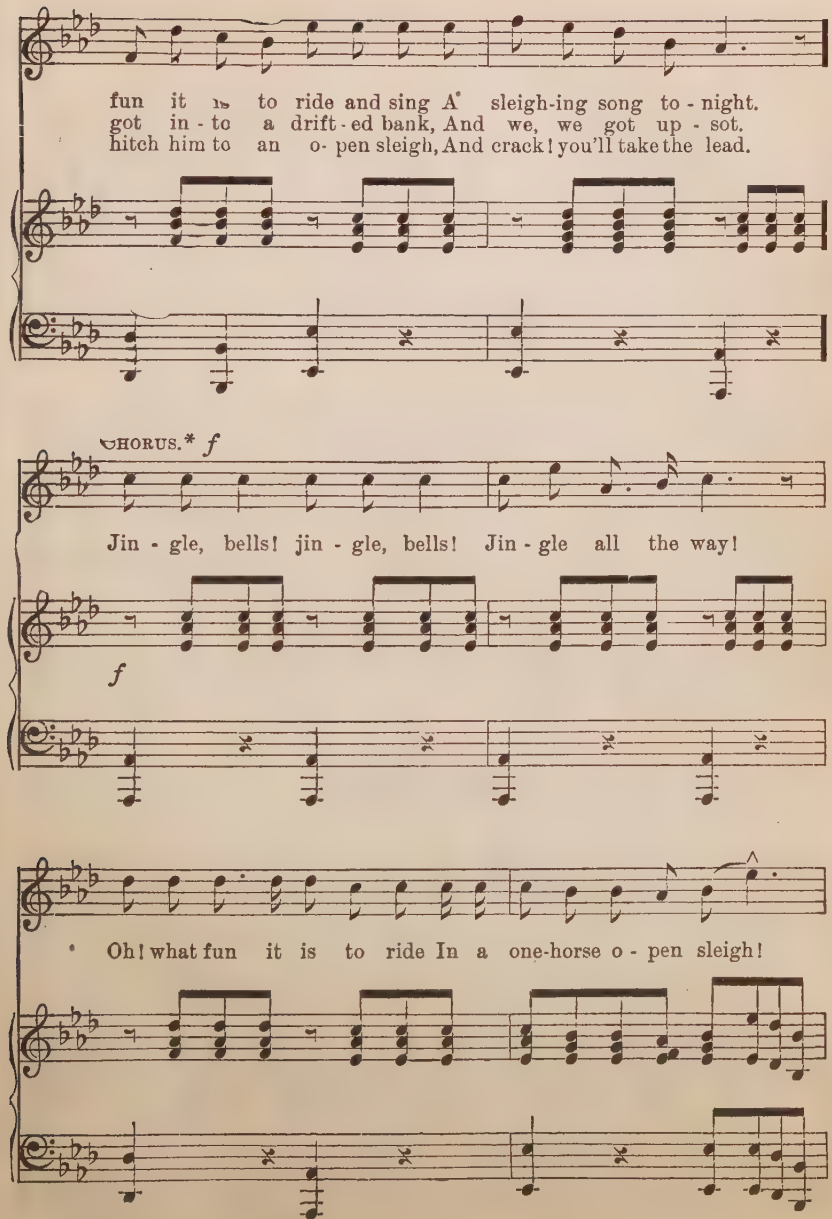
THE IVY GREEN

CHARLES DICKENS HENRY RUSSELL

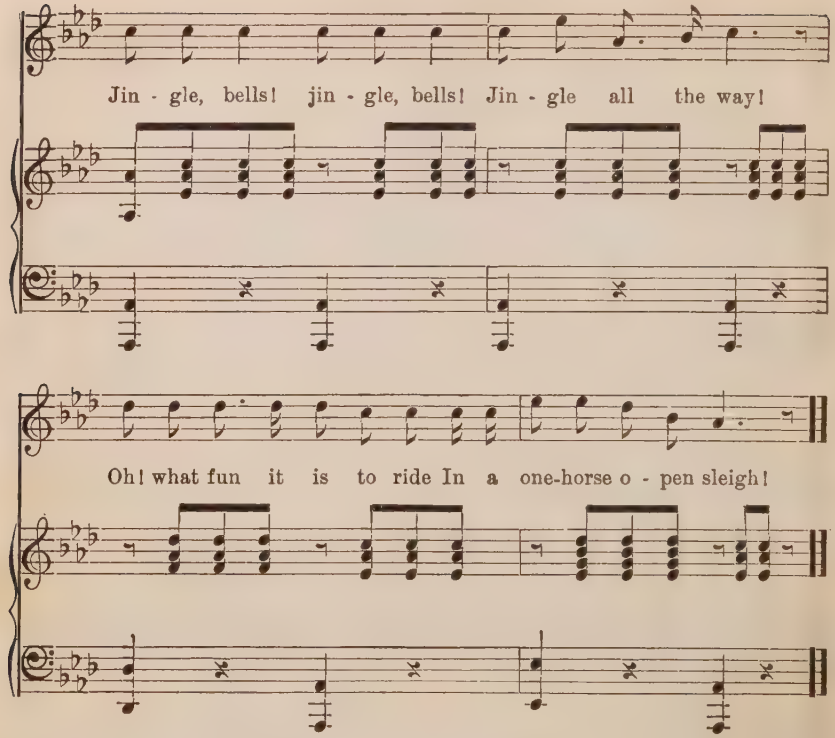
ad lib.


1 A.... dain - ty plant is the I - vy green, That creepeth o'er ru - ins
2. Fast he steal- eth on, tho' he wears no wings, And a staunch old heart has
3. Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd, And nations have scatter'd
a tempo.
old;.. Of... right choice food are his meals, I ween, In his cell so
he;.. How closely he twineth, how tight he clings To his friend, the
been, But the stout old I - vy shall nev - er fade From its hale and
fz
lone and cold; The wall must be crumbl'd, the stones decay'd, To
huge oak tree! And sly - ly he traileth along the ground, And his
heart-y green; The brave old plant in its lone - ly days Shall
Quassi pp a colla voce.

ad lib.
pleasure his dainty whim, And the mould'ring dust that years have made
leaves he gently waves, As he joy-ous-ly twines and hugs a-round
fat - ten up-on the past; For the state-li-est build-ing man can raise
p
fz
pp
Is a mer - ry meal for him. Creep - ing where no
The.. mould of dead men's graves. Creep - ing where grim
Is the I - vy's food at last. Creep - ing where no
8va
f
pp dol. pp
life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.
death has been, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.
life is seen, A rare old plant is the I vy green.
8va


ad lib.
Creep- ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.
8va.....loco.
8va...
pp dol.
Creep - ing, creep-ing, creep-ing where no life is seen,
8va.....
Creep-ing, creep-ing, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.
8va.....loco.

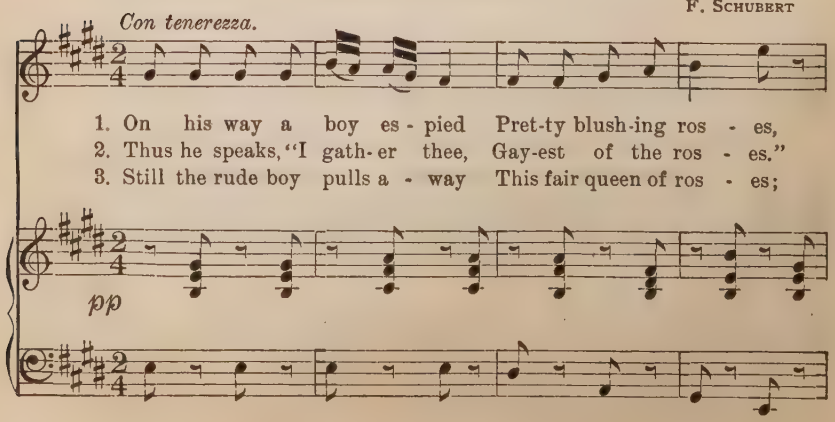
JINGLE, BELLS

Allegro. mf
1. Dash - ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh,
2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And
3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young,
mf
O'er the fields we go, Laughing all the way;....
soon Miss Fannie Bright Was seat - ed by my side;.... The
Take the girls to- night, And sing this sleighing song..... Just
Bells on bob- tail ring, Mak- ing spir - its bright; What
horse was lean and lank, Mis - fort - uneseem'd his lot; He
get a bob-tail'd bay, Two - for - ty for his speed, Then

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night.
got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - set.
hitch him to an o- pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.
CHORUS.* f
Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle all the way!
f
Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

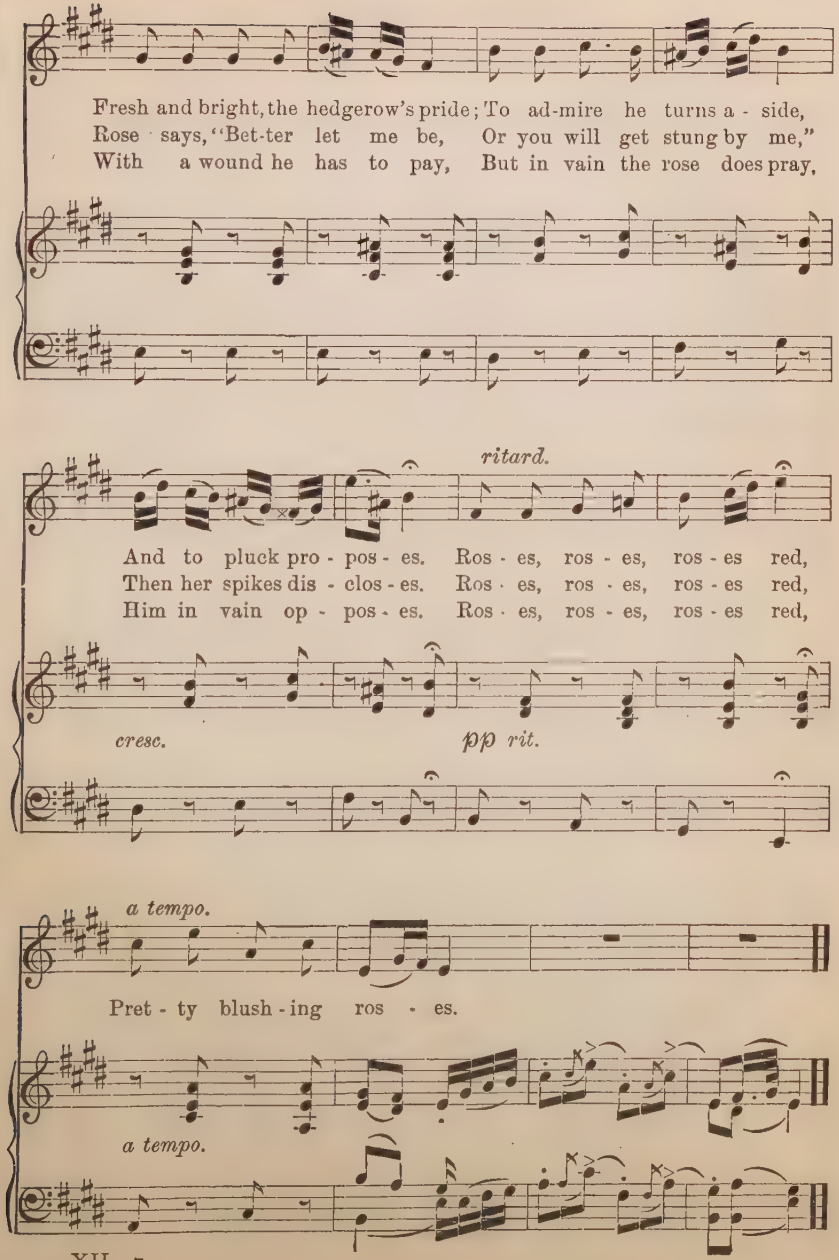
* Accompanied by jingling glasses.



HEDGE ROSES

F. SCHUBERT


Con tenerezza.
1. On his way a boy es - pied Pret-ty blush-ing ros - es,
2. Thus he speaks, "I gath-er thee, Gay-est of the ros - es."
3. Still the rude boy pulls a - way This fair queen of ros - es;
pp

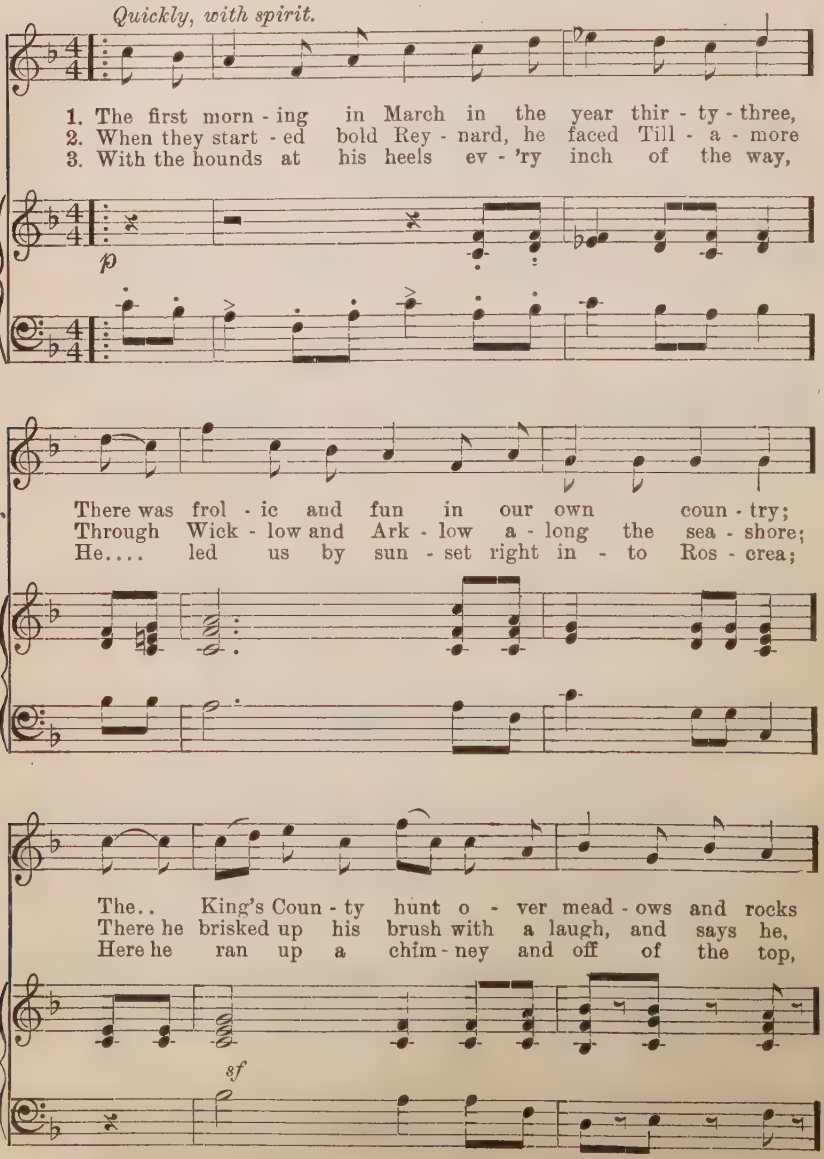

Fresh and bright, the hedgerow's pride; To ad-mire he turns a - side,
Rose says, "Bet-ter let me be, Or you will get stung by me,"
With a wound he has to pay, But in vain the rose does pray,
ritard.
And to pluck pro - pos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red,
Then her spikes dis - clos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red,
Him in vain op - pos - es. Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red,
cresc.
pp rit.
a tempo.
Pret - ty blush - ing ros - es.
a tempo.

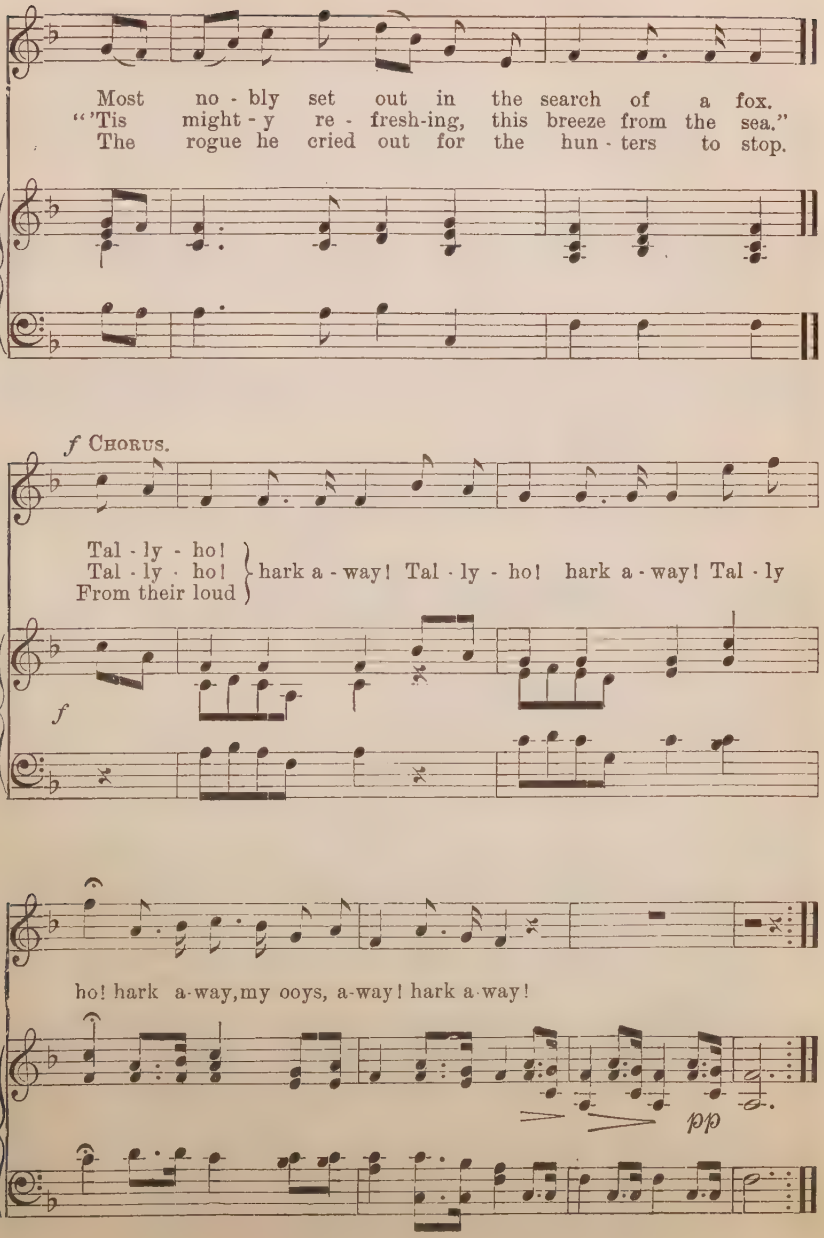
THE FOXHUNT

(OLD BALLAD)

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES — Arr. by Sir C. VILLIERS STANFORD

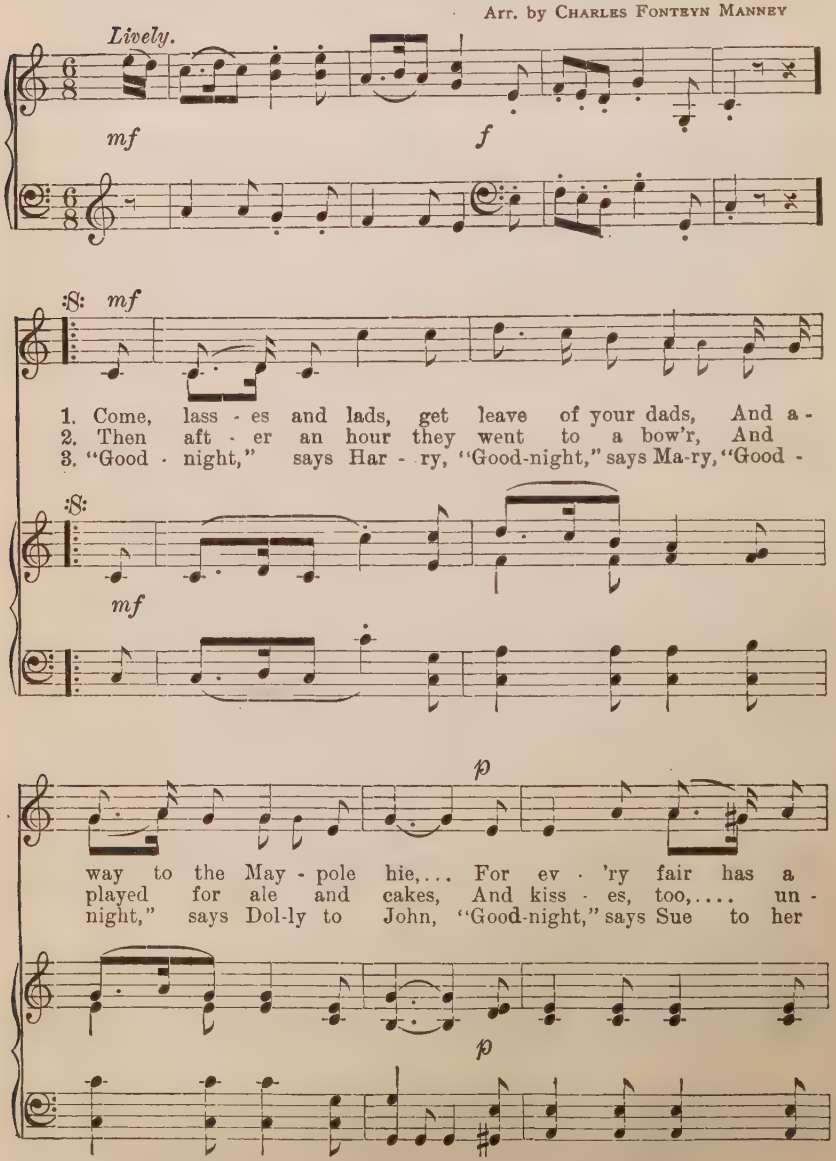
Quickly, with spirit.


1. The first morn - ing in March in the year thir - ty - three,
2. When they start - ed bold Rey - nard, he faced Till - a - more
3. With the hounds at his heels ev - 'ry inch of the way,
p
There was frol - ic and fun in our own coun - try;
Through Wick - low and Ark - low a - long the sea - shore;
He.... led us by sun - set right in - to Ros - crea;
The.. King's Coun - ty hunt o - ver mead - ows and rocks
There he brisked up his brush with a laugh, and says he,
Here he ran up a chim - ney and off of the top,
sf


Most no - bly set out in the search of a fox.
"'Tis might - y re - fresh-ing, this breeze from the sea."
The rogue he cried out for the hun - ters to stop.
f CHORUS.
Tal - ly - ho!
Tal - ly - ho!
From their loud
hark a - way! Tal - ly - ho! hark a - way! Tal - ly
f
ho! hark a-way, my ooys, a-way! hark a-way!
pp

COME, LASSES AND LADS

OLD MELODY—17th century, or older
Arr. by CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY


Lively.
mf
f
mf
1. Come, lass - es and lads, get leave of your dads, And a -
2. Then aft - er an hour they went to a bow'r, And
3. "Good - night," says Har - ry, "Good-night," says Ma-ry, "Good -
mf
p
way to the May - pole hie,... For ev - 'ry fair has a
played for ale and cakes, And kiss - es, too,.... un -
night," says Dol-ly to John, "Good-night," says Sue to her
p

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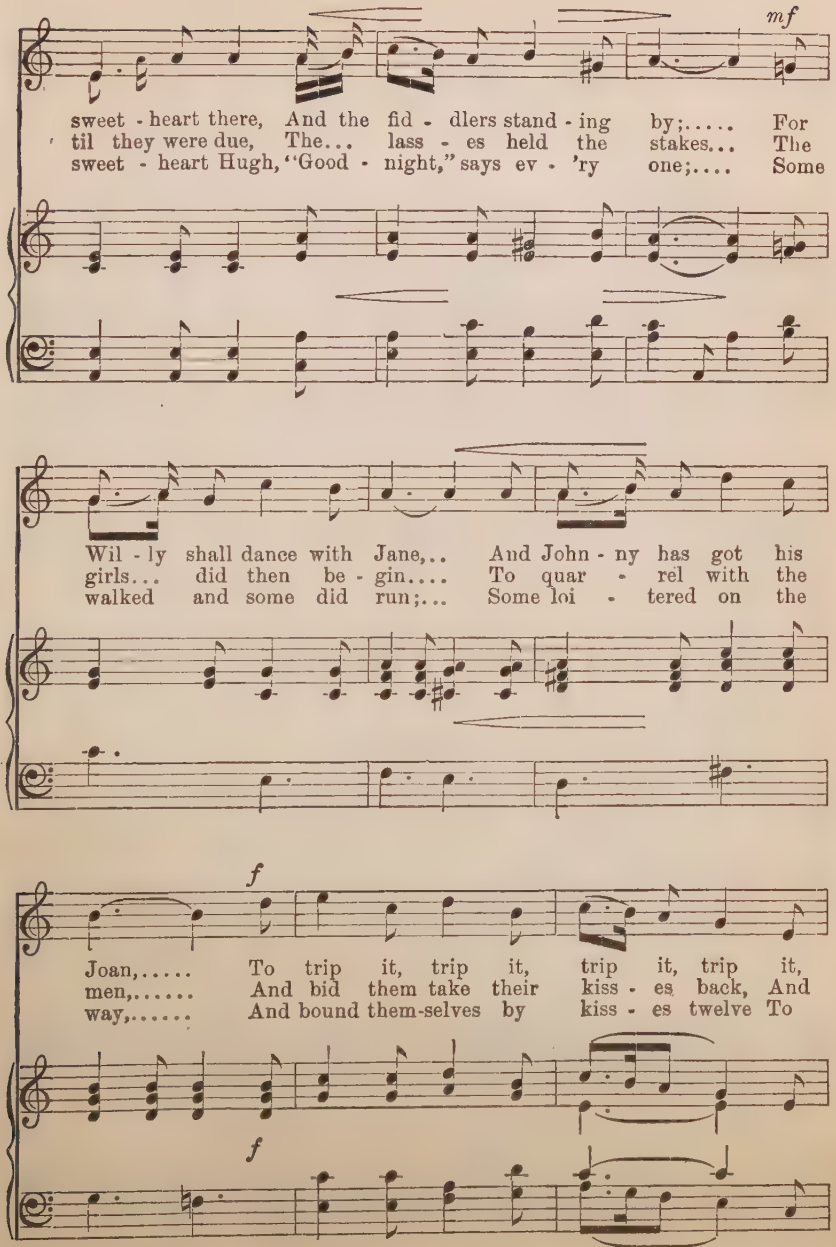
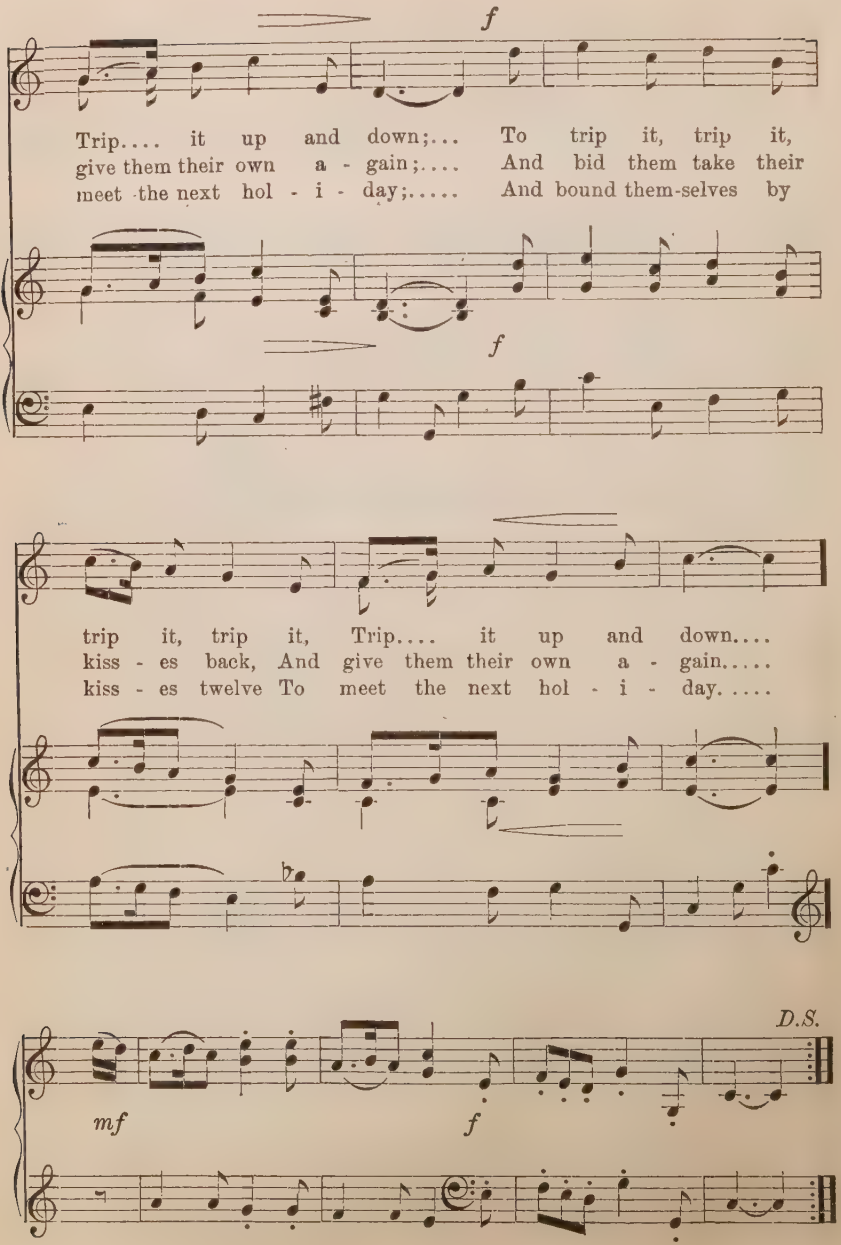

mf
sweet - heart there, And the fid - dlers stand - ing by;..... For
til they were due, The... lass - es held the stakes... The
sweet - heart Hugh, "Good - night," says ev - 'ry one;.... Some
Wil - ly shall dance with Jane,.. And John - ny has got his
girls... did then be - gin.... To quar - rel with the
walked and some did run;... Some loi - tered on the
f
Joan,..... To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
men,..... And bid them take their kiss - es back, And
way,..... And bound them-selves by kiss - es twelve To
f


f
Trip.... it up and down;... To trip it, trip it,
give them their own a - gain;.... And bid them take their
meet the next hol - i - day;..... And bound them-selves by
f
trip it, trip it, Trip.... it up and down....
kiss - es back, And give them their own a - gain.....
kiss - es twelve To meet the next hol - i - day.....
D.S.
mf
f

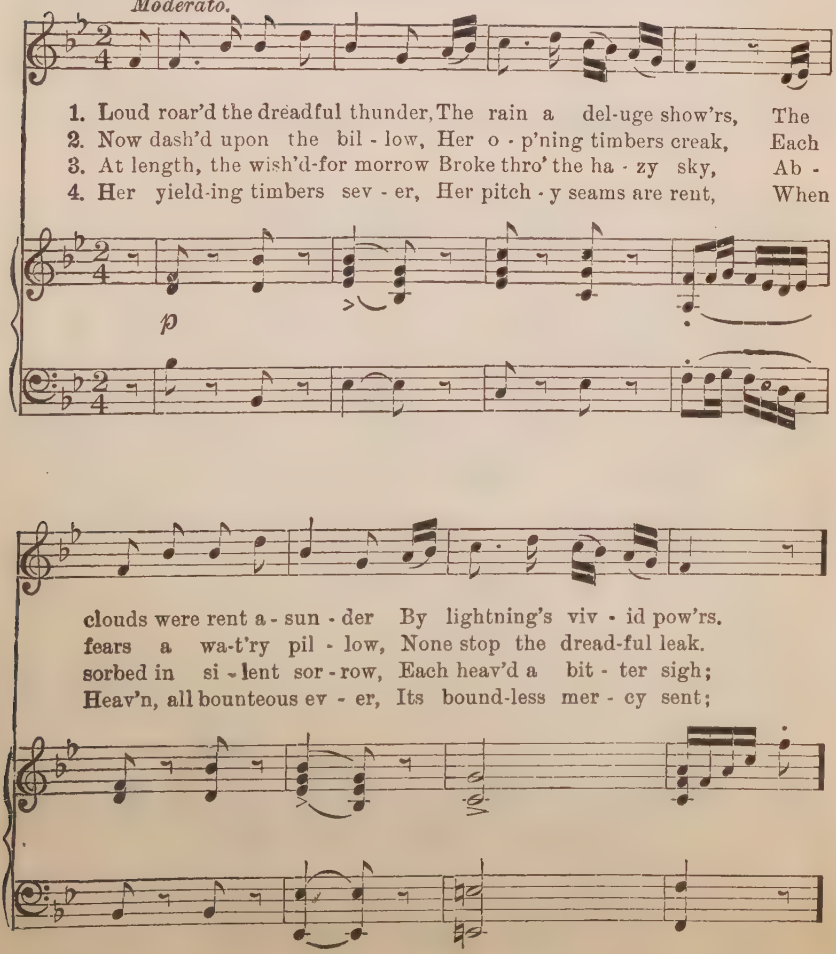
SEA SONGS

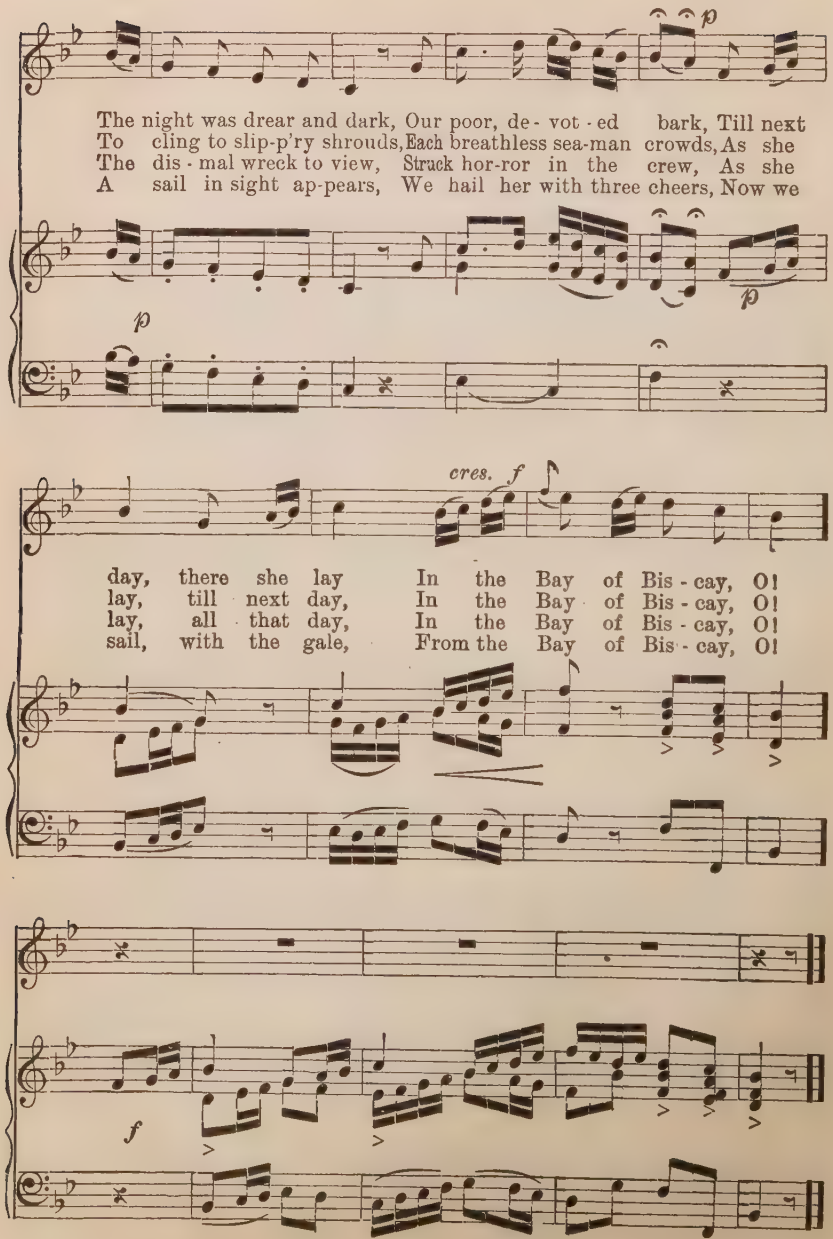
THE BAY OF BISCAY

ANDREW CHERRY

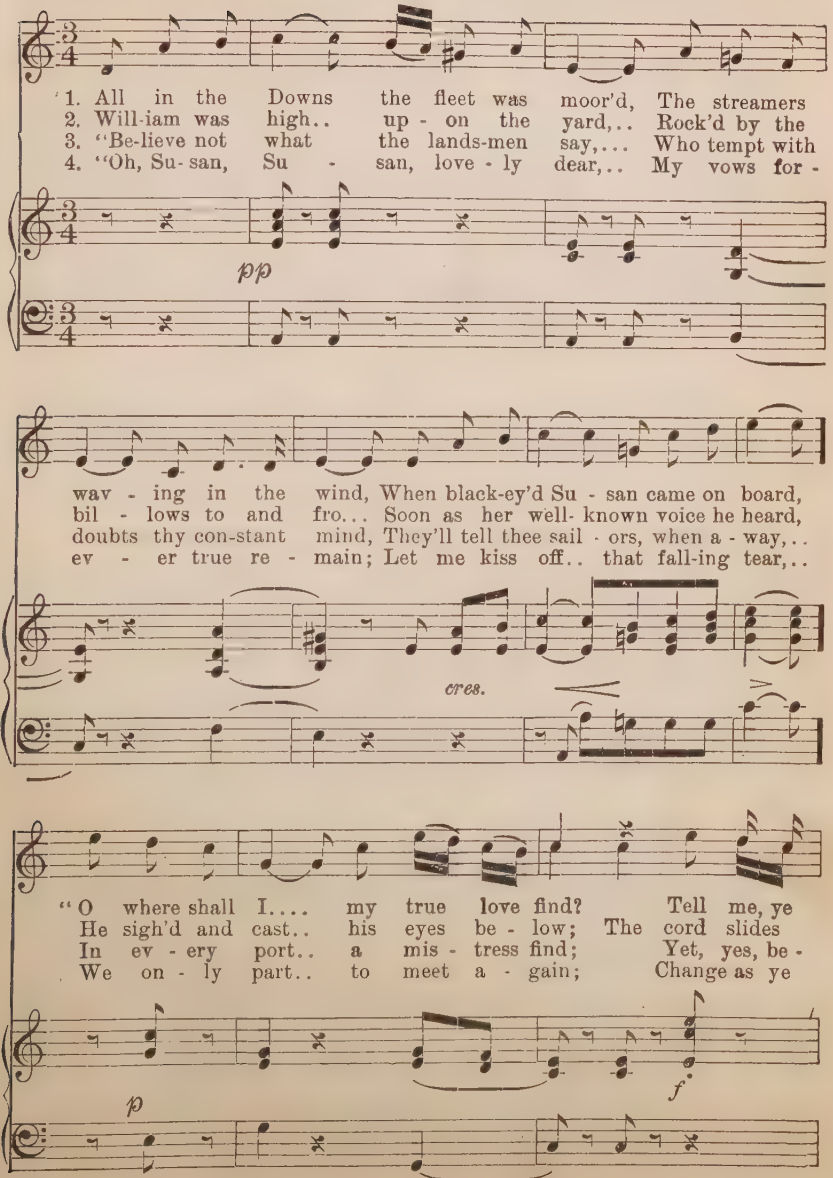
JOHN DAVY

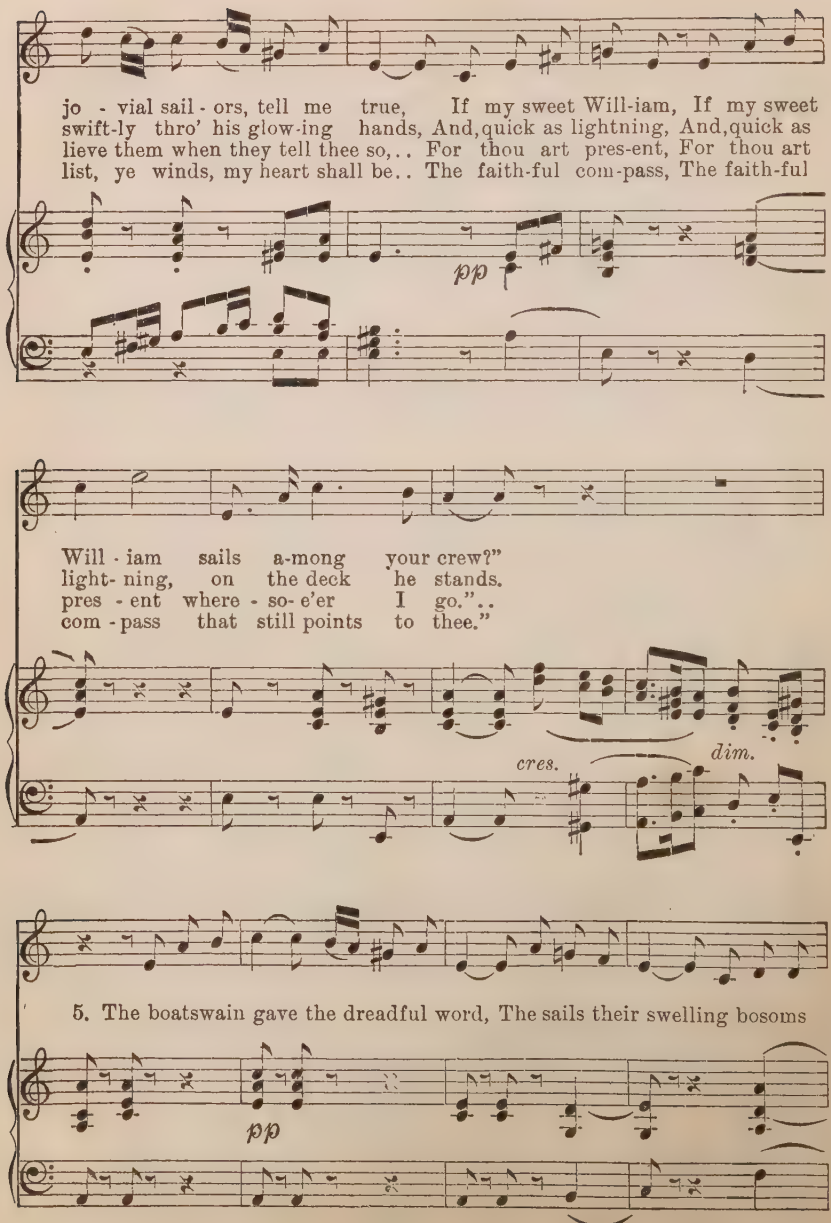
Moderato.

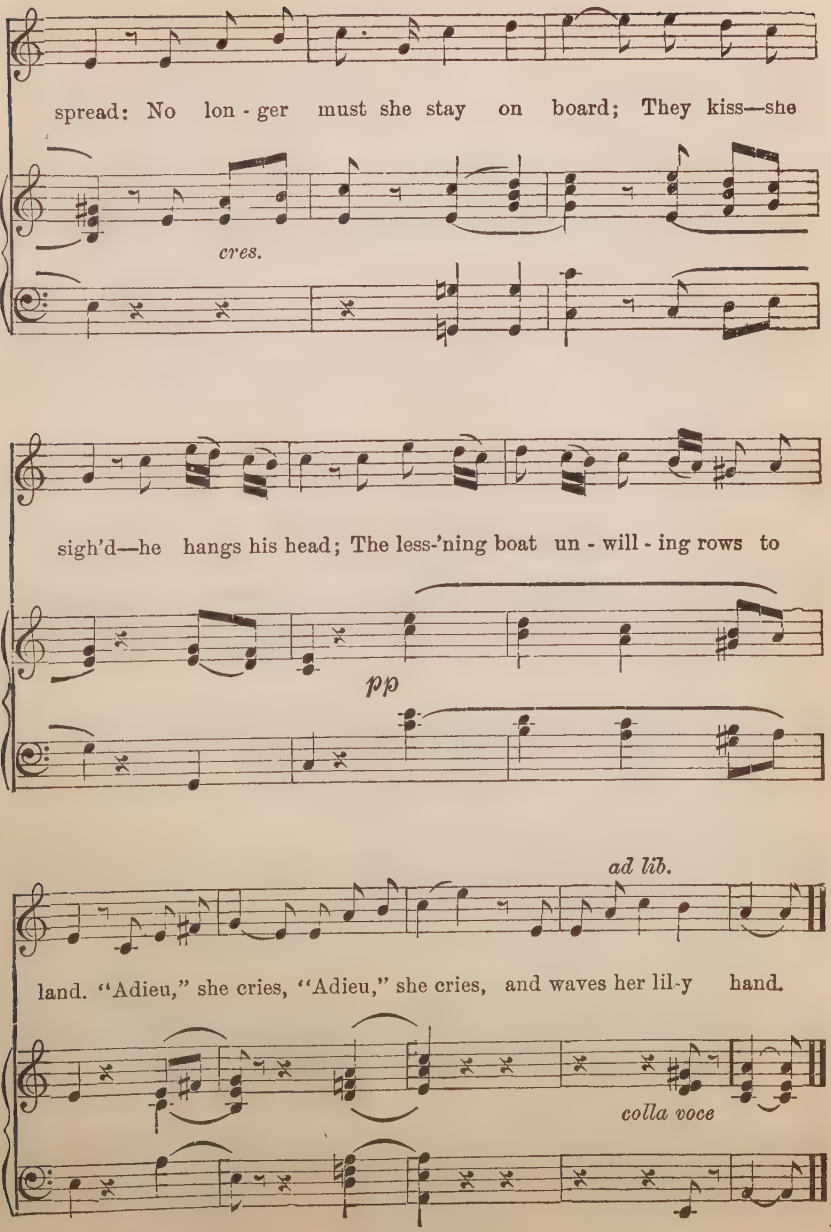

1. Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder, The rain a del-uge show'rs, The
2. Now dash'd upon the bil - low, Her o - p'ning timbers creak, Each
3. At length, the wish'd-for morrow Broke thro' the ha - zy sky, Ab -
4. Her yield-ing timbers sev - er, Her pitch - y seams are rent, When
p
clouds were rent a - sun - der By lightning's viv - id pow'rs.
fears a wa-t'ry pil - low, None stop the dread-ful leak.
sorbed in si - lent sor - row, Each heav'd a bit - ter sigh;
Heav'n, all bounteous ev - er, Its bound-less mer - cy sent;


The night was drear and dark, Our poor, de- vot - ed bark, Till next
To cling to slip-p'ry shrouds, Each breathless sea-man crowds, As she
The dis - mal wreck to view, Struck hor-ror in the crew, As she
A sail in sight ap-pears, We hail her with three cheers, Now we
p
p
p
cres. f
day, there she lay In the Bay of Bis - cay, O!
lay, till next day, In the Bay of Bis - cay, O!
lay, all that day, In the Bay of Bis - cay, O!
sail, with the gale, From the Bay of Bis - cay, O!
f

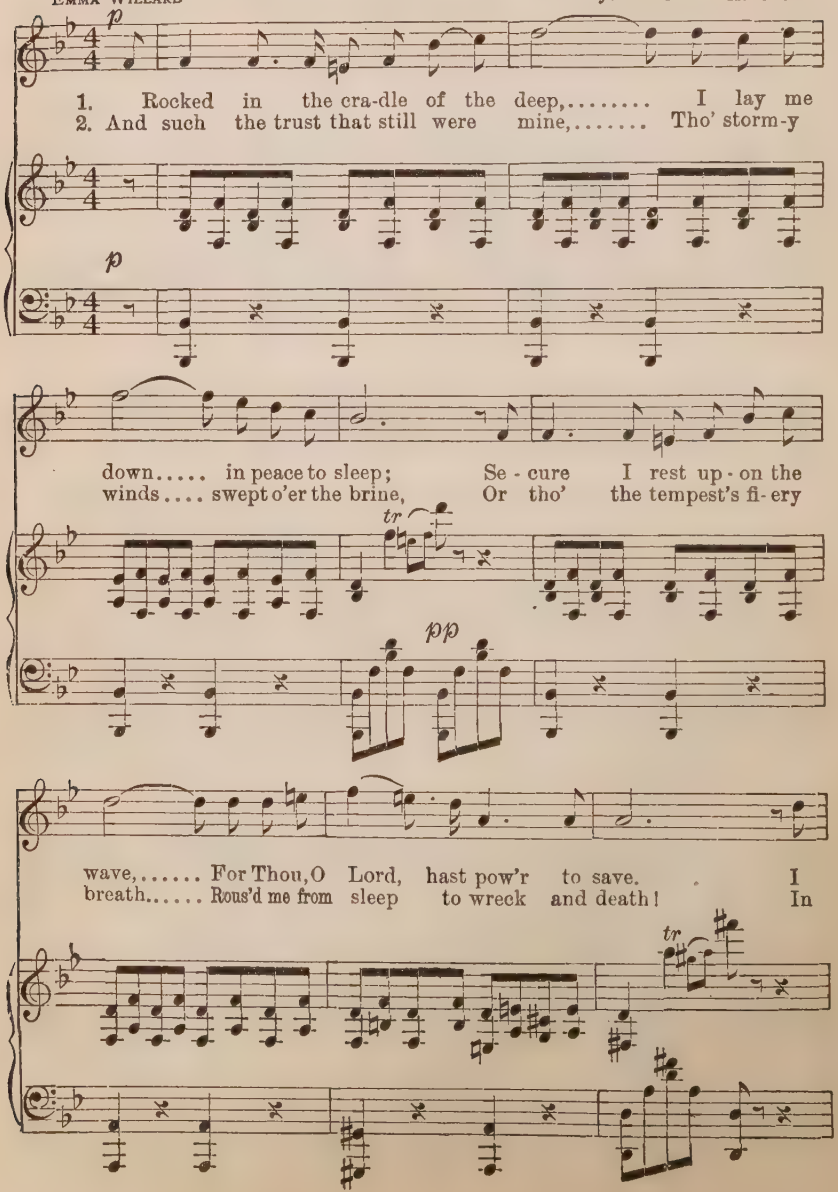
BLACK-EYED SUSAN

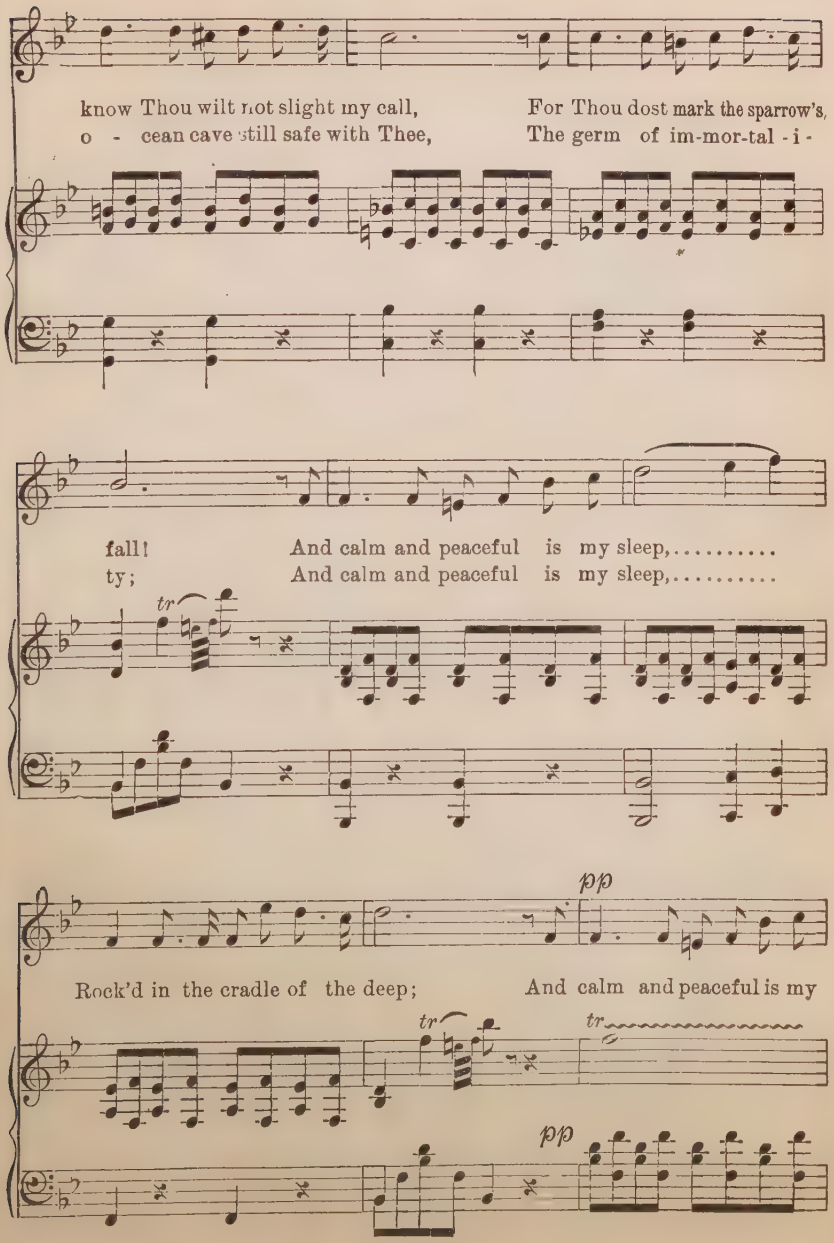
JOHN GAY RICHARD LEVERIDGE

1. All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers
2. Will-iam was high.. up - on the yard,.. Rock'd by the
3. "Be-lieve not what the lands-men say,... Who tempt with
4. "Oh, Su-san, Su - san, love - ly dear,.. My vows for -
pp
wav - ing in the wind, When black-ey'd Su - san came on board,
bil - lows to and fro... Soon as her well- known voice he heard,
doubts thy con-stant mind, They'll tell thee sail - ors, when a - way,..
ev - er true re - main; Let me kiss off.. that fall-ing tear,..
cres.
"O where shall I.... my true love find? Tell me, ye
He sigh'd and cast.. his eyes be - low; The cord slides
In ev - ery port.. a mis - tress find; Yet, yes, be -
We on - ly part.. to meet a - gain; Change as ye
p
f

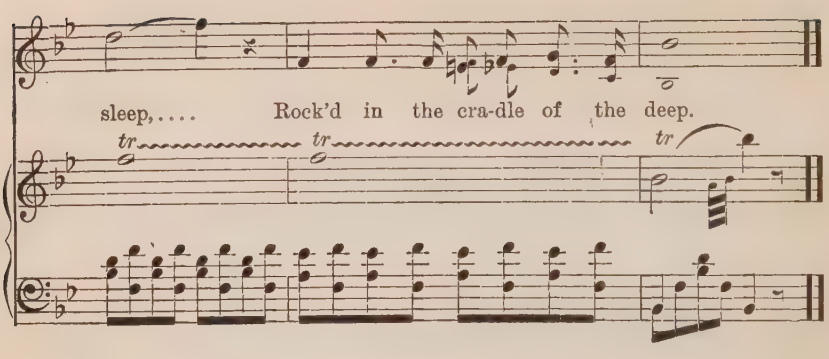

jo - vial sail - ors, tell me true, If my sweet Will-iam, If my sweet
swift-ly thro' his glow-ing hands, And, quick as lightning, And, quick as
lieve them when they tell thee so,.. For thou art pres-ent, For thou art
list, ye winds, my heart shall be.. The faith-ful com-pass, The faith-ful
pp
Will - iam sails a-mong your crew?"
light- ning, on the deck he stands.
pres - ent where - so- e'er I go."..
com - pass that still points to thee."
cres.
dim.
5. The boatswain gave the dreadful word, The sails their swelling bosoms
pp


spread: No lon - ger must she stay on board; They kiss—she
cres.
sigh'd—he hangs his head; The less-'ning boat un - will - ing rows to
pp
ad lib.
land. "Adieu," she cries, "Adieu," she cries, and waves her lil-y hand.
colla voce

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

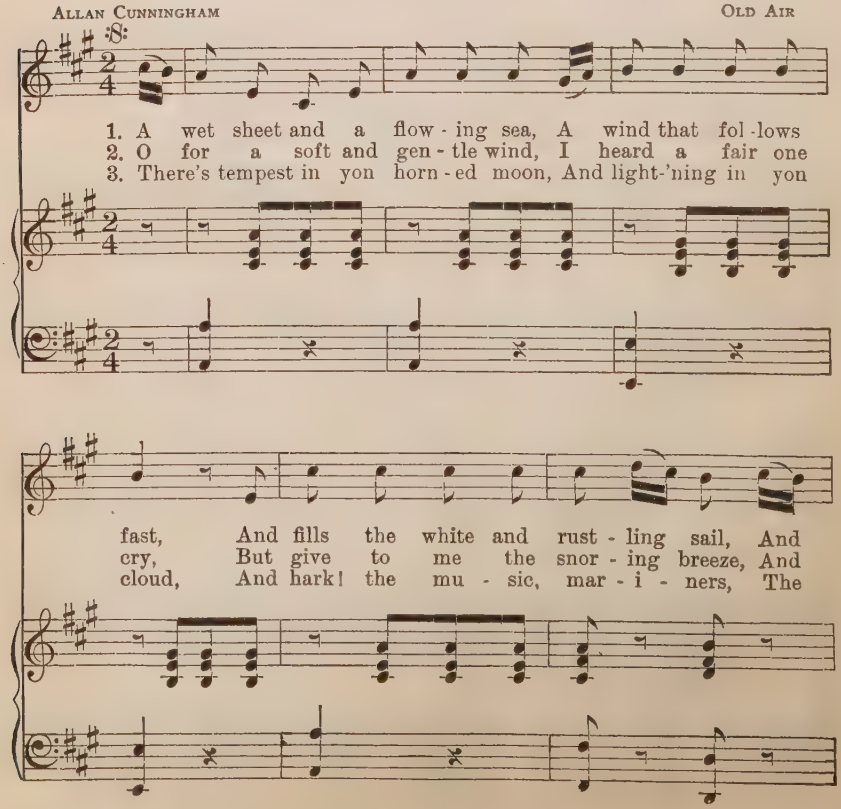
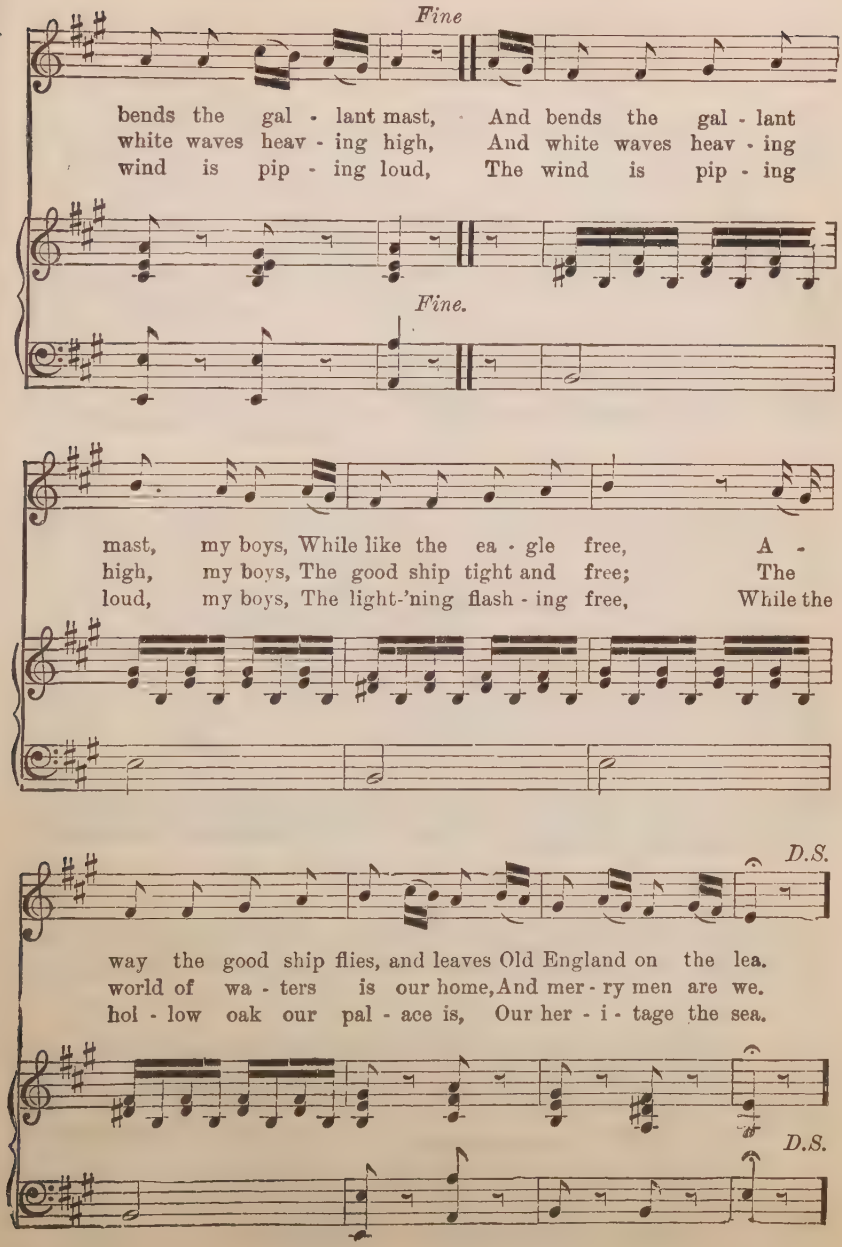
EMMA WILLARD JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT

p
1. Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep,..... I lay me
2. And such the trust that still were mine,..... Tho' storm-y
p
down..... in peace to sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the
winds.... swept o'er the brine, Or tho' the tempest's fi - ery
tr
pp
wave,..... For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save. I
breath..... Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death! In
tr


know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's,
o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i -
fall! And calm and peaceful is my sleep,.....
ty; And calm and peaceful is my sleep,.....
tr
pp
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep; And calm and peaceful is my
tr
tr
pp



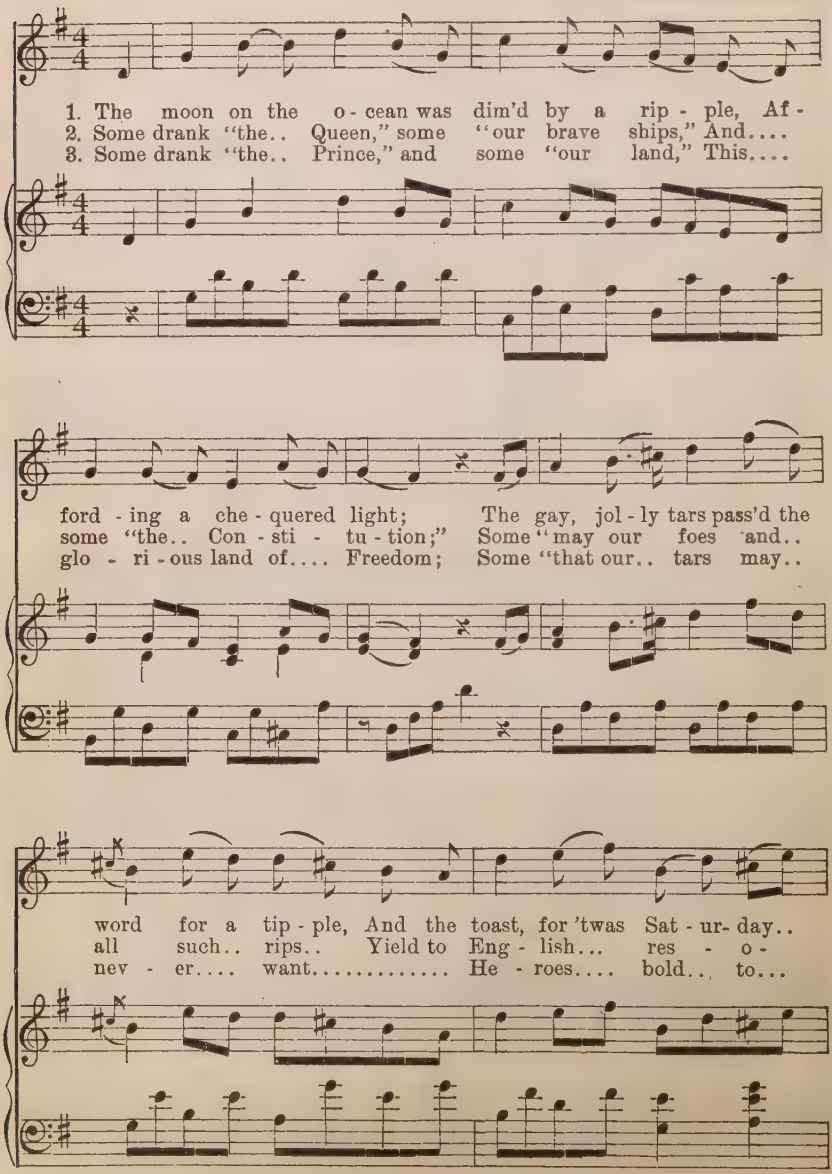
A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

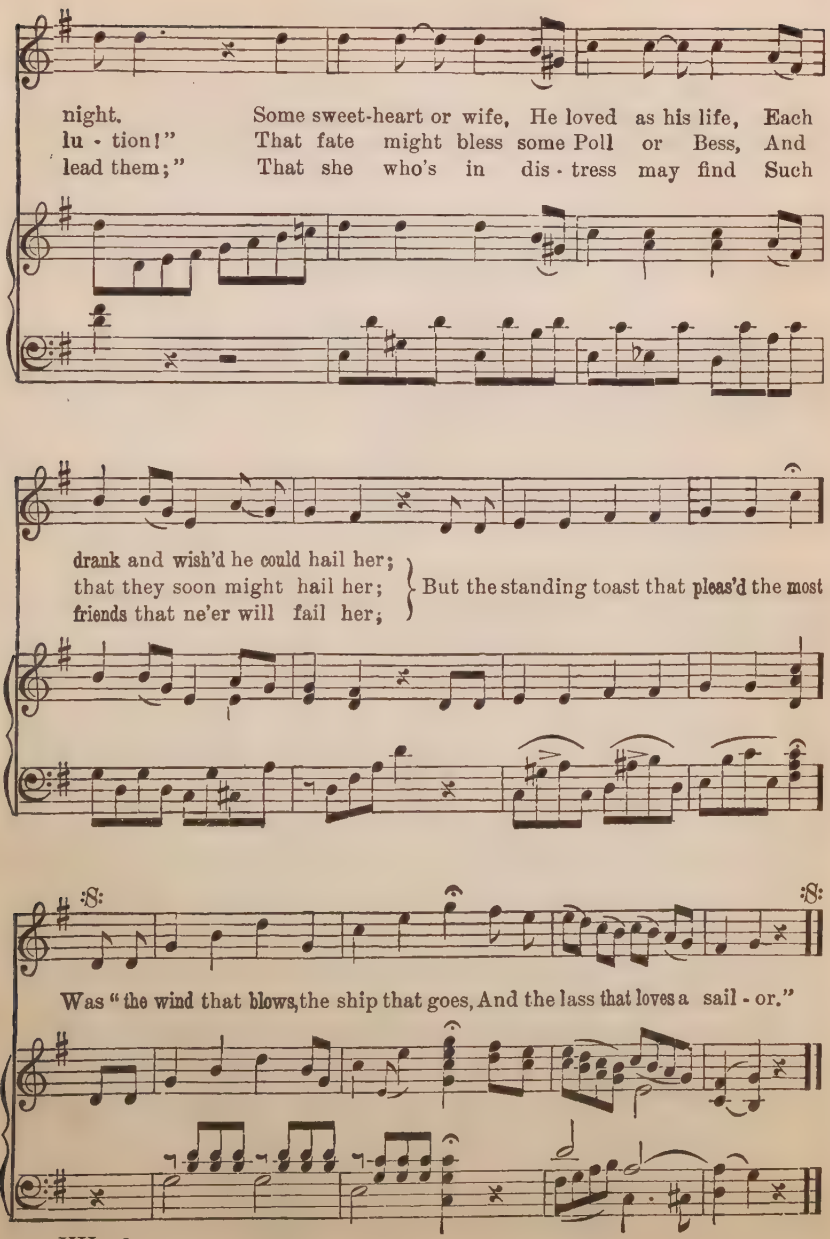
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM — OLD AIR


1. A wet sheet and a flow - ing sea, A wind that fol - lows
2. O for a soft and gen - tle wind, I heard a fair one
3. There's tempest in yon horn - ed moon, And light-'ning in yon
fast, And fills the white and rust - ling sail, And
cry, But give to me the snor - ing breeze, And
cloud, And hark! the mu - sic, mar - i - ners, The

Fine
bends the gal - lant mast, And bends the gal - lant
white waves heav - ing high, And white waves heav - ing
wind is pip - ing loud, The wind is pip - ing
Fine.
mast, my boys, While like the ea - gle free, A -
high, my boys, The good ship tight and free; The
loud, my boys, The light-'ning flash - ing free, While the
D.S.
way the good ship flies, and leaves Old England on the lea.
world of wa - ters is our home, And mer - ry men are we.
hol - low oak our pal - ace is, Our her - i - tage the sea.
D.S.

THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR

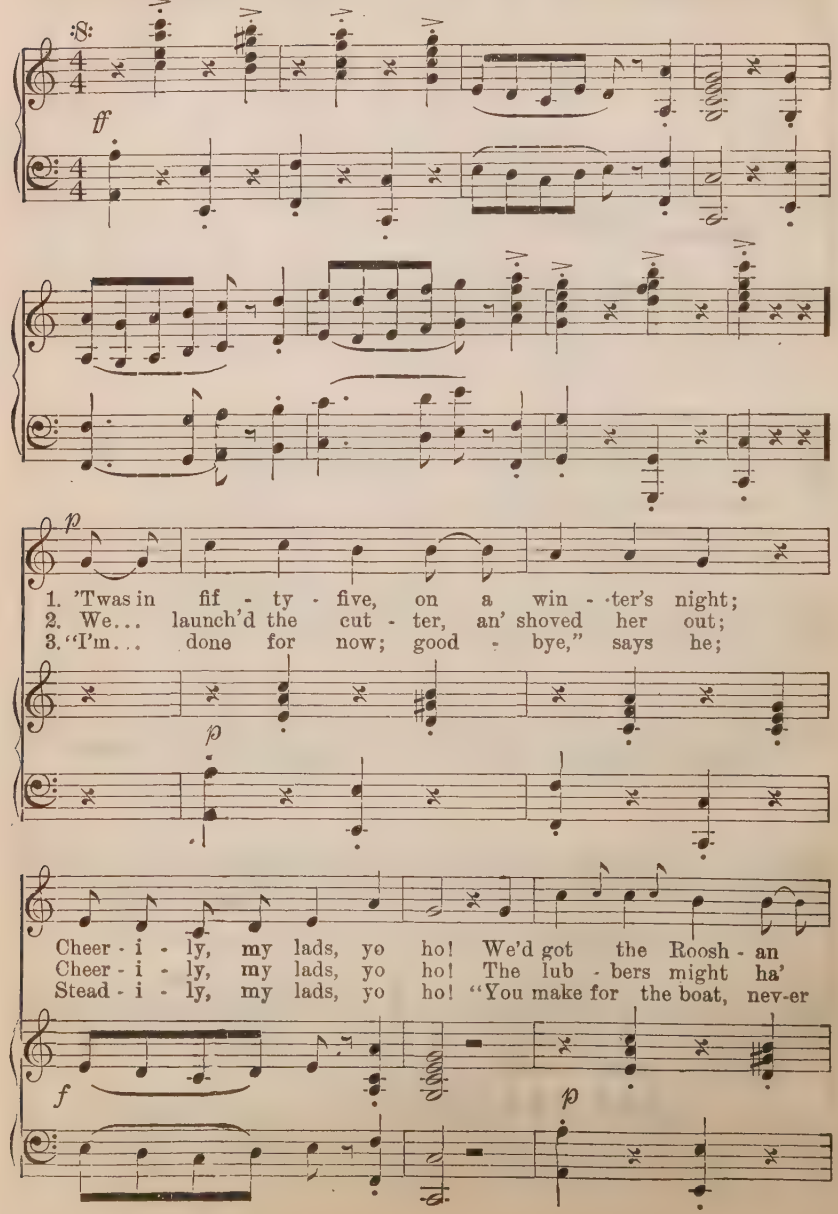
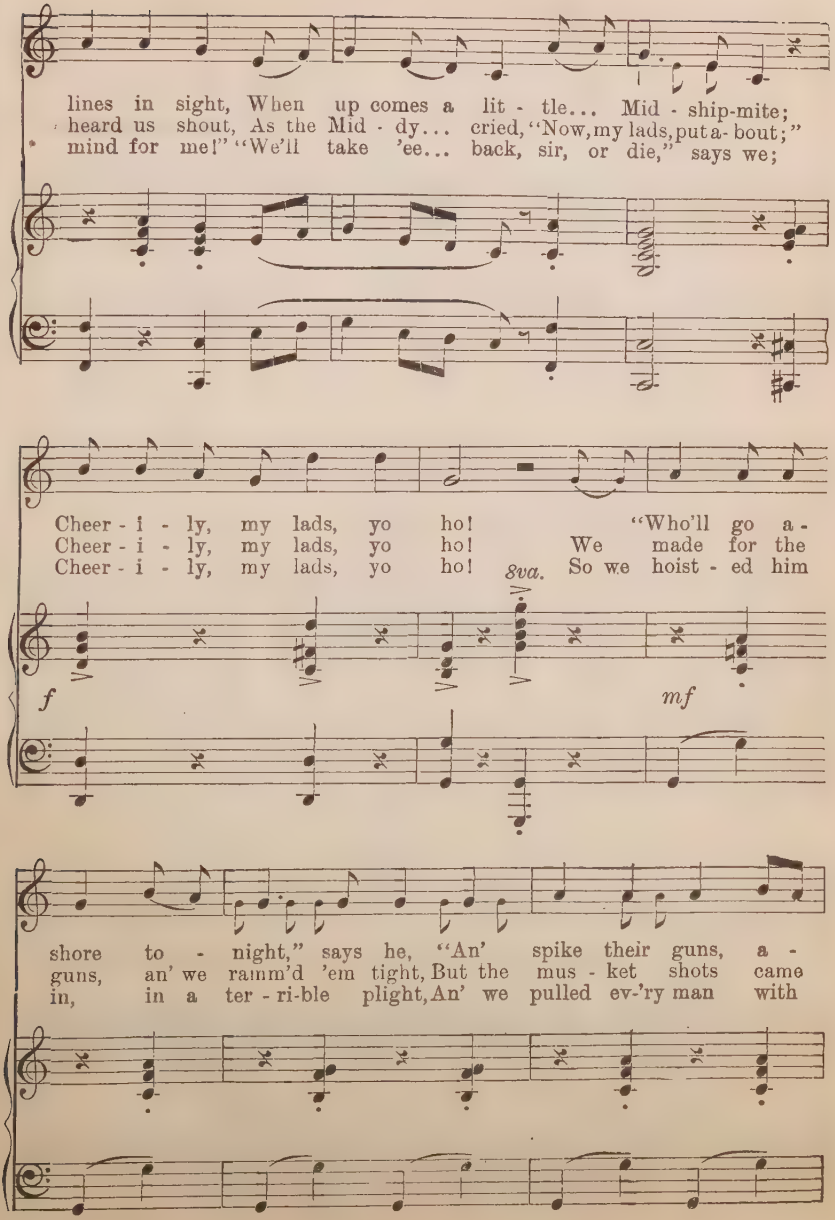
CHARLES DIBDIN

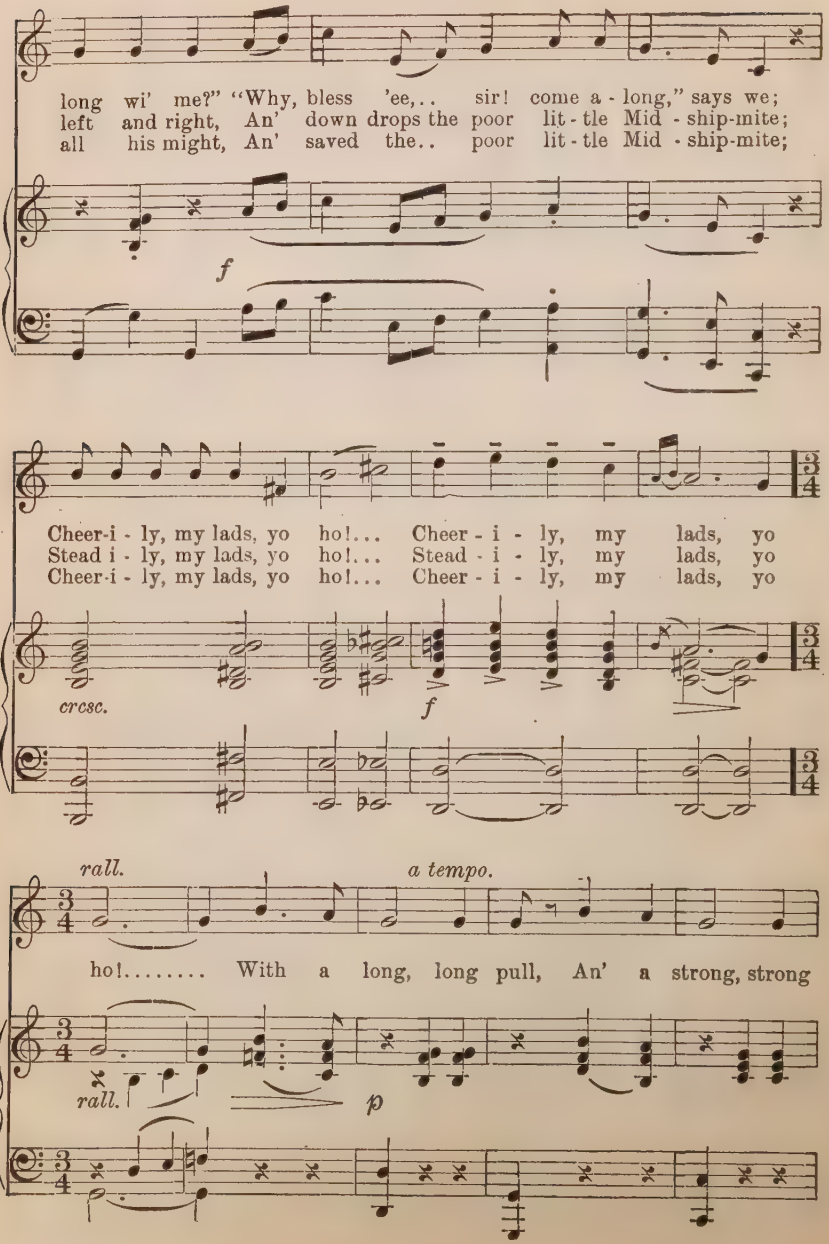

1. The moon on the o - cean was dim'd by a rip - ple, Af -
2. Some drank "the.. Queen," some "our brave ships," And....
3. Some drank "the.. Prince," and some "our land," This....
ford - ing a che - quered light; The gay, jol - ly tars pass'd the
some "the.. Con - sti - tu - tion;" Some "may our foes and..
glo - ri - ous land of.... Freedom; Some "that our.. tars may..
word for a tip - ple, And the toast, for 'twas Sat - ur- day..
all such.. rips.. Yield to Eng - lish... res - o -
nev - er.... want..... He - roes.... bold.. to...

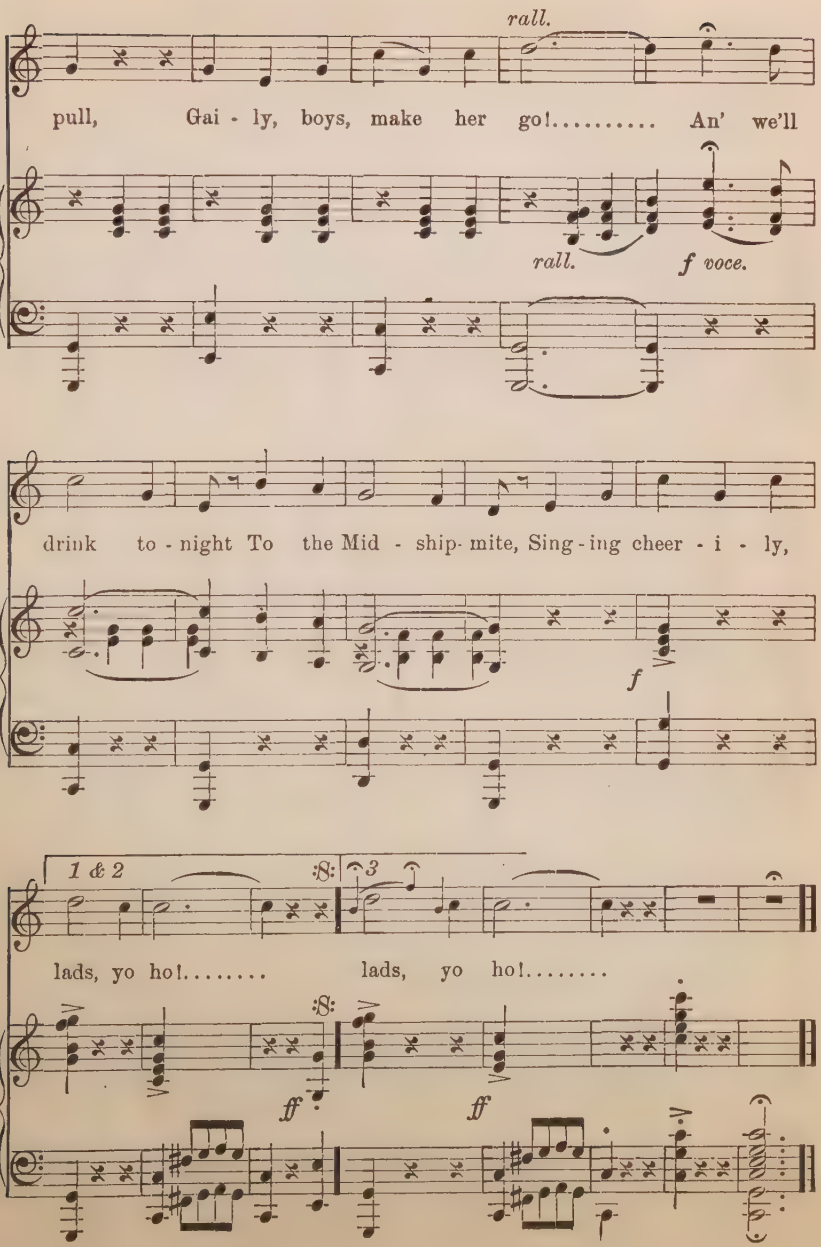

night. Some sweet-heart or wife, He loved as his life, Each
lu - tion!" That fate might bless some Poll or Bess, And
lead them;" That she who's in dis - tress may find Such
drank and wish'd he could hail her;
that they soon might hail her;
friends that ne'er will fail her;
But the standing toast that pleas'd the most
Was "the wind that blows, the ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sail - or."

THE MIDSHIPMITE

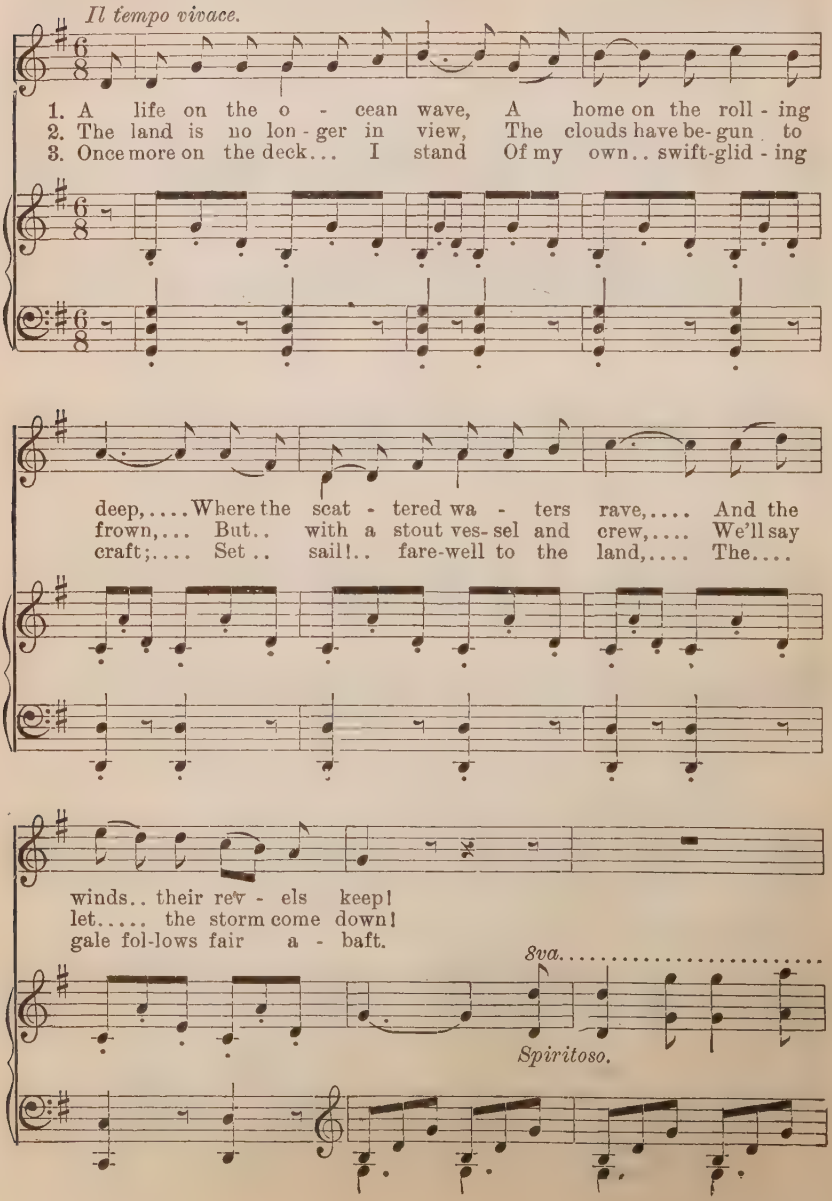
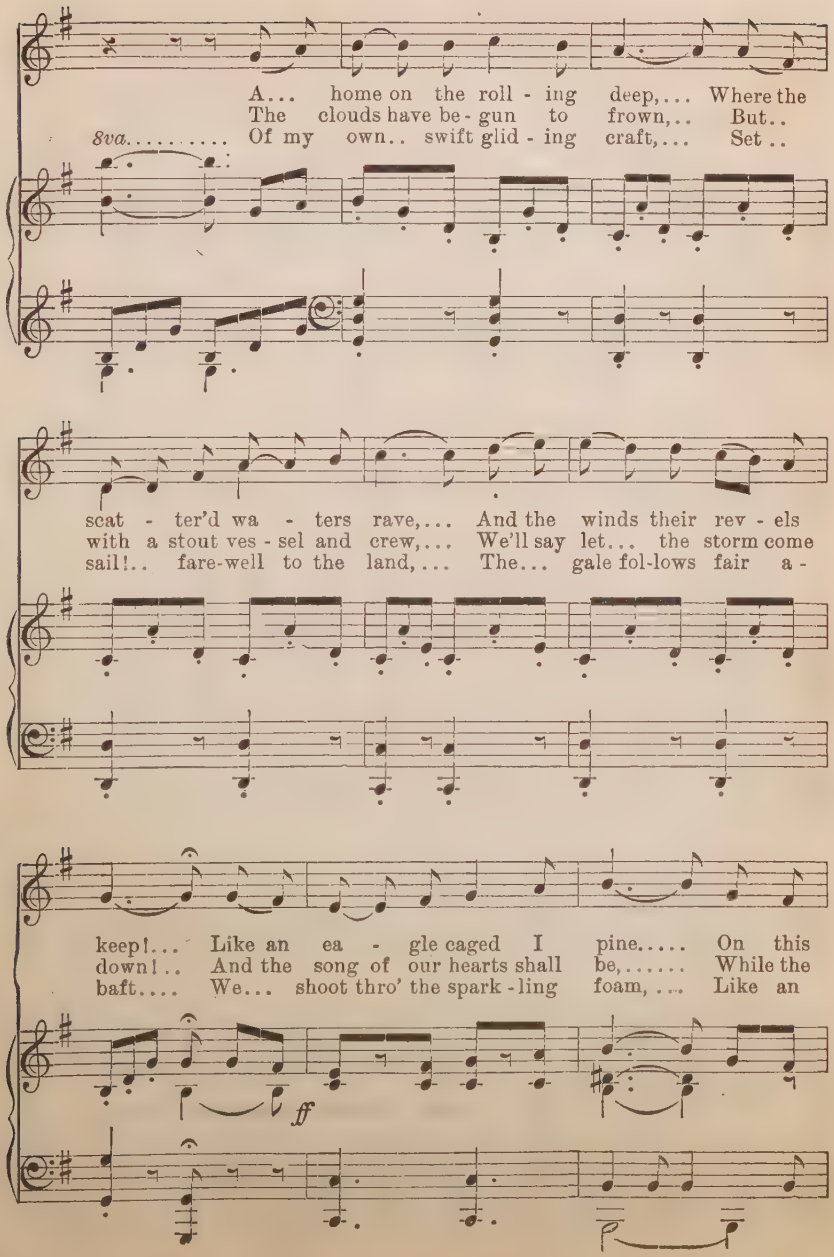
FRED E. WEATHERLY — STEPHEN ADAMS

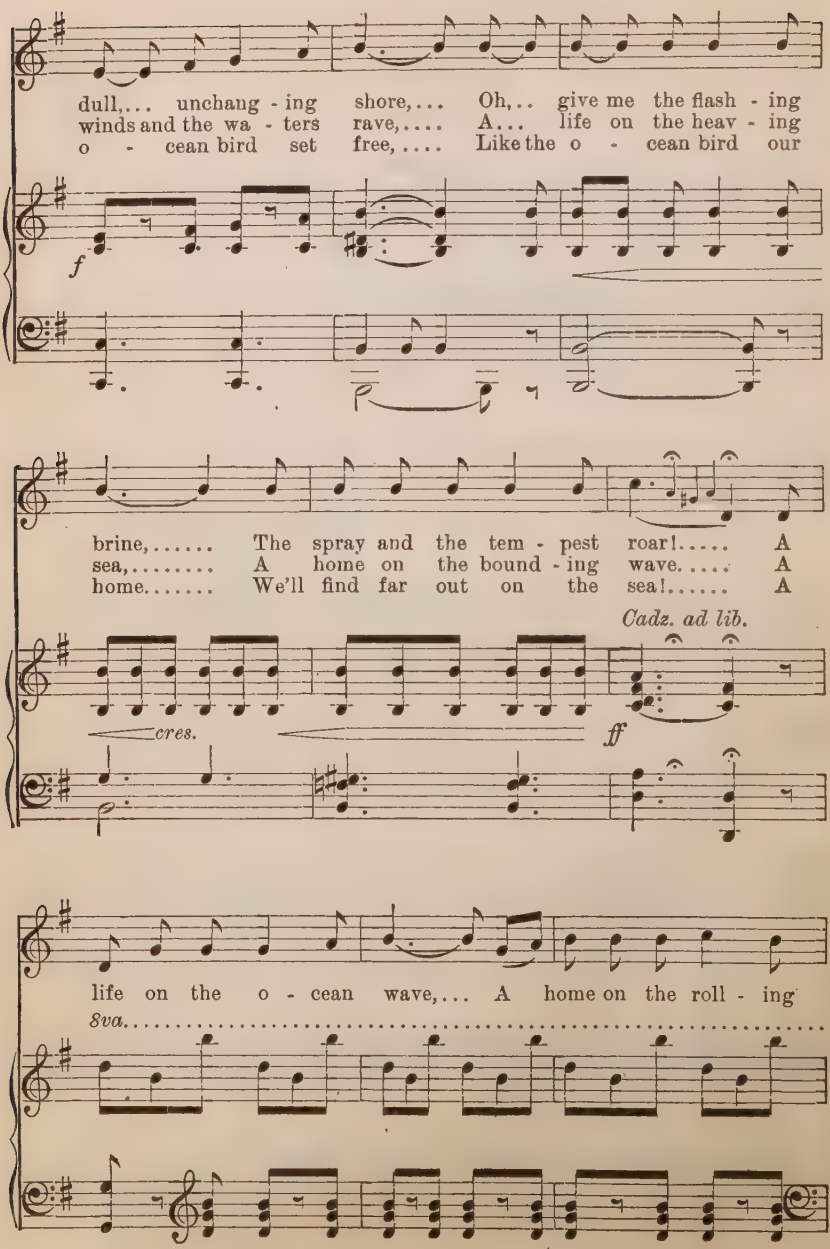
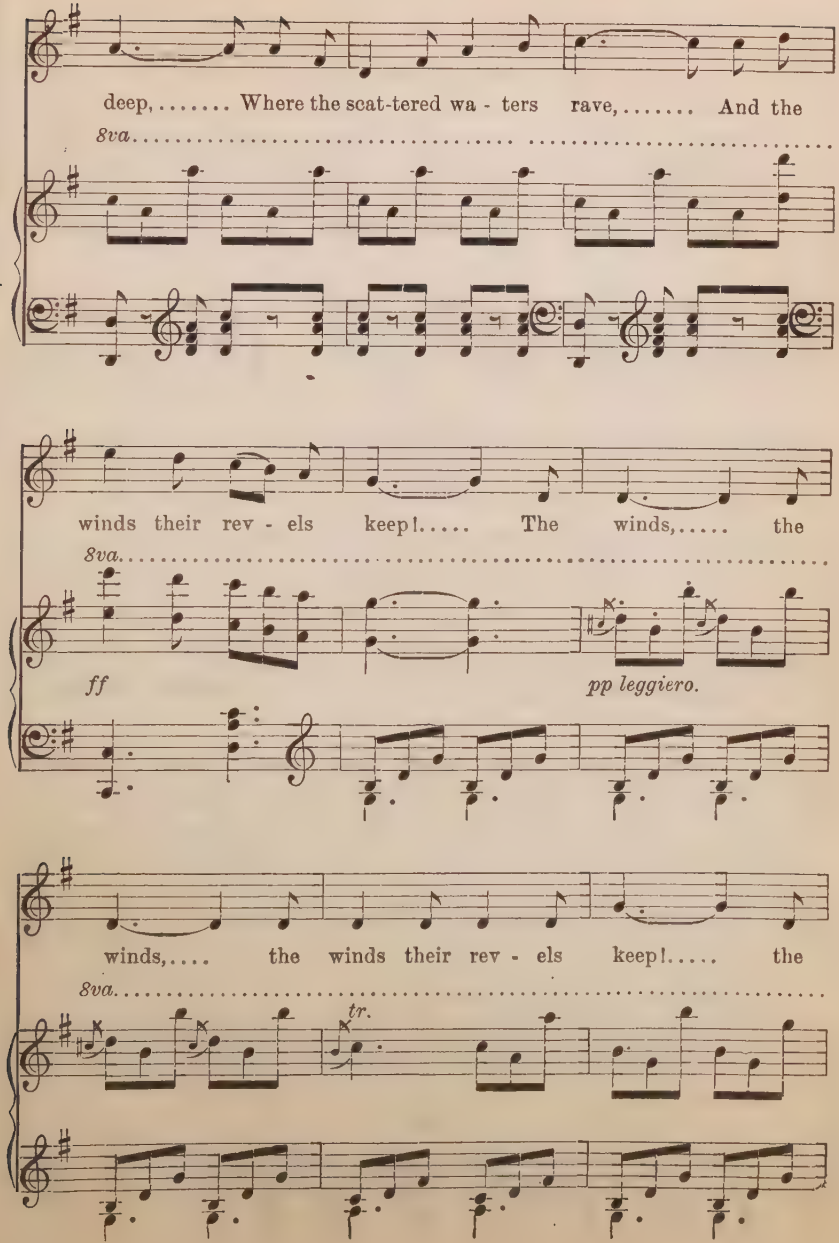

ff
p
1. 'Twas in fif - ty - five, on a win - ter's night;
2. We... launch'd the cut - ter, an' shoved her out;
3. "I'm... done for now; good - bye," says he;
p
Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd got the Roosh - an
Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The lub - bers might ha'
Stead - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You make for the boat, nev-er
f
p

lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle... Mid - ship-mite;
heard us shout, As the Mid - dy... cried, "Now, my lads, put a- bout;"
mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee... back, sir, or die," says we;
Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a -
Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We made for the
Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoist - ed him
8va.
f
mf
shore to - night," says he, "An' spike their guns, a -
guns, an' we ramm'd 'em tight, But the mus - ket shots came
in, in a ter - ri-ble plight, An' we pulled ev-'ry man with

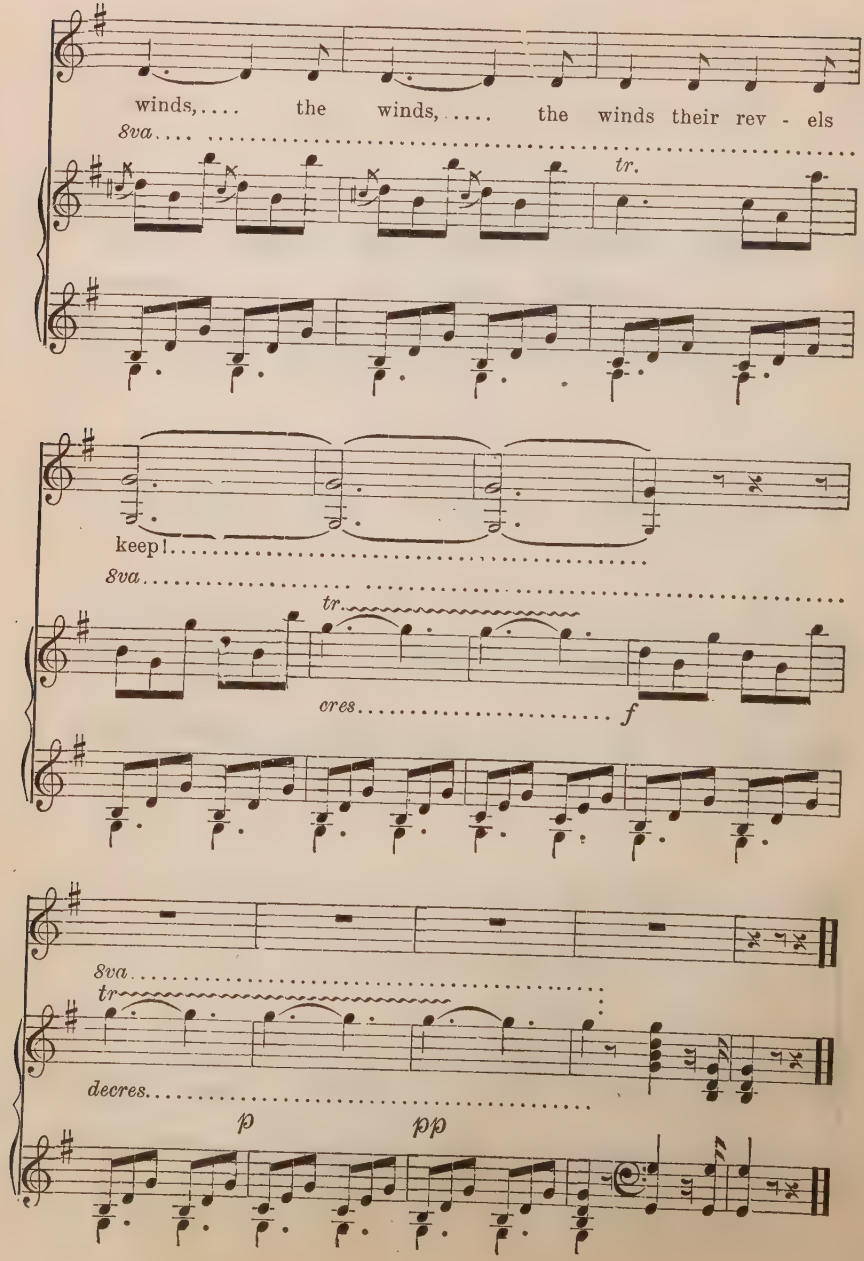

long wi' me?" "Why, bless 'ee,.. sir! come a - long," says we;
left and right, An' down drops the poor lit - tle Mid - ship-mite;
all his might, An' saved the.. poor lit - tle Mid - ship-mite;
f
Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho!... Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo
Stead i - ly, my lads, yo ho!... Stead - i - ly, my lads, yo
Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho!... Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo
cresc.
f
rall.
a tempo.
ho!..... With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong
rall.
p


rall.
pull, Gai - ly, boys, make her go!..... An' we'll
rall.
f voce.
drink to - night To the Mid - ship- mite, Sing - ing cheer - i - ly,
f
1 & 2
3
lads, yo ho!..... lads, yo ho!.....
ff
ff

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

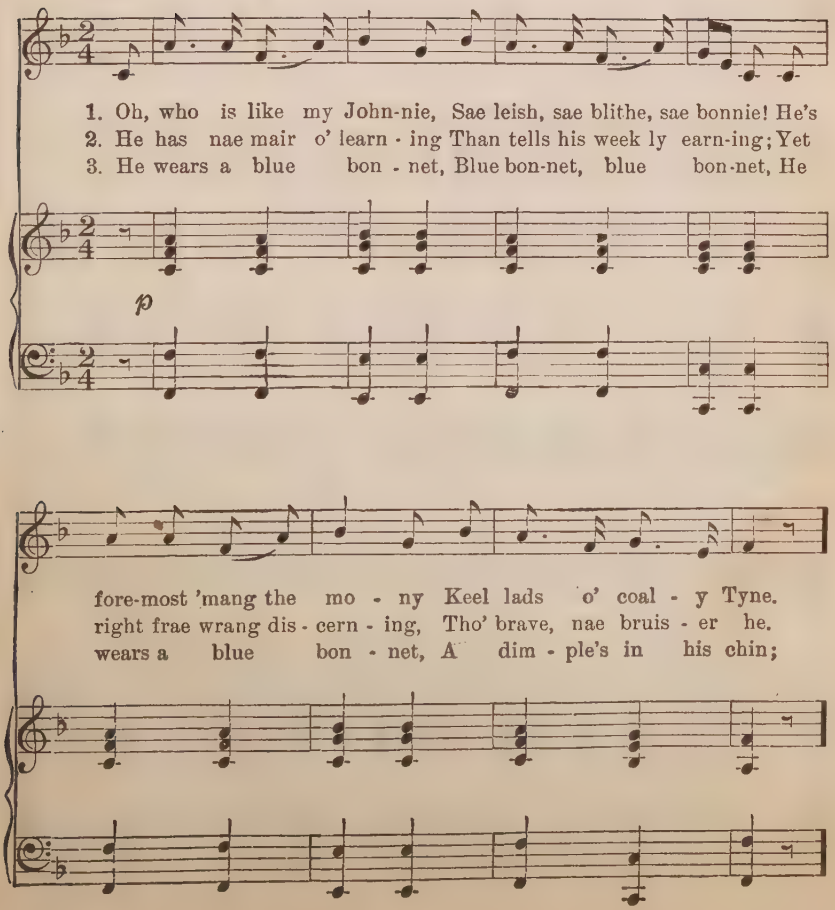
EPES SARGENT HENRY RUSSELL

Il tempo vivace.
1. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing
2. The land is no lon - ger in view, The clouds have be- gun to
3. Once more on the deck... I stand Of my own.. swift-glid - ing
deep,....Where the scat - tered wa - ters rave,.... And the
frown,.... But.. with a stout ves- sel and crew,.... We'll say
craft;.... Set.. sail!.. fare-well to the land,.... The....
winds.. their rev - els keep!
let..... the storm come down!
gale fol-lows fair a - baft.
8va.....
Spiritoso.

A... home on the roll - ing deep,... Where the
The clouds have be - gun to frown,.. But..
8va..... Of my own.. swift glid - ing craft,... Set ..
scat - ter'd wa - ters rave,... And the winds their rev - els
with a stout ves - sel and crew,... We'll say let... the storm come
sail!.. fare-well to the land,... The... gale fol-lows fair a -
keep!... Like an ea - gle caged I pine..... On this
down!.. And the song of our hearts shall be,..... While the
baft.... We... shoot thro' the spark - ling foam, ... Like an
ff

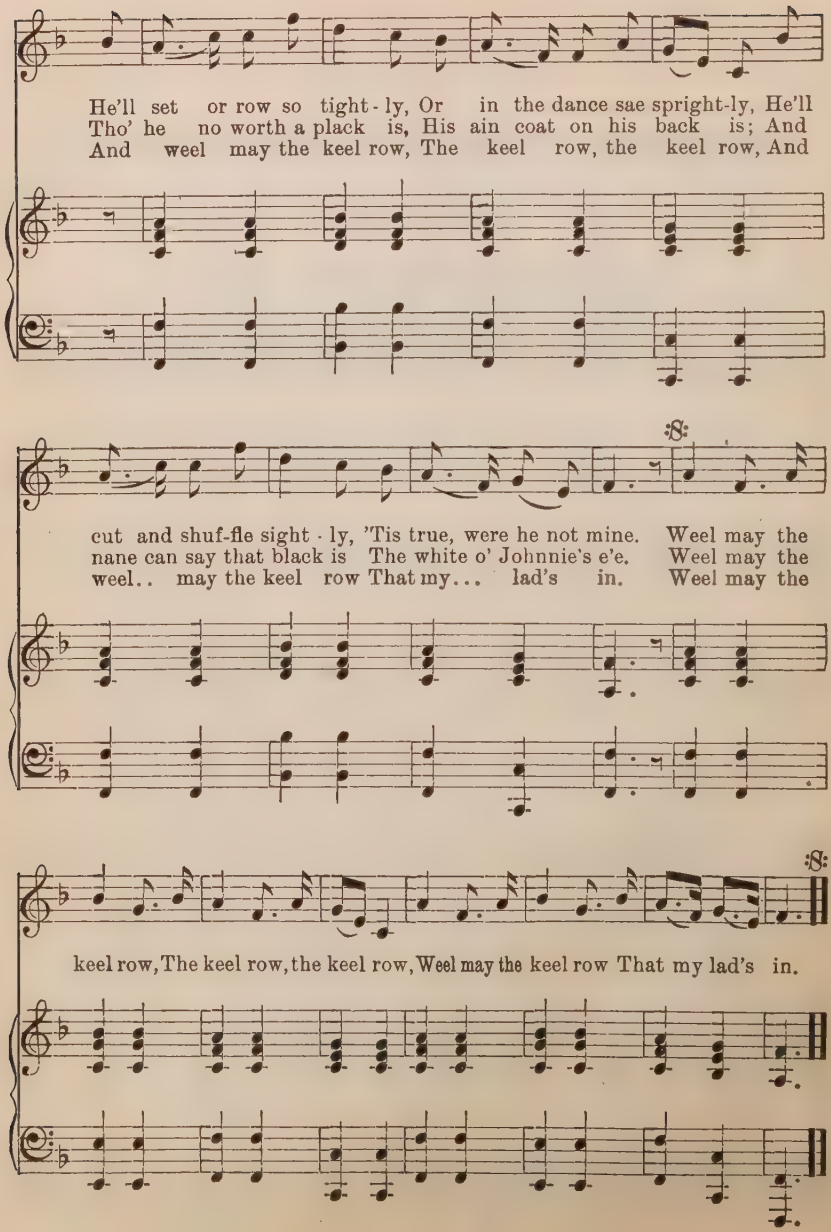

dull,... unchang - ing shore,... Oh,.. give me the flash - ing
winds and the wa - ters rave,.... A... life on the heav - ing
o - cean bird set free,.... Like the o - cean bird our
f
brine,..... The spray and the tem - pest roar!..... A
sea,..... A home on the bound - ing wave..... A
home..... We'll find far out on the sea!..... A
Cadz. ad lib.
cres.
ff
life on the o - cean wave,... A home on the roll - ing
8va.

deep,..... Where the scat-tered wa - ters rave,..... And the
8va.
winds their rev - els keep!..... The winds,..... the
8va.
ff
pp leggiero.
winds,..... the winds their rev - els keep!..... the
8va.
tr.


winds,.... the winds,..... the winds their rev - els
8va
tr.
keep!
8va
tr.
cres.
f
8va
tr
decres.
p
pp

COLLEGE AND NONSENSE SONGS

WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW


1. Oh, who is like my John-nie, Sae leish, sae blithe, sae bonnie! He's
2. He has nae mair o' learn - ing Than tells his week ly earn-ing; Yet
3. He wears a blue bon - net, Blue bon-net, blue bon-net, He
p
fore-most 'mang the mo - ny Keel lads o' coal - y Tyne.
right frae wrang dis - cern - ing, Tho' brave, nae bruis - er he.
wears a blue bon - net, A dim - ple's in his chin;


He'll set or row so tight - ly, Or in the dance sae spright-ly, He'll
Tho' he no worth a plack is, His ain coat on his back is; And
And weel may the keel row, The keel row, the keel row, And
cut and shuf-fle sight - ly, 'Tis true, were he not mine. Weel may the
nane can say that black is The white o' Johnnie's e'e. Weel may the
weel.. may the keel row That my... lad's in. Weel may the
keel row, The keel row, the keel row, Weel may the keel row That my lad's in.

BUY A BROOM

UNKNOWN GERMAN AIR

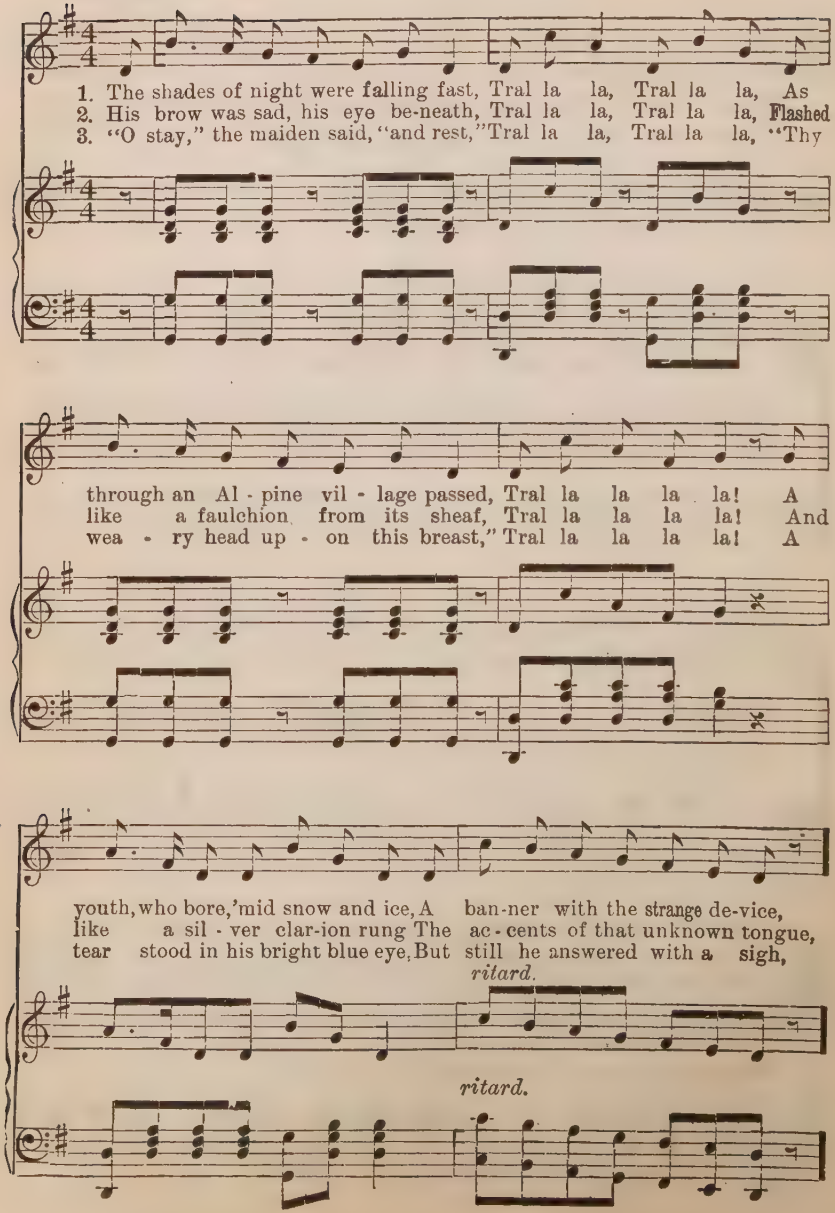
1. From Teutchland I came with my light wares all laden, To dear, hap - py
2. To brush a - way insects that sometimes an-noy you, You'll find it quite
3. Ere win - ter comes on, for sweet home soon departing, My toils for your

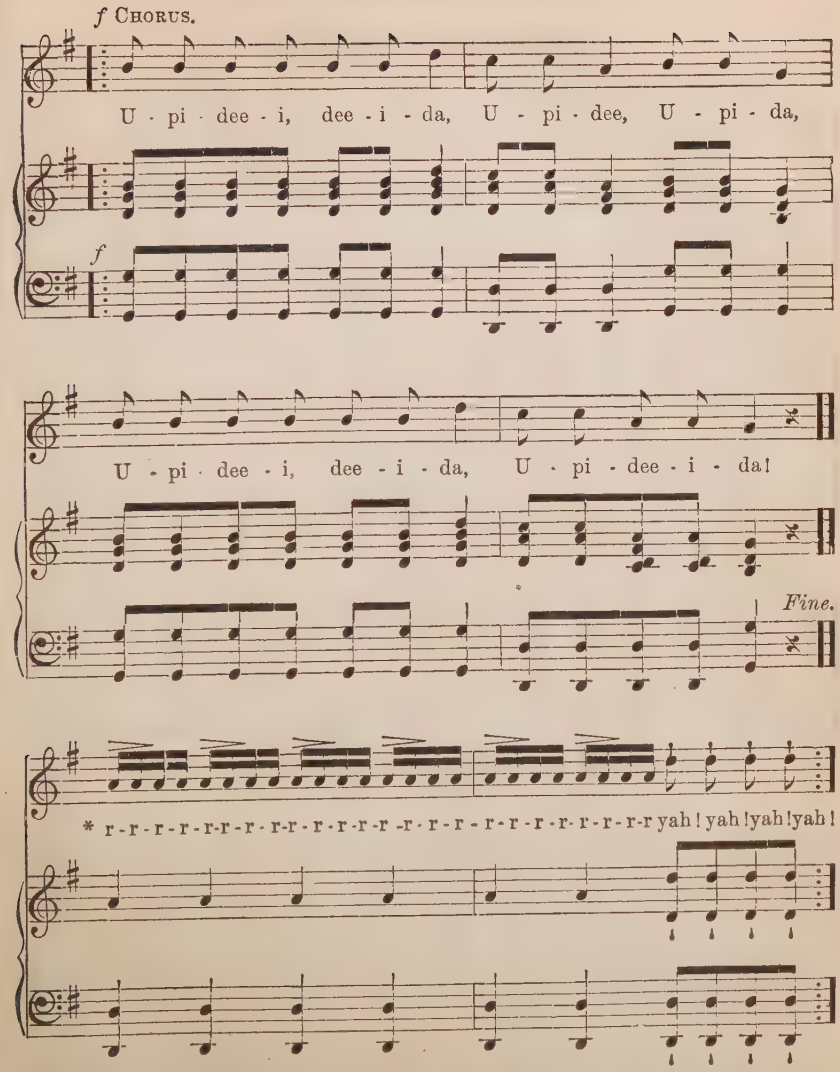
England, in summer's gay bloom; Then list - en, fair la - dy, and young pretty
han - dy, to use night and day; And what bet-ter ex - er-cise, pray, can em-
fa - vor a-gain I'll resume, And while gratitude's tear in my eye-lid is

maid-en, Oh! buy of the wand-'ring Ba-va - rian a broom! Buy a
ploy you, Than to sweep all vex - a - tious in - tru - ders a - way. Buy a
start-ing, Bless the time that in England I cried buy a broom! Buy a

broom! buy a broom! Oh! buy of the wand'ring Ba - va-rian a broom!
broom! buy a broom! Than to sweep all vex - a - tious in - tru-ders a - way.
broom! buy a broom! Bless the time that in Eng-land I cried buy a broom!

UPIDEE


1. The shades of night were falling fast, Tral la la, Tral la la, As
2. His brow was sad, his eye be-neath, Tral la la, Tral la la, Flashed
3. "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest," Tral la la, Tral la la, "Thy
through an Al - pine vil - lage passed, Tral la la la la! A
like a faulchion from its sheaf, Tral la la la la! And
wea - ry head up - on this breast," Tral la la la la! A
youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A ban-ner with the strange de-vice,
like a sil - ver clar-ion rung The ac - cents of that unknown tongue,
tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answered with a sigh,
ritard.
ritard.

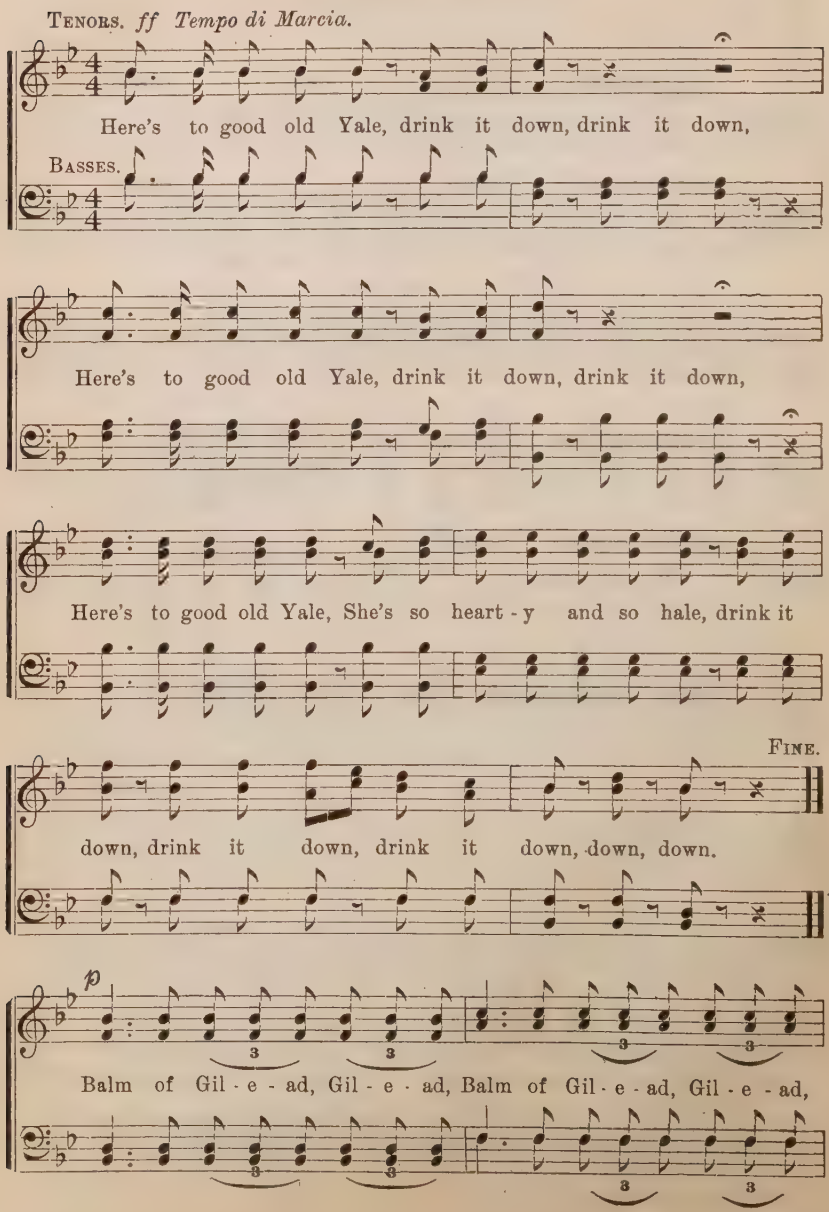


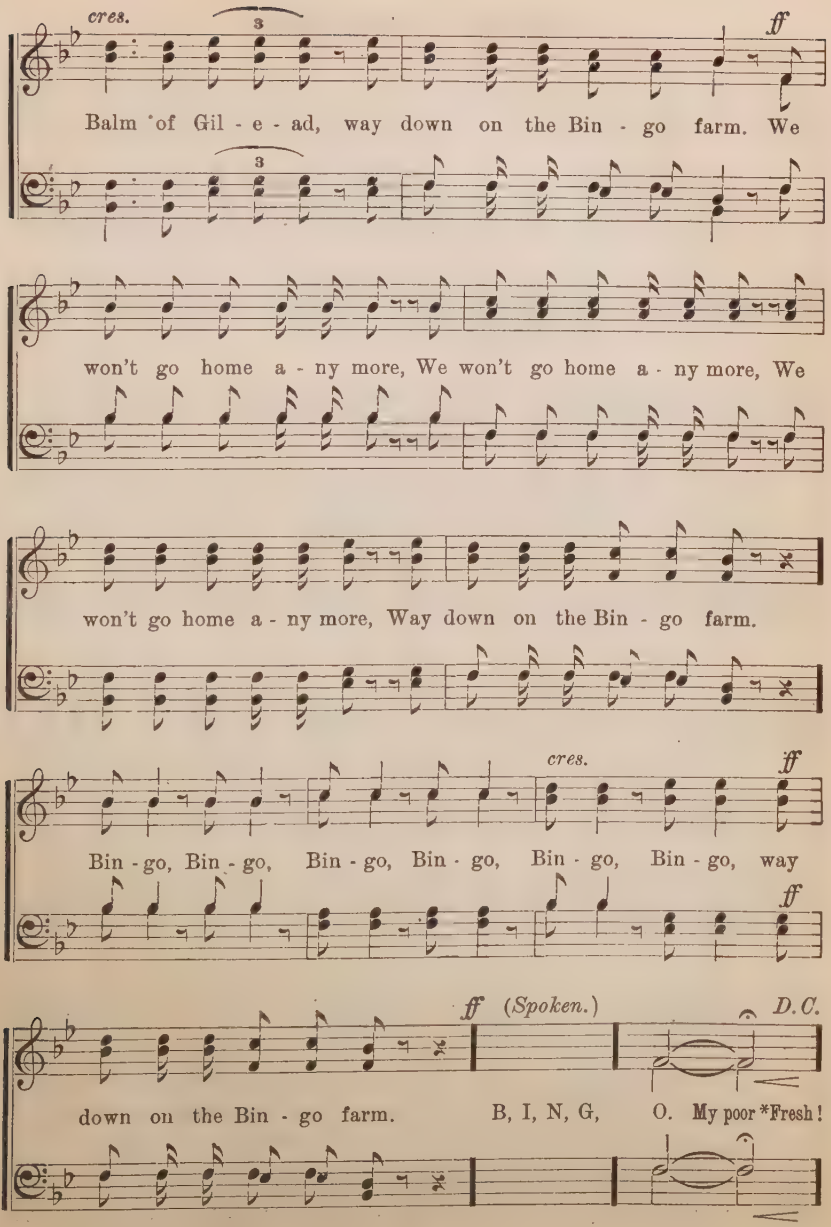
4 At break of day as heavenward,
Tral la la, Tral la la!
The pious monks of Saint Bernard,
Tral la la la la!
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
CHO.—Upideei, etc.

5 A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Tral la la, Tra la la!
Half buried in the snow was found,
Tral la la la la!
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
CHO.—Upideei, etc.

* Imitating a watchman's rattle.

CHORUS OF "BINGO"

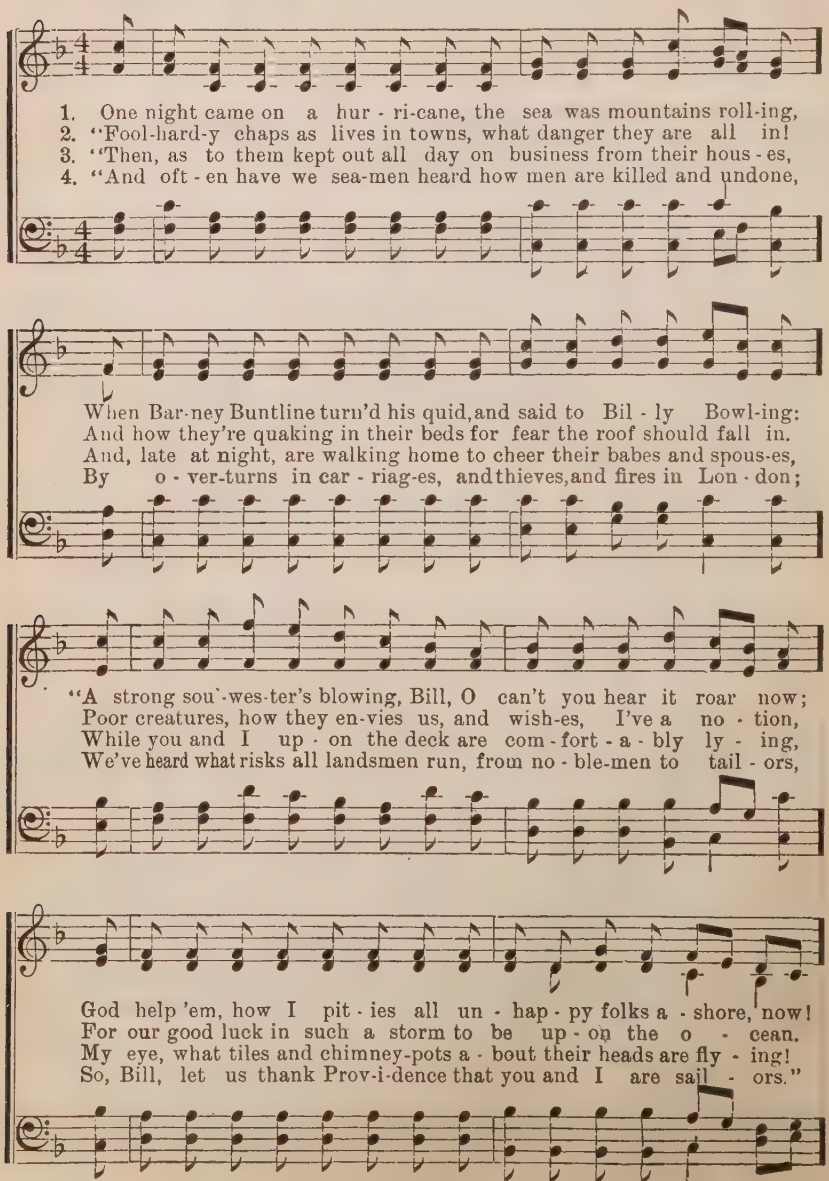

TENORS. ff Tempo di Marcia.
Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down,
BASSES.
Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down,
Here's to good old Yale, She's so heart-y and so hale, drink it
FINE.
down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down.
p
Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad, Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad,

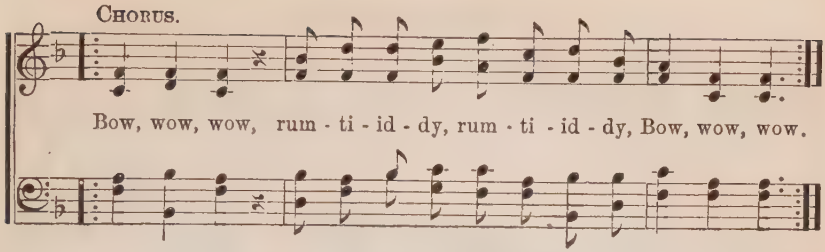

cres.
ff
Balm of Gil - e - ad, way down on the Bin - go farm. We
won't go home a - ny more, We won't go home a - ny more, We
won't go home a - ny more, Way down on the Bin - go farm.
cres.
ff
Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin - go, way
ff
ff (Spoken.)
D.C.
down on the Bin - go farm.
B, I, N, G, O. My poor *Fresh!

* Or "Soph!" "Harvard!" or other adversary.

BARNEY BUNTLINE

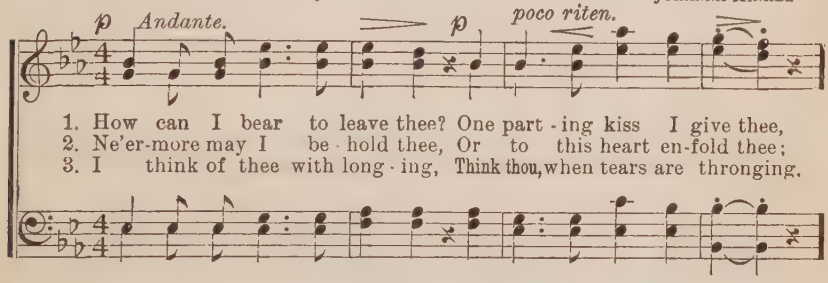
WILLIAM PITT — OLD AIR

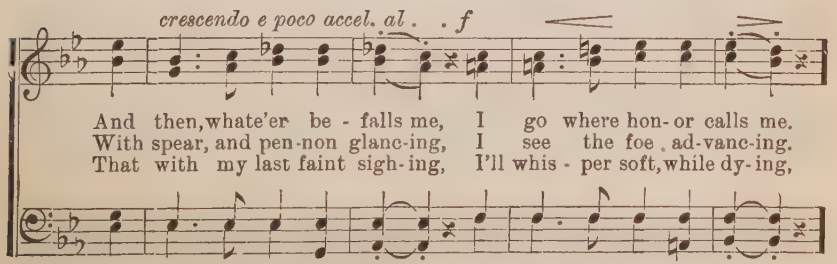

1. One night came on a hur - ri-cane, the sea was mountains roll-ing,
2. "Fool-hard-y chaps as lives in towns, what danger they are all in!
3. "Then, as to them kept out all day on business from their hous - es,
4. "And oft - en have we sea-men heard how men are killed and undone,
When Bar-ney Buntline turn'd his quid, and said to Bil - ly Bowl-ing:
And how they're quaking in their beds for fear the roof should fall in.
And, late at night, are walking home to cheer their babes and spous-es,
By o - ver-turns in car - riag-es, and thieves, and fires in Lon - don;
"A strong sou'-wes-ter's blowing, Bill, O can't you hear it roar now;
Poor creatures, how they en-vies us, and wish-es, I've a no - tion,
While you and I up - on the deck are com - fort - a - bly ly - ing,
We've heard what risks all landsmen run, from no - ble-men to tail - ors,
God help 'em, how I pit - ies all un - hap - py folks a - shore, now!
For our good luck in such a storm to be up - on the o - cean.
My eye, what tiles and chimney-pots a - bout their heads are fly - ing!
So, Bill, let us thank Prov-i-dence that you and I are sail - ors."

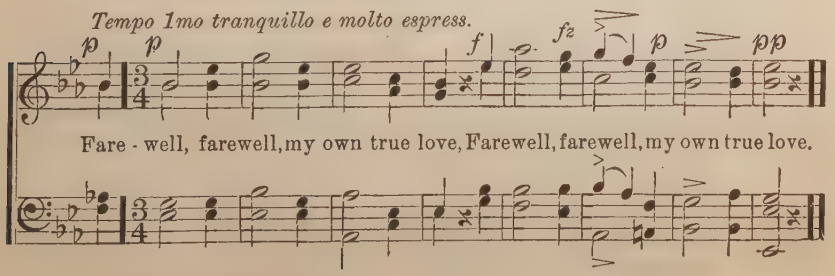


SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Translated from the German, by L. C. Elson — Johanna Kinkel


p Andante.
p
poco riten.
1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee,
2. Ne'er-more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee;
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are thronging,


crescendo e poco accel. al . . f
And then, whate'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me.
With spear, and pen-non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad-vanc-ing.
That with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy-ing,



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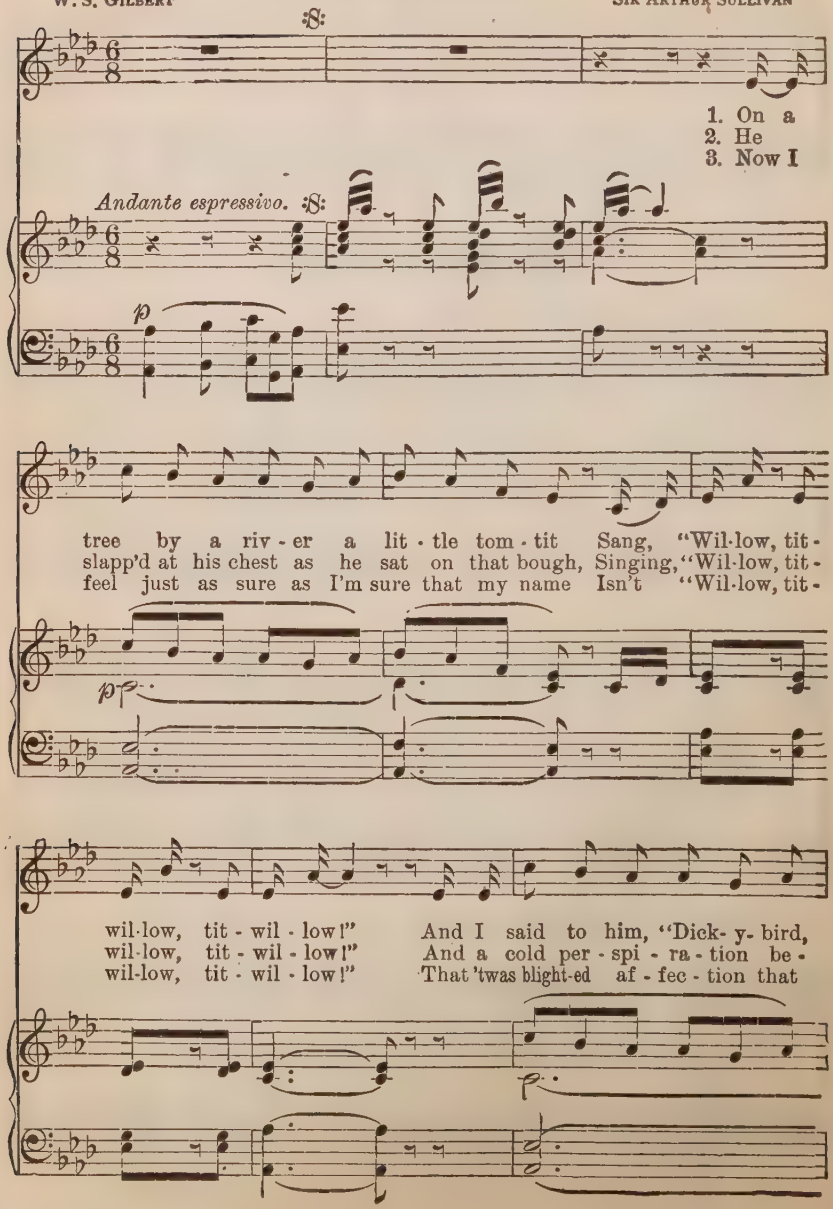
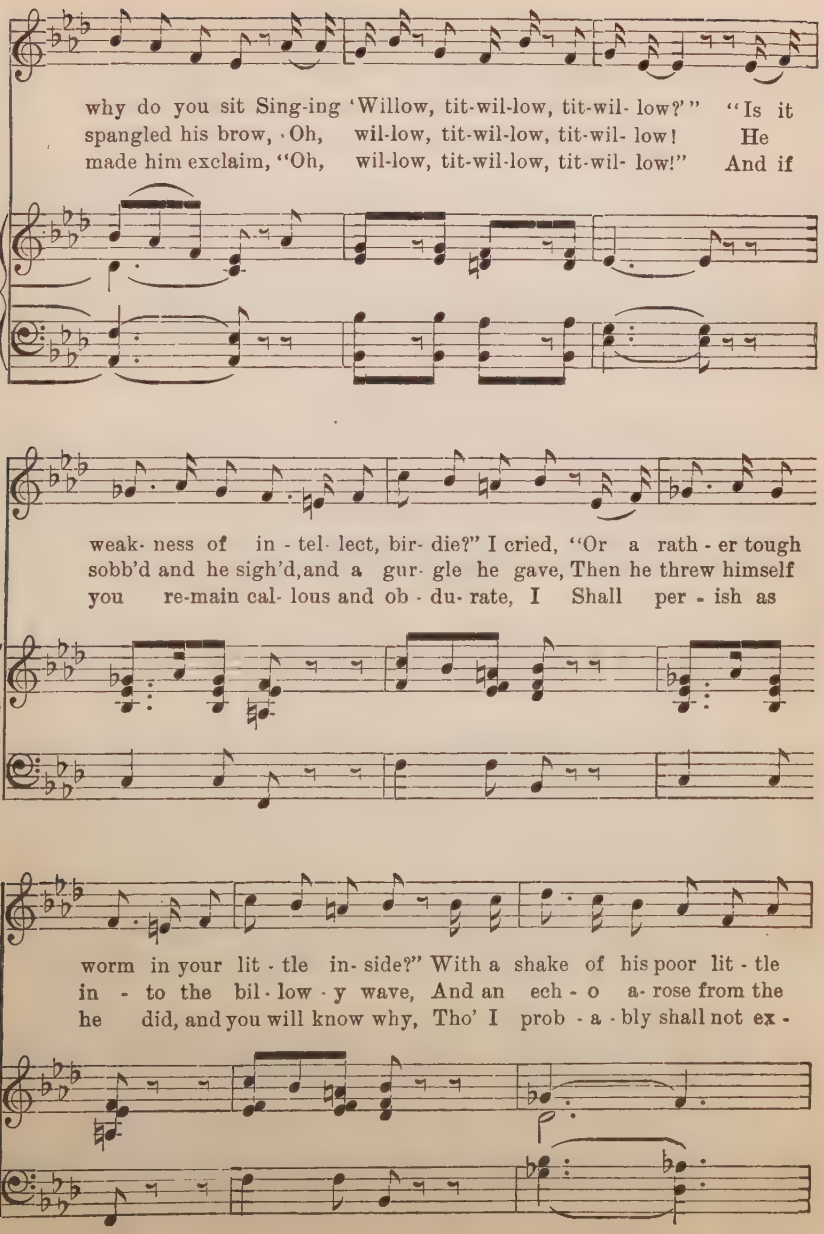
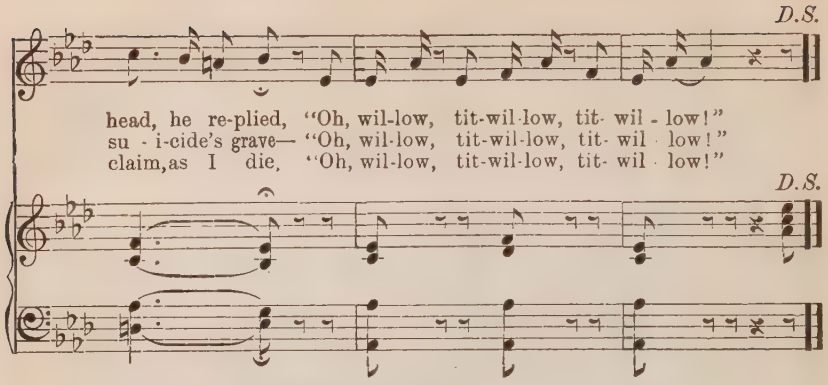
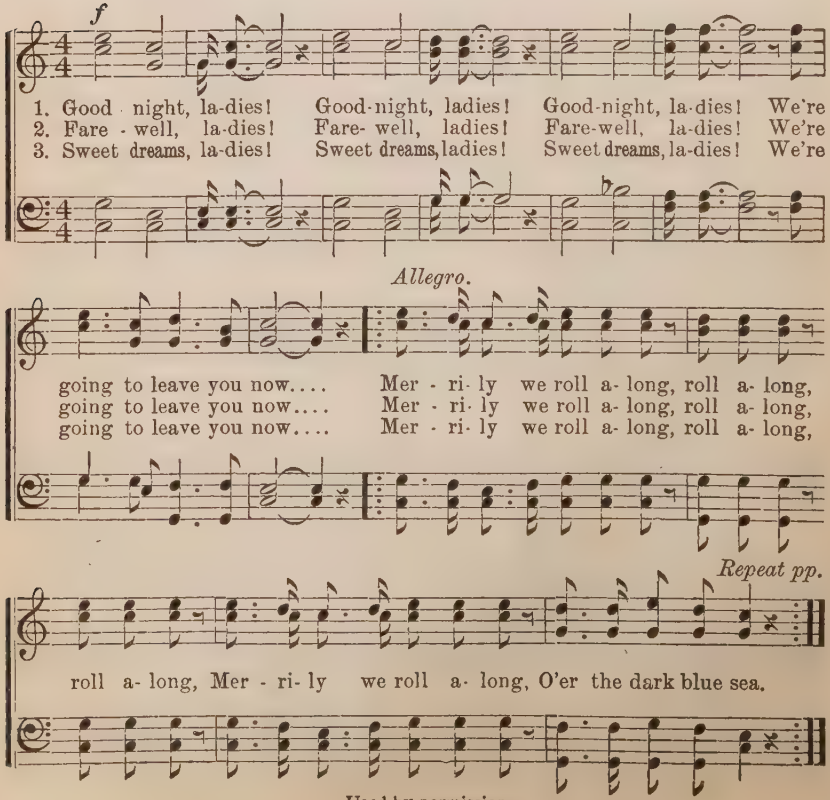
TIT-WILLOW

W. S. GILBERT — SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

1. On a
2. He
3. Now I
Andante espressivo.
p
tree by a riv - er a lit - tle tom - tit Sang, "Wil-low, tit -
slapp'd at his chest as he sat on that bough, Singing, "Wil-low, tit -
feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name Isn't "Wil-low, tit -
pp
wil-low, tit - wil - low!" And I said to him, "Dick- y- bird,
wil-low, tit - wil - low!" And a cold per - spi - ra - tion be -
wil-low, tit - wil - low!" That 'twas blight-ed af - fec - tion that
p


why do you sit Sing-ing 'Willow, tit-wil-low, tit-wil- low?'" "Is it
spangled his brow, Oh, wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil- low! He
made him exclaim, "Oh, wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil- low!" And if
weak- ness of in - tel- lect, bir- die?" I cried, "Or a rath - er tough
sobb'd and he sigh'd, and a gur- gle he gave, Then he threw himself
you re-main cal- lous and ob - du- rate, I Shall per - ish as
worm in your lit - tle in- side?" With a shake of his poor lit - tle
in - to the bil - low - y wave, And an ech - o a- rose from the
he did, and you will know why, Tho' I prob - a - bly shall not ex -


D.S.
head, he re-plied, "Oh, wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit- wil - low!"
su - i-cide's grave— "Oh, wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit- wil - low!"
claim, as I die, "Oh, wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit- wil - low!"
D.S.

GOOD-NIGHT


Sostenuto
f
1. Good night, la-dies! Good-night, ladies! Good-night, la-dies! We're
2. Fare - well, la-dies! Fare- well, ladies! Fare-well, la-dies! We're
3. Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're
Allegro.
going to leave you now.... Mer - ri- ly we roll a- long, roll a- long,
going to leave you now.... Mer - ri- ly we roll a- long, roll a- long,
going to leave you now.... Mer - ri- ly we roll a- long, roll a- long,
Repeat pp.
roll a- long, Mer - ri- ly we roll a- long, O'er the dark blue sea.

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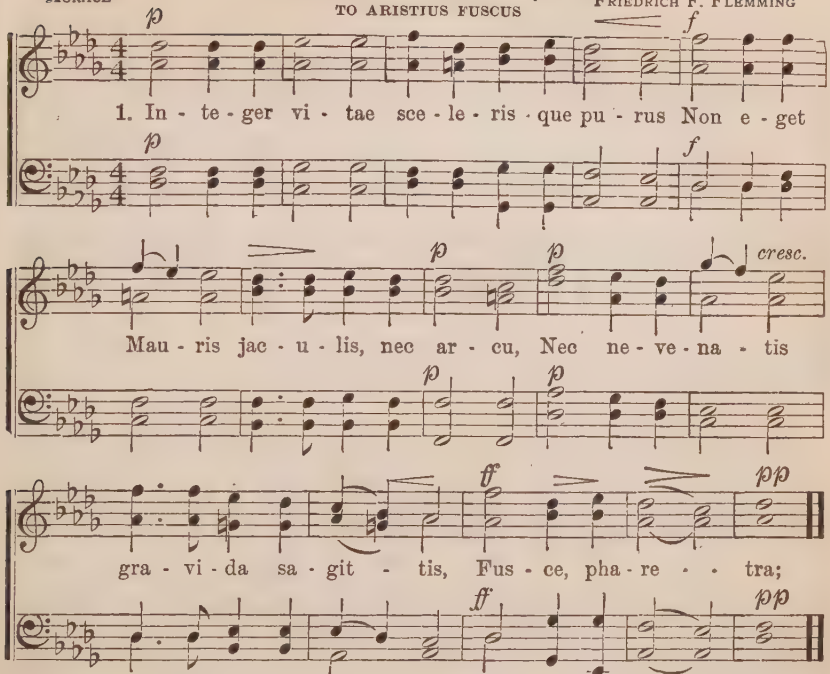
INTEGER VITAE*

HORACE — TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS — FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING


p
f
1. In - te - ger vi - tae sce - le - ris - que pu - rus Non e - get
p
f
p
p
cresc.
Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec ar - cu, Nec ne - ve - na - tis
p
p
ff
pp
gra - vi - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - - tra;
ff
pp

1 Integer vitae scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis, nec arcu,
Nec nevenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra;

2 Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem,
Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

3 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem:

4 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,
Nec Jubae tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura;
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget:

6 Pone sub curra nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata:
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

1 Fuscus, the man of life upright and pure,
Needeth nor javelin nor bow of Moor,
Nor arrows tipp'd with venom deadly-sure,
Loading his quiver;

2 Whether o'er Afric's burning sands he rides,
Or frosty Caucasus' bleak mountain-sides,
Or wanders lonely where Hydaspes glides,
That storied river.

3 For as I stray'd along the Sabine wood,
Singing my Lalage in careless mood,
Lo, all at once a wolf before me stood,
Then turn'd and fled:

4 Creature so huge did warlike Daunia ne'er
Engender in her forests' wildest lair,
Not Juba's land, parch'd nurse of lions, e'er
Such monster bred.

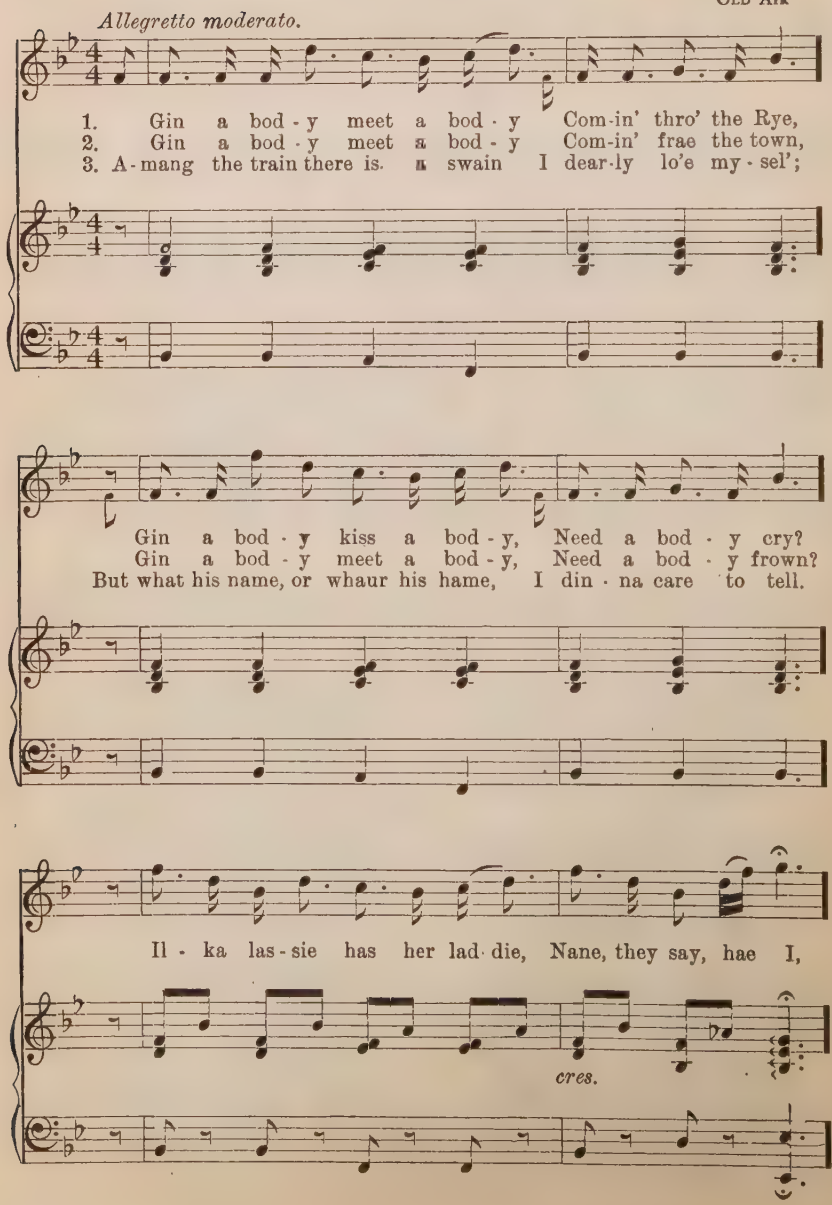
5 Place me where no life-laden summer breeze
Freshens the meads, or murmurs mongst the trees,
Where clouds and blighting tempests ever freeze
From year to year;

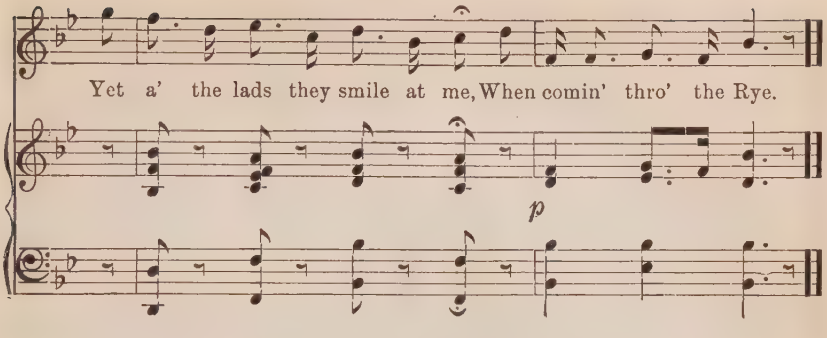
6 Place me where neighboring sunbeams fiercely broil,
A weary waste of scorch'd and homeless soil,
To me my Lalage's sweet voice and smile
Would still be dear!

*This English version of the exquisite ode by the Roman poet is the translation of Sir Theodore Martin. The words cannot be sung to the music, but as they fairly preserve the spirit of the original, they are given here.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

OLD AIR

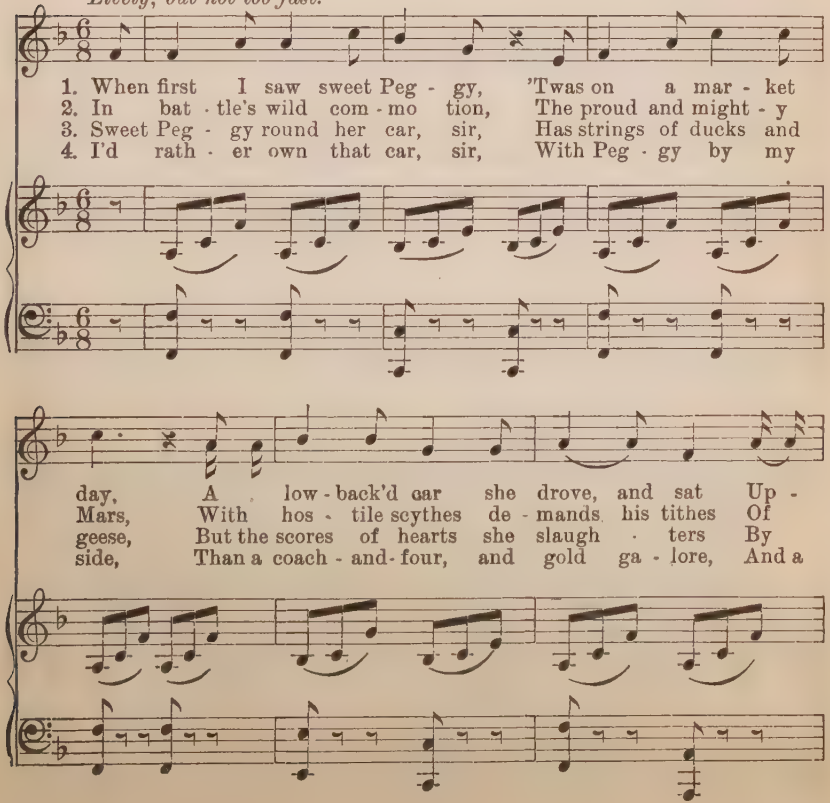
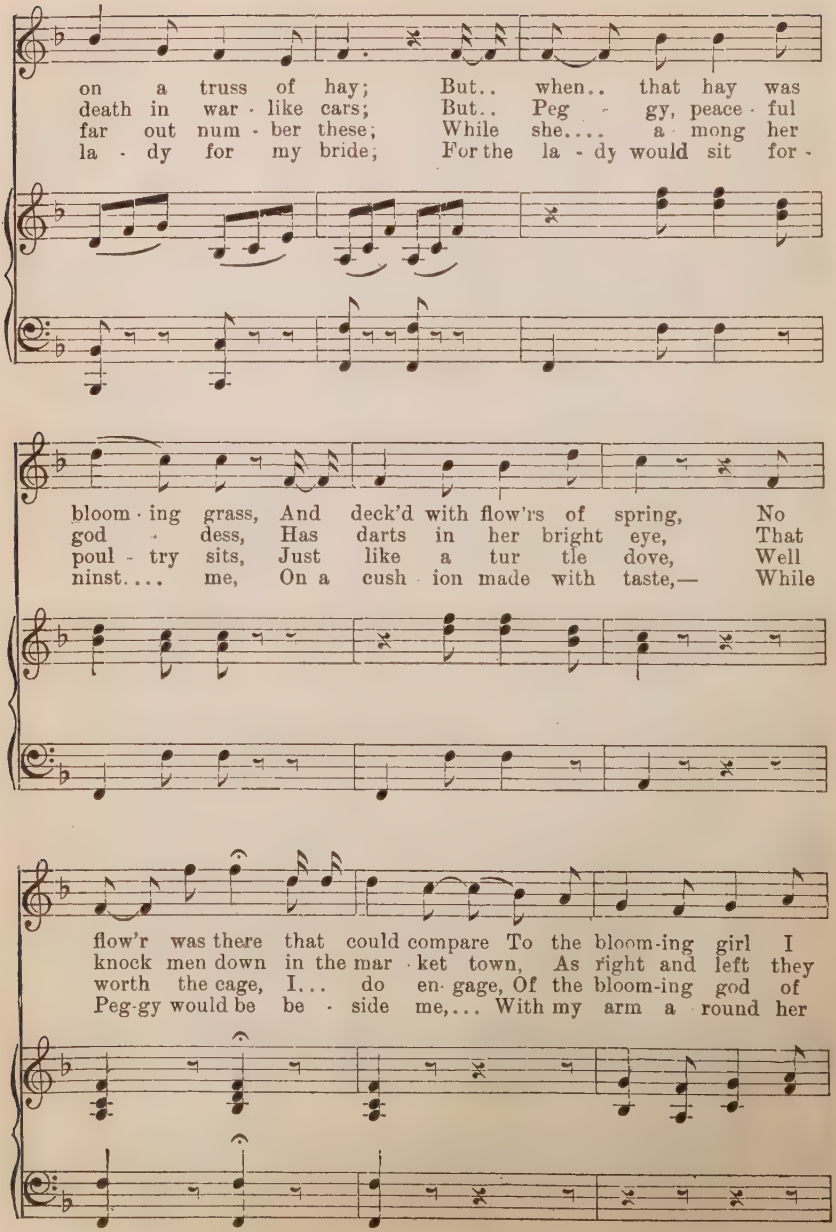
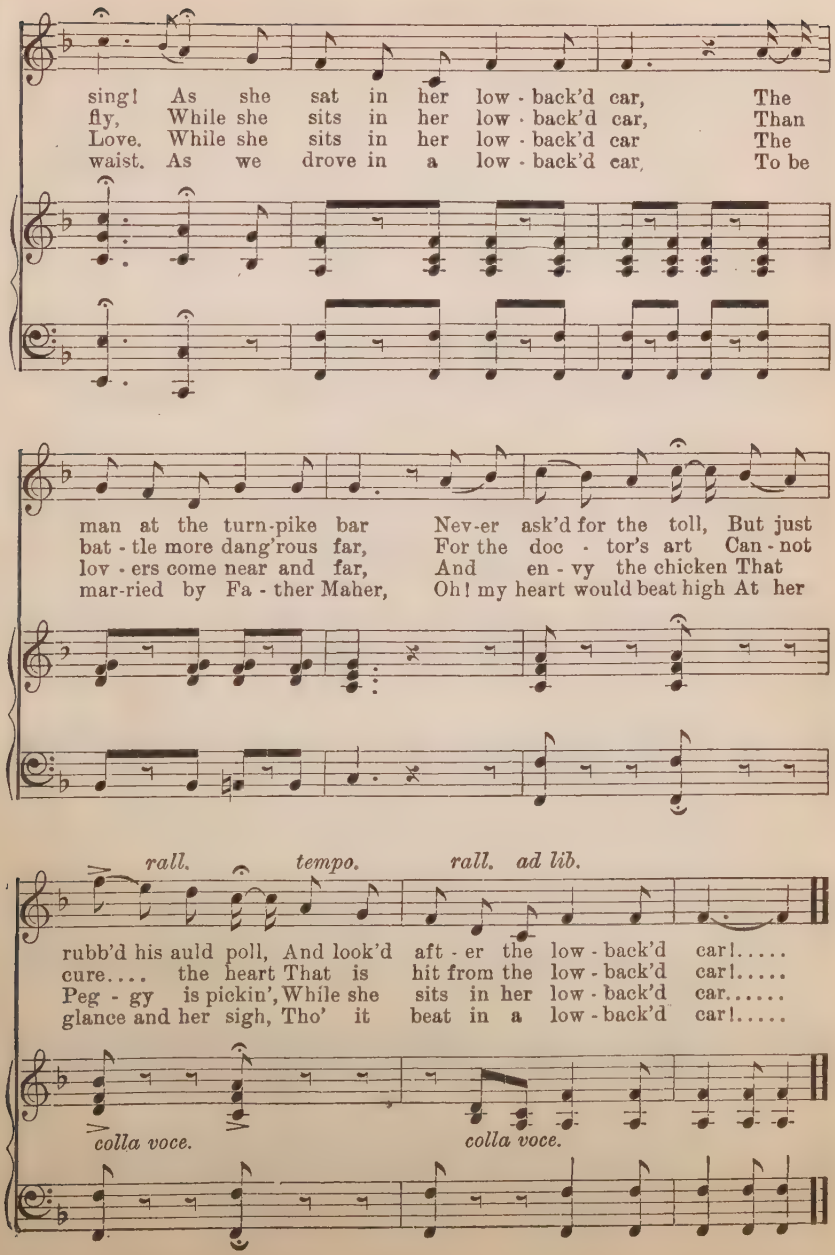

Allegretto moderato.
1. Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Com-in' thro' the Rye,
2. Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Com-in' frae the town,
3. A-mang the train there is a swain I dear-ly lo'e my - sel';
Gin a bod - y kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry?
Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown?
But what his name, or whaur his hame, I din - na care to tell.
Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane, they say, hae I,
cres.



THE LOW-BACKED CAR

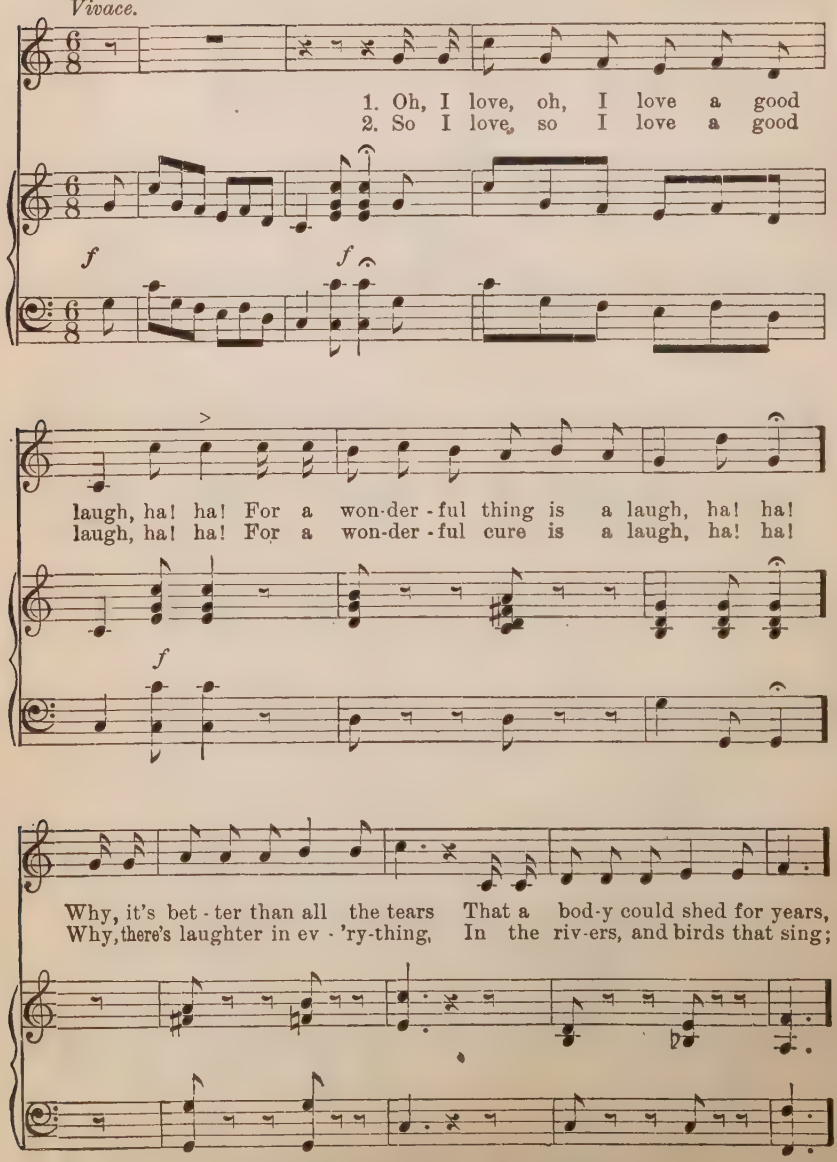
SAMUEL LOVER

Lively, but not too fast.


1. When first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'Twas on a mar - ket
2. In bat - tle's wild com - mo tion, The proud and might - y
3. Sweet Peg - gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and
4. I'd rath - er own that car, sir, With Peg - gy by my
day, A low - back'd car she drove, and sat Up -
Mars, With hos - tile scythes de - mands his tithes Of
geese, But the scores of hearts she slaugh - ters By
side, Than a coach - and - four, and gold ga - lore, And a

on a truss of hay; But.. when.. that hay was
death in war - like cars; But.. Peg - gy, peace - ful
far out num - ber these; While she.... a - mong her
la - dy for my bride; For the la - dy would sit for -
bloom - ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No
god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That
poul - try sits, Just like a tur tle dove, Well
ninst.... me, On a cush - ion made with taste,— While
flow'r was there that could compare To the bloom-ing girl I
knock men down in the mar - ket town, As right and left they
worth the cage, I... do en- gage, Of the bloom-ing god of
Peg-gy would be be - side me,... With my arm a - round her

sing! As she sat in her low - back'd car, The
fly, While she sits in her low - back'd car, Than
Love. While she sits in her low - back'd car The
waist. As we drove in a low - back'd car, To be
man at the turn-pike bar Nev-er ask'd for the toll, But just
bat - tle more dang'rous far, For the doc - tor's art Can - not
lov - ers come near and far, And en - vy the chicken That
mar-ried by Fa - ther Maher, Oh! my heart would beat high At her
rall. tempo. rall. ad lib.
rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd aft - er the low - back'd car!.....
cure.... the heart That is hit from the low - back'd car!.....
Peg - gy is pickin', While she sits in her low - back'd car.....
glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low - back'd car!.....
colla voce.
colla voce.

A JOLLY GOOD LAUGH

GEORGE COOPER J. R. THOMAS


Vivace.
1. Oh, I love, oh, I love a good
2. So I love, so I love a good
f
f
laugh, ha! ha! For a won-der-ful thing is a laugh, ha! ha!
laugh, ha! ha! For a won-der-ful cure is a laugh, ha! ha!
f
Why, it's bet-ter than all the tears That a bod-y could shed for years,
Why, there's laughter in ev-'ry-thing, In the riv-ers, and birds that sing;

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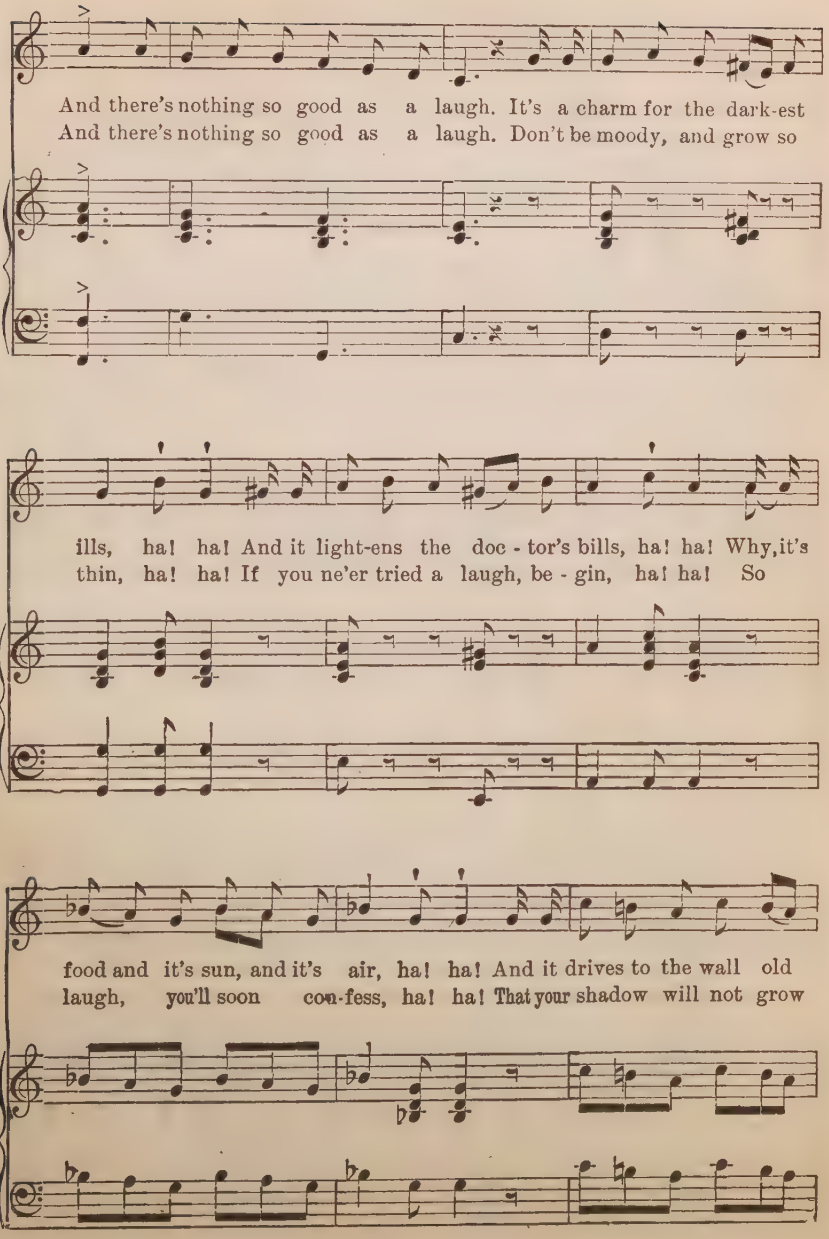
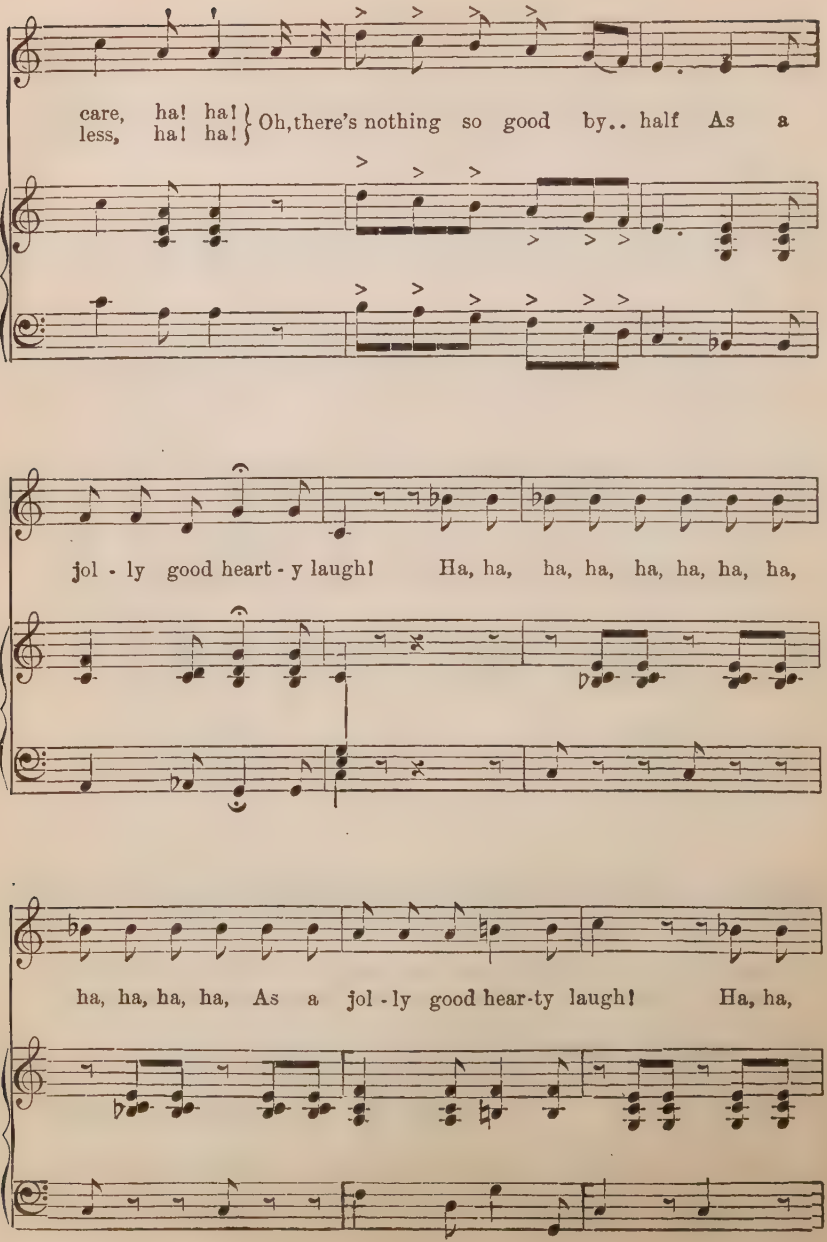
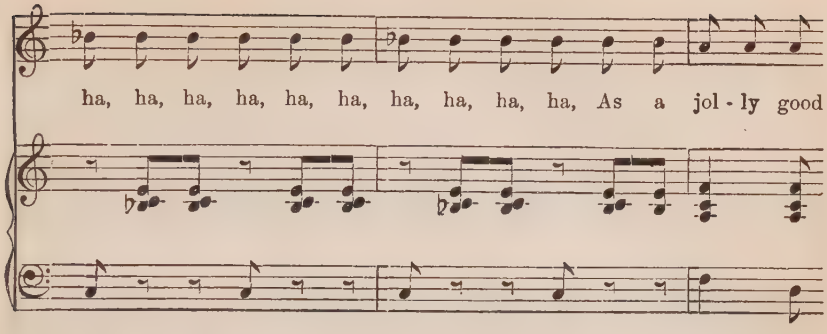
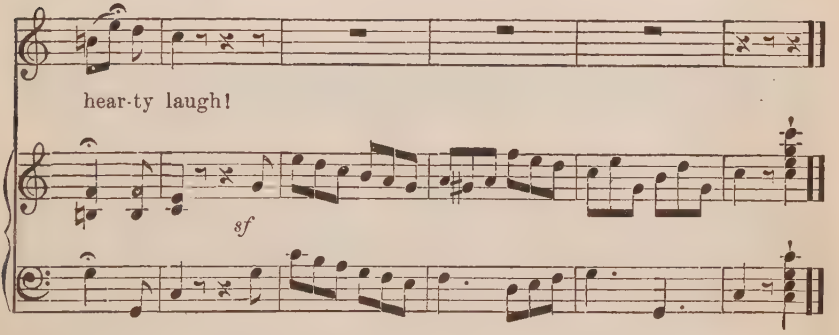
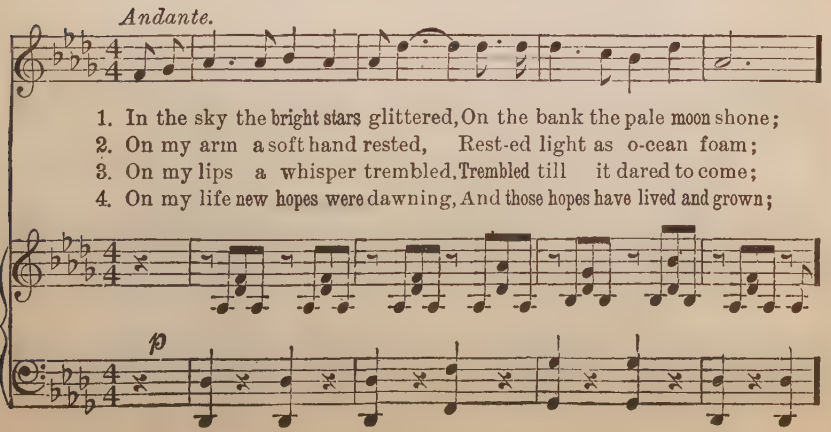

And there's nothing so good as a laugh. It's a charm for the dark-est
And there's nothing so good as a laugh. Don't be moody, and grow so
ills, ha! ha! And it light-ens the doc - tor's bills, ha! ha! Why, it's
thin, ha! ha! If you ne'er tried a laugh, be - gin, ha! ha! So
food and it's sun, and it's air, ha! ha! And it drives to the wall old
laugh, you'll soon con-fess, ha! ha! That your shadow will not grow

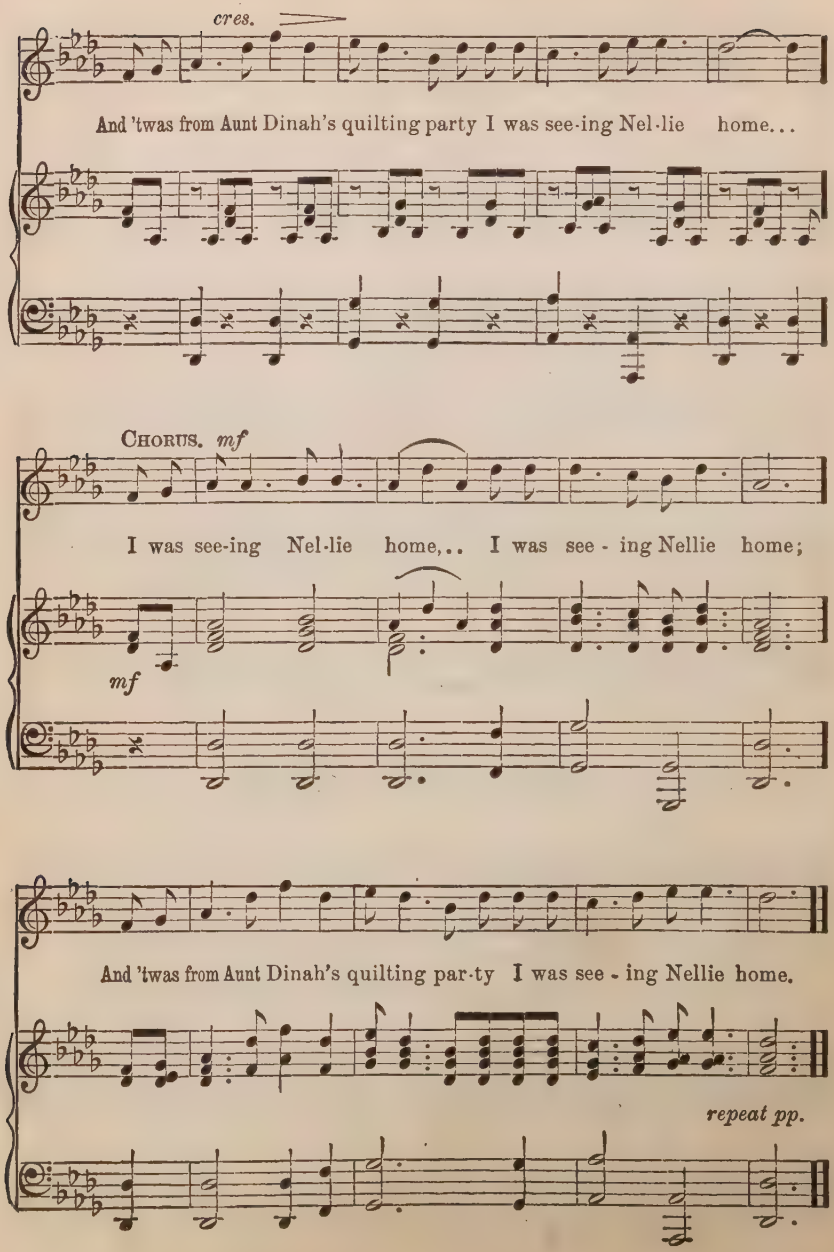

care, ha! ha!
less, ha! ha!
Oh, there's nothing so good by.. half As a
jol - ly good heart - y laugh! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, As a jol - ly good hear-ty laugh! Ha, ha,



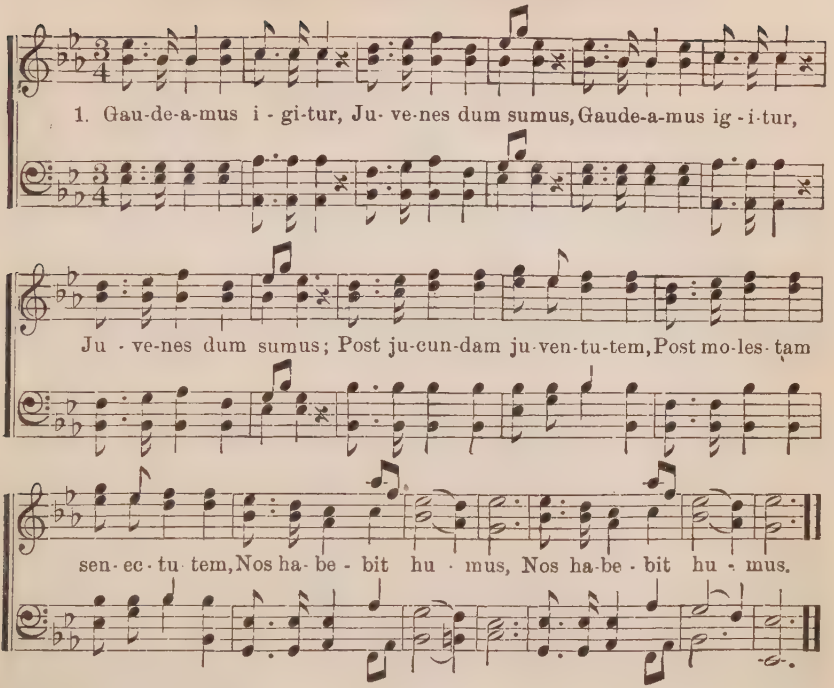


THE QUILTING PARTY


Andante.
1. In the sky the bright stars glittered, On the bank the pale moon shone;
2. On my arm a soft hand rested, Rest-ed light as o-cean foam;
3. On my lips a whisper trembled, Trembled till it dared to come;
4. On my life new hopes were dawning, And those hopes have lived and grown;
p


cres.
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party I was see-ing Nel-lie home...
Chorus. mf
I was see-ing Nel-lie home,.. I was see - ing Nellie home;
mf
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting par-ty I was see - ing Nellie home.
repeat pp.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR


1. Gau-de-a-mus i - gi-tur, Ju- ve-nes dum sumus, Gaude-a-mus ig - i-tur,
Ju - ve-nes dum sumus; Post ju-cun-dam ju-ven-tu-tem, Post mo-les-tam
sen-ec-tu-tem, Nos ha-be - bit hu - mus, Nos ha-be - bit hu - mus.

1 Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus

2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos
Abeas ad inferos
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vivat academia
Vivant professores
Vivat membrum quodlibet
Vivant membra quaelibet
Semper sint in flore.

4 Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosae,
Vivant et mulieres,
Tenerae amabiles
Bonae laboriosae.

5 Vivat et respublica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas
Maecenatum caritas
Quae nos hic protegit.

6 Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

1 Let us now in youth rejoice;
None can justly blame us,
For, when golden youth has fled,
And in age our joys are dead,
Then the dust doth claim us.

2 Where have all our fathers gone?
Here we'll see them never:
Seek the god's serene abode—
Cross the dolorous Stygian flood—
There they dwell forever.

3 Raise we then the joyous shout,
Life to Alma Mater,
Life to each professor here,
Life to all our comrades dear,
May they leave us never.

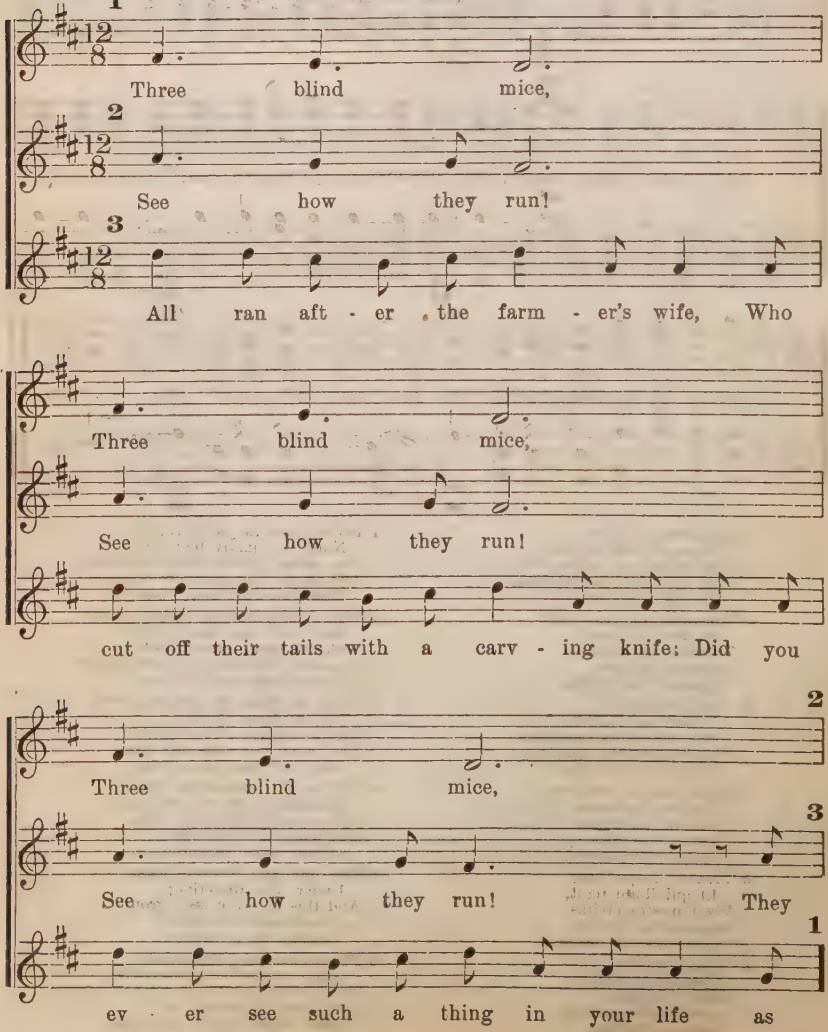
4 Life to all the maidens fair,
Maidens sweet and smiling;
Life to gentle matrons, too,
Ever kind and ever true,
All our cares beguiling.

5 May our laud forever bloom
Under wise direction;
And this lovely classic ground,
In munificence abound,
Yielding us protection.

6 Perish sadness, perish hate,
And, ye scoffers, leave us!
Perish every shape of woe,
Devil and Philistine, too,
That would fain deceive us.

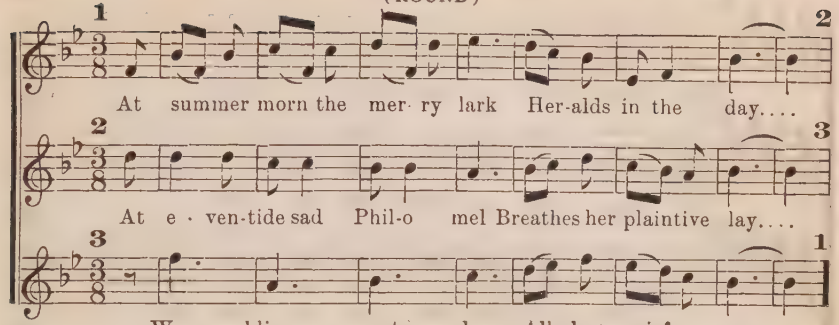
ROUNDS AND CATCHES

THREE BLIND MICE

(ROUND)

1
2
3
Three blind mice,
See how they run!
All ran aft - er the farm - er's wife, Who
Three blind mice,
See how they run!
cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife; Did you
2
Three blind mice,
3
See how they run! They
1
ev - er see such a thing in your life as

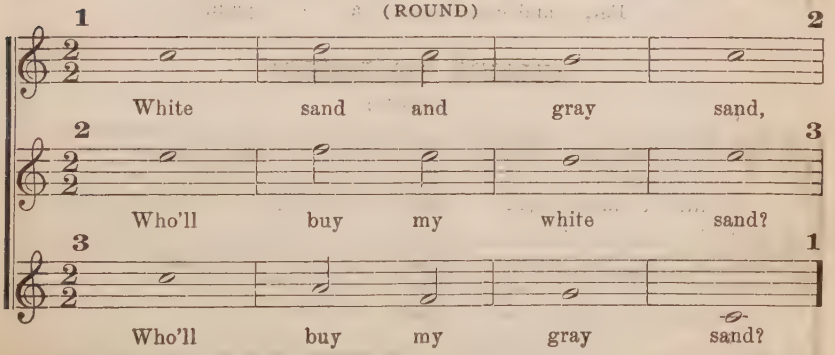
AT SUMMER MORN

(ROUND)


1
2
At summer morn the mer · ry lark Her-alds in the day....
2
3
At e · ven-tide sad Phil-o mel Breathes her plaintive lay....
3
1
War - bling sweet · ly All her grief a - way.

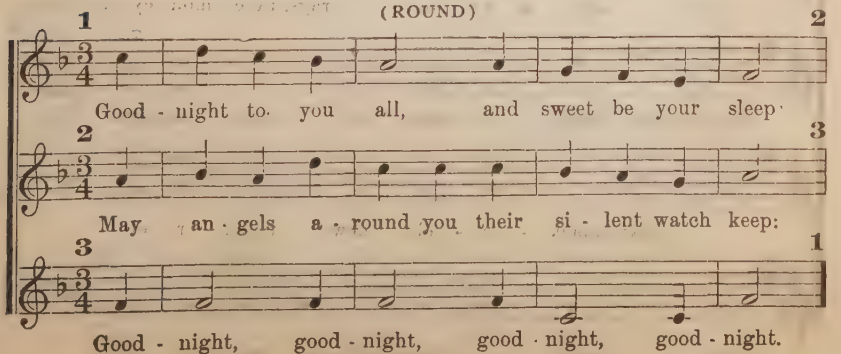
WHITE SAND AND GRAY SAND

(ROUND)



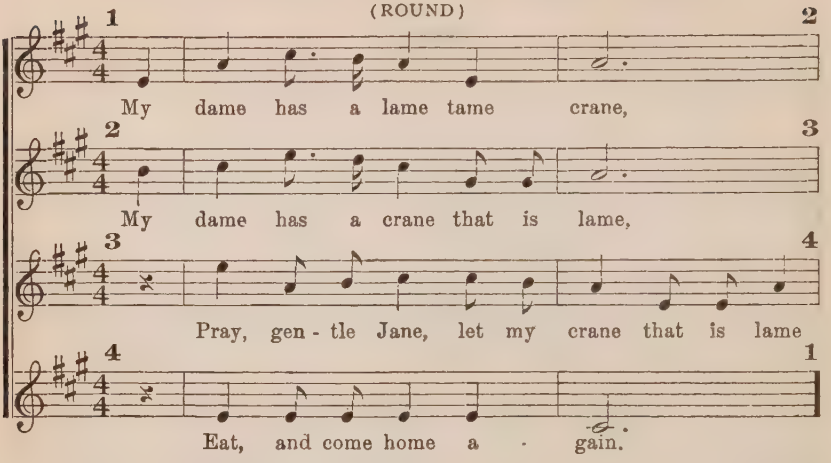
GOOD-NIGHT

(ROUND)


1
2
Good - night to you all, and sweet be your sleep:
2
3
May an · gels a · round you their si - lent watch keep:
3
1
Good - night, good - night, good · night, good - night.

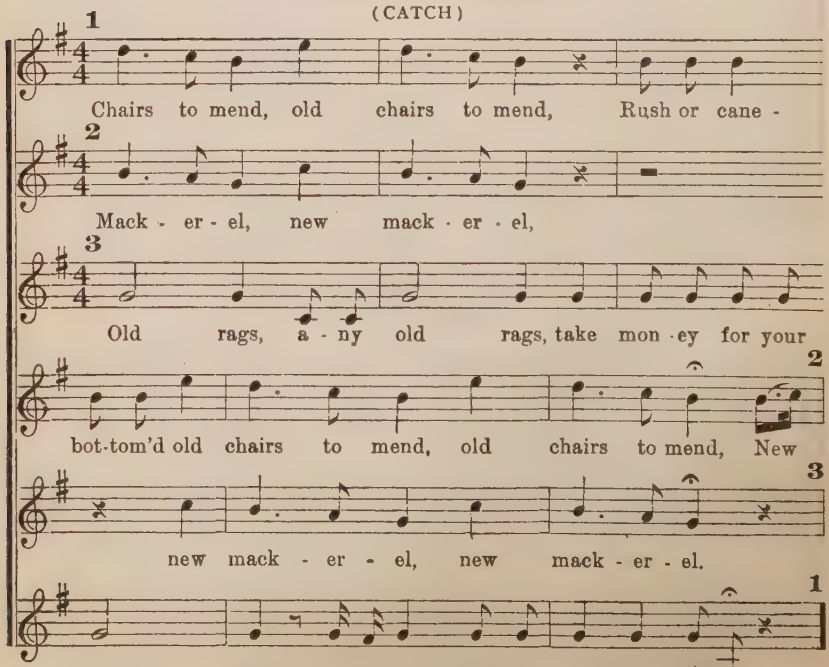
MY DAME HAS A LAME TAME CRANE

(ROUND)


1
My dame has a lame tame crane,
2
My dame has a crane that is lame,
3
Pray, gen - tle Jane, let my crane that is lame
4
Eat, and come home a - gain.

CHAIRS TO MEND!

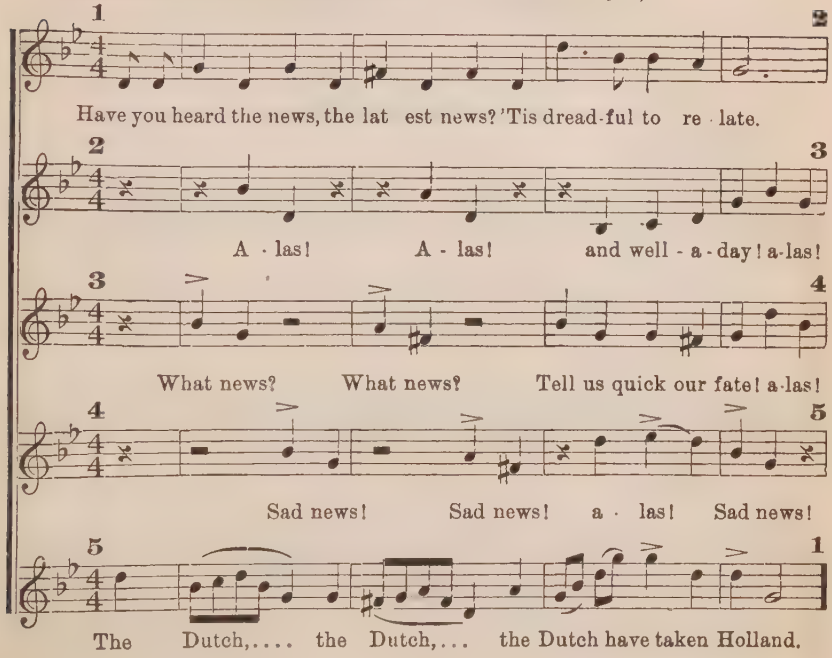
(CATCH)


1
Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, Rush or cane -
2
Mack - er - el, new mack - er - el,
3
Old rags, a - ny old rags, take mon - ey for your
2
bot-tom'd old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, New
3
new mack - er - el, new mack - er - el.
1
old rags, a - ny hare skins or rab - bit skins.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

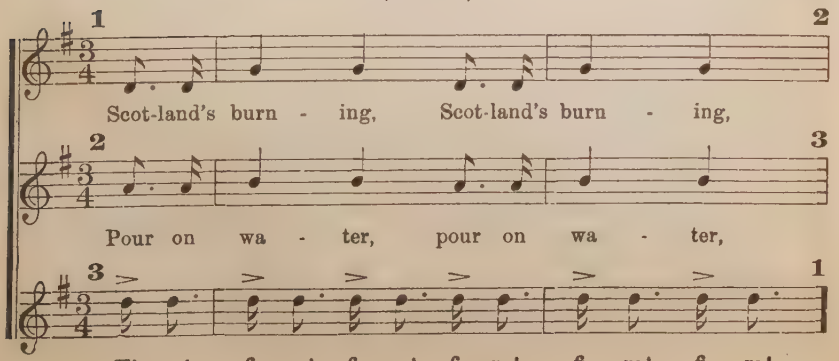
(CATCH)

(Very slowly until all the parts have entered, then quicken to Allegro.)


1
2
Have you heard the news, the lat est news? 'Tis dread-ful to re · late.
2
3
A · las! A - las! and well - a - day! a-las!
3
4
What news? What news? Tell us quick our fate! a-las!
4
5
Sad news! Sad news! a · las! Sad news!
5
1
The Dutch,.... the Dutch,... the Dutch have taken Holland.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING

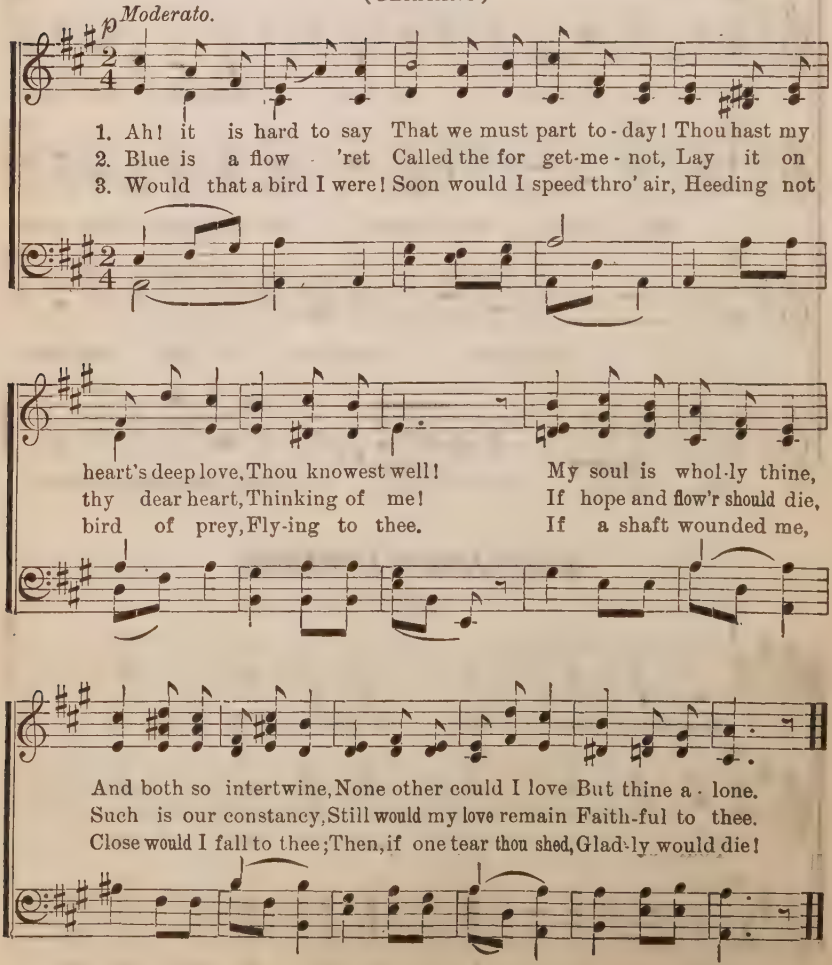
(CATCH)



FOLK SONGS

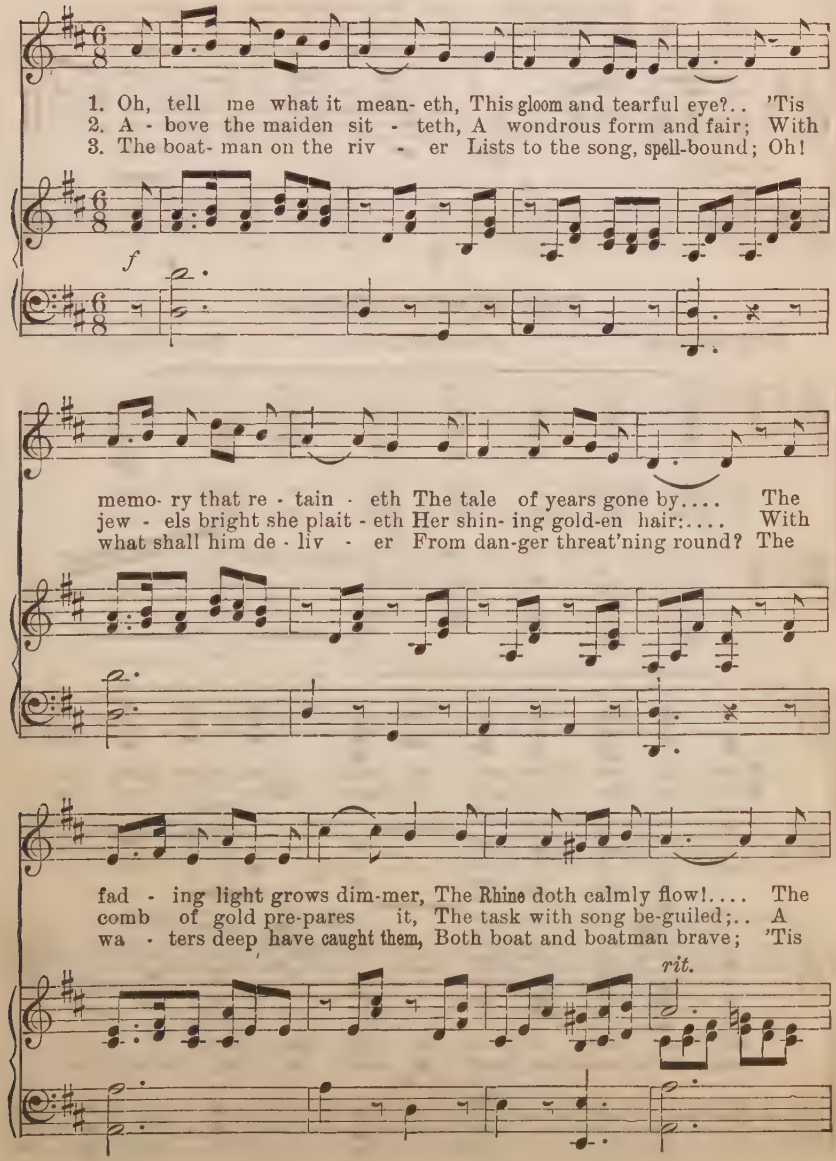
TRUE LOVE

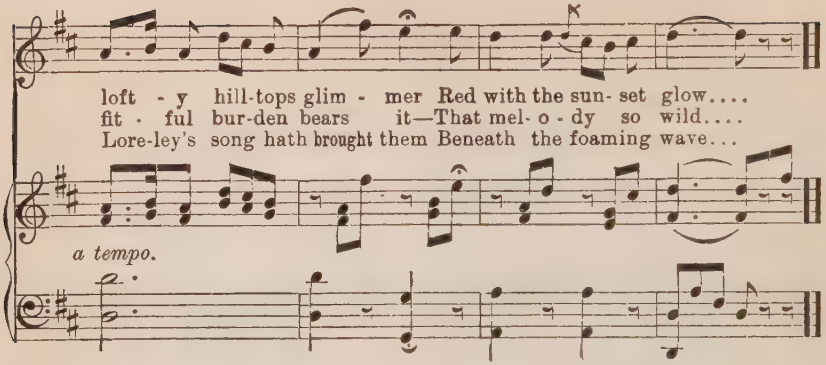
EDWARD OXENFORD (GERMANY) Tune—TRADITIONAL


p Moderato.
1. Ah! it is hard to say That we must part to-day! Thou hast my
2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the for get-me-not, Lay it on
3. Would that a bird I were! Soon would I speed thro' air, Heeding not
heart's deep love, Thou knowest well! My soul is whol-ly thine,
thy dear heart, Thinking of me! If hope and flow'r should die,
bird of prey, Fly-ing to thee. If a shaft wounded me,
And both so intertwine, None other could I love But thine a-lone.
Such is our constancy, Still would my love remain Faith-ful to thee.
Close would I fall to thee; Then, if one tear thou shed, Glad-ly would die!

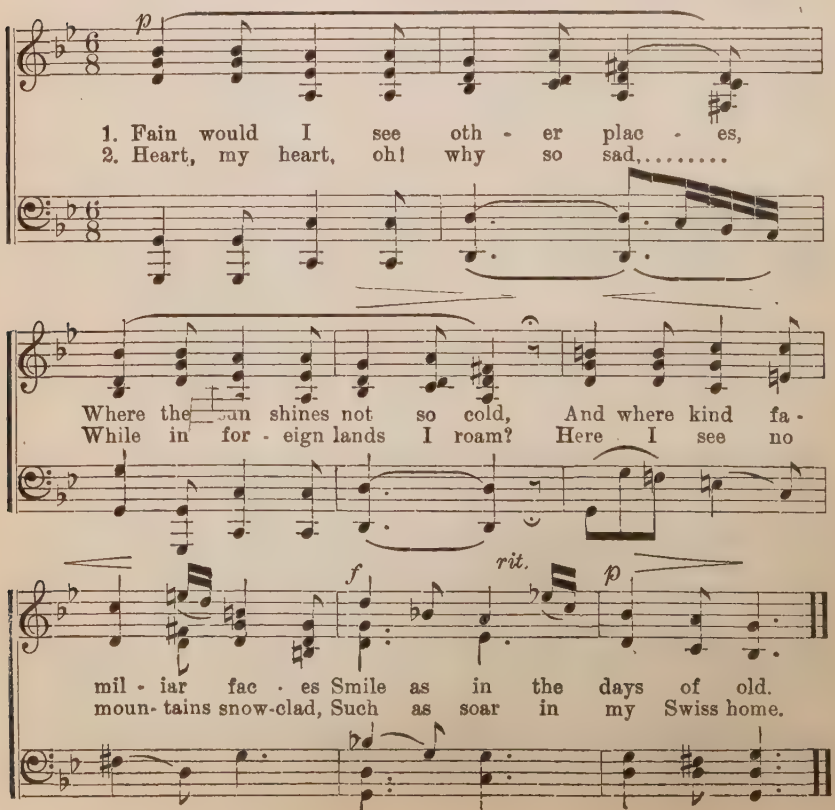
THE LORELEY

HEINRICH HEINE (GERMANY) FRIEDRICH SILCHER


1. Oh, tell me what it mean- eth, This gloom and tearful eye?.. 'Tis
2. A - bove the maiden sit - teth, A wondrous form and fair; With
3. The boat- man on the riv - er Lists to the song, spell-bound; Oh!
f
memo- ry that re - tain - eth The tale of years gone by.... The
jew - els bright she plait - eth Her shin- ing gold-en hair:.... With
what shall him de - liv - er From dan-ger threat'ning round? The
fad - ing light grows dim-mer, The Rhine doth calmly flow!.... The
comb of gold pre-pares it, The task with song be-guiled;.. A
wa - ters deep have caught them, Both boat and boatman brave; 'Tis
rit.

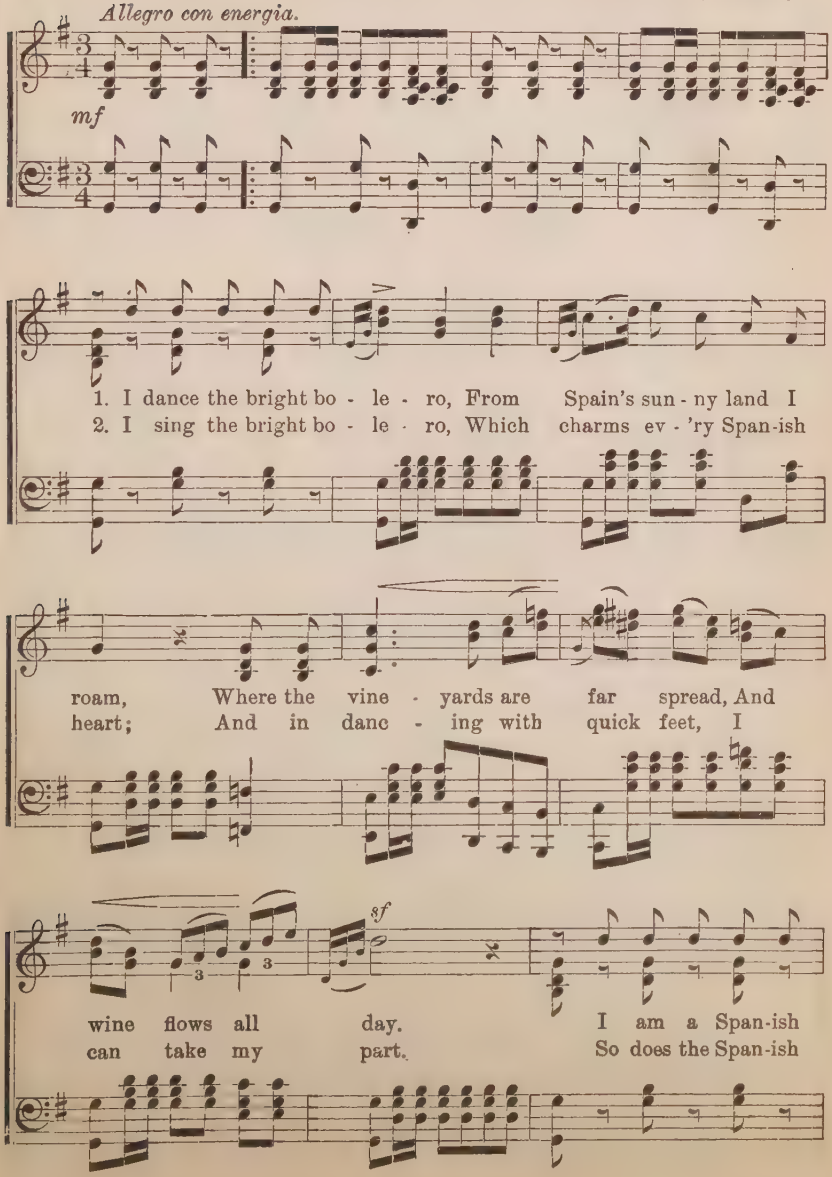
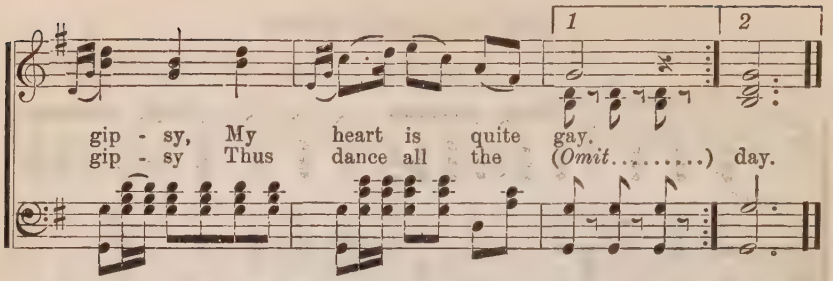

loft - y hill-tops glim - mer Red with the sun- set glow....
fit - ful bur-den bears it—That mel- o - dy so wild....
Lore-ley's song hath brought them Beneath the foaming wave...
a tempo.

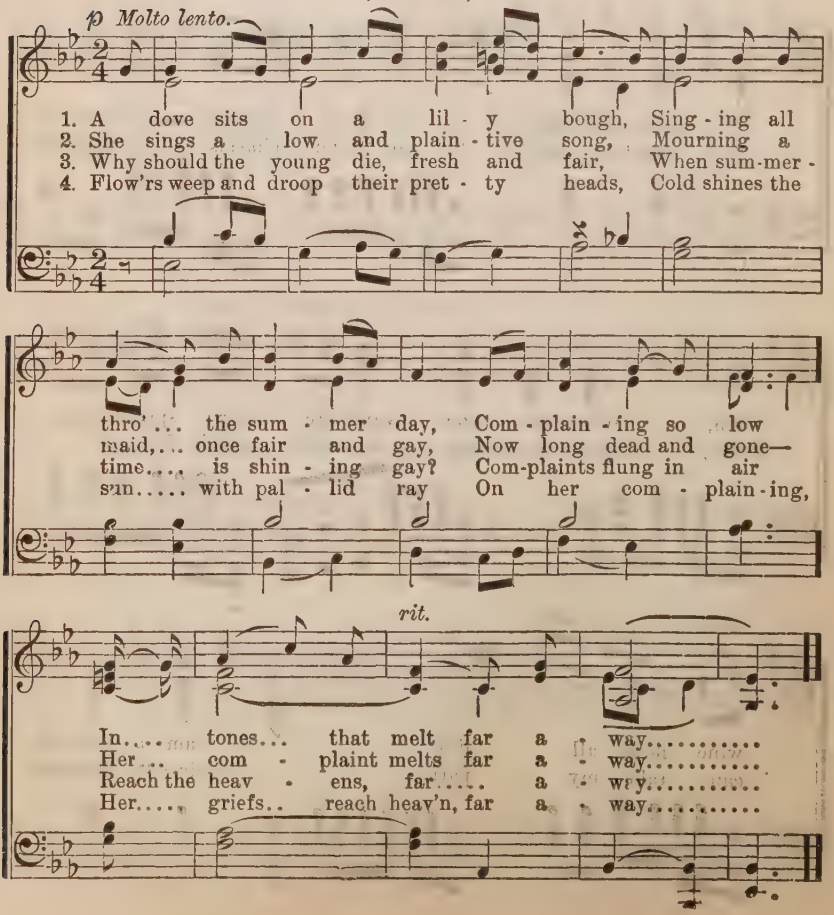
THE MOUNTAINEER

Molto andante (SWITZERLAND) Tune—TRADITIONAL

p
1. Fain would I see oth - er plac - es,
2. Heart, my heart, oh! why so sad,.....
Where the sun shines not so cold, And where kind fa -
While in for - eign lands I roam? Here I see no
f
rit.
p
mil - iar fac - es Smile as in the days of old.
moun- tains snow-clad, Such as soar in my Swiss home.

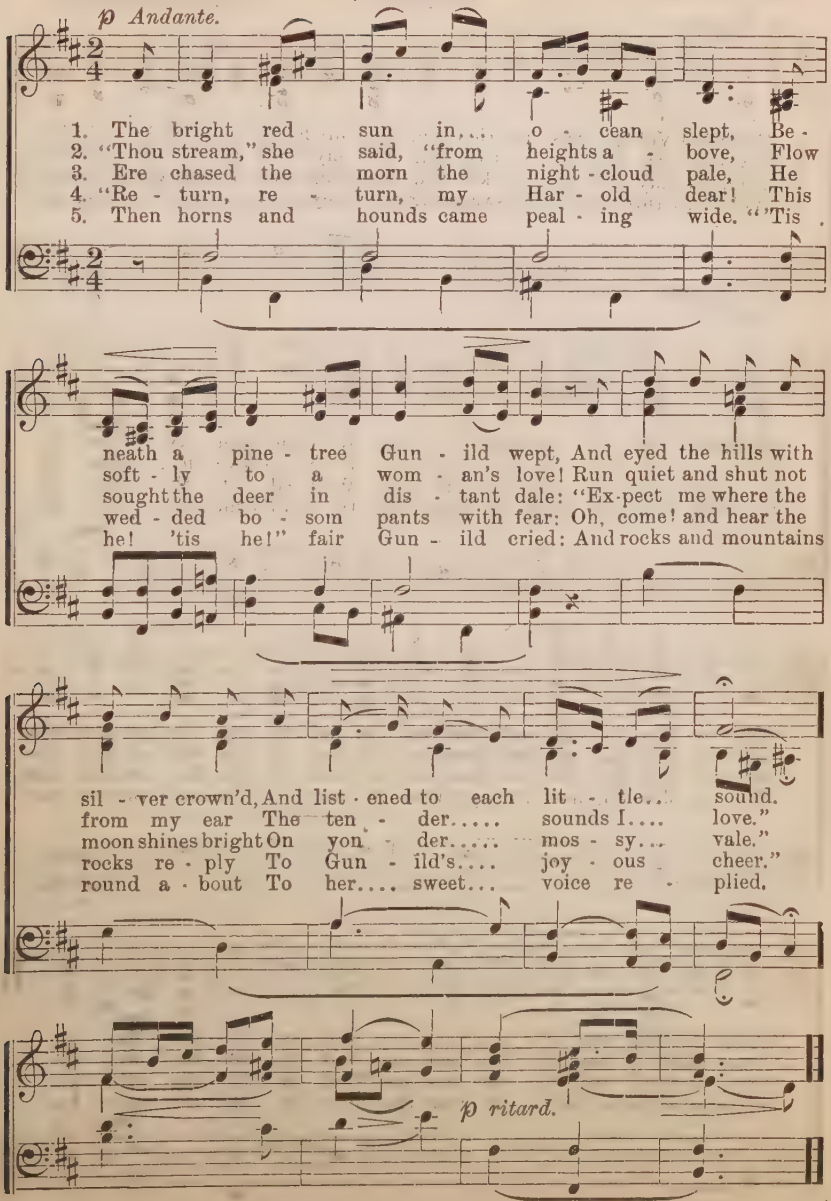
THE SPANISH GIPSY

(SPAIN) Tune—TRADITIONAL, 17th century


Allegro con energia.
mf
1. I dance the bright bo - le - ro, From Spain's sun - ny land I
2. I sing the bright bo - le - ro, Which charms ev - 'ry Span-ish
roam, Where the vine - yards are far spread, And
heart; And in danc - ing with quick feet, I
sf
wine flows all day. I am a Span-ish
can take my part. So does the Span-ish

THE DOVE'S SONG

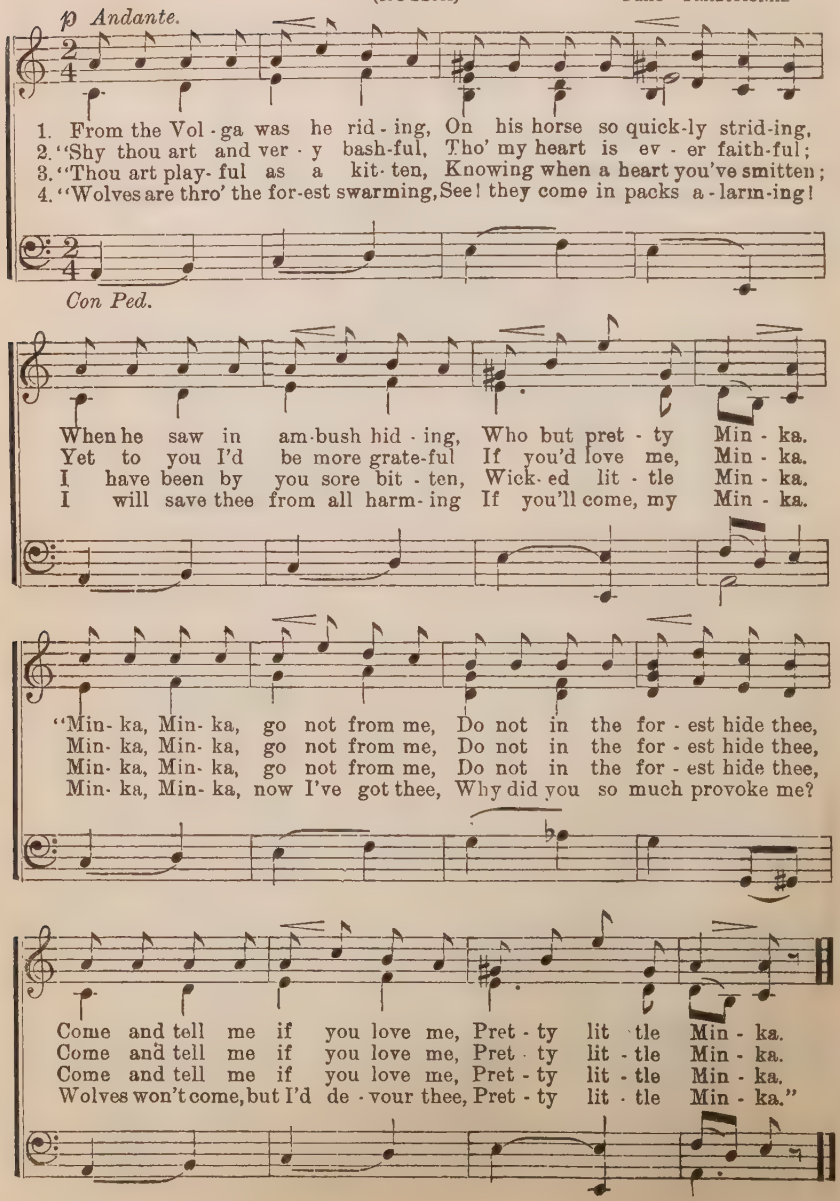
(SWEDEN)

p Molto lento.
1. A dove sits on a lil - y bough, Sing - ing all
2. She sings a low and plain - tive song, Mourning a
3. Why should the young die, fresh and fair, When sum-mer -
4. Flow'rs weep and droop their pret - ty heads, Cold shines the
thro'... the sum - mer day, Com - plain - ing so low
maid,... once fair and gay, Now long dead and gone—
time..., is shin - ing gay? Com-plaints flung in air
sun..... with pal - lid ray On her com - plain-ing,
rit.
In..... tones... that melt far a way.....
Her... com - plaint melts far a - way.....
Reach the heav - ens, far.... a way.....
Her..... griefs.. reach heav'n, far a - way.....

LOVE SONG

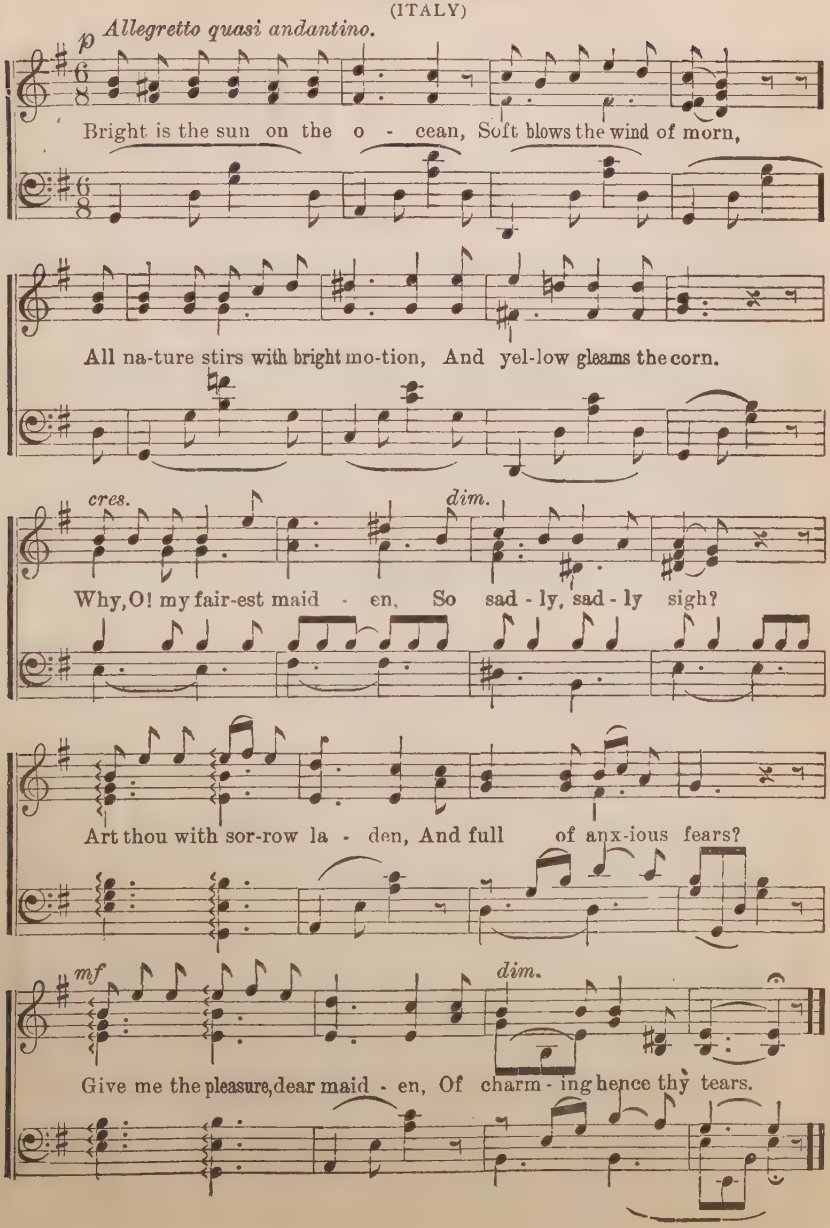
PETER ANDREAS HEIBERG (DENMARK) Tune—TRADITIONAL

p Andante.
1. The bright red sun in o - cean slept, Be -
2. "Thou stream," she said, "from heights a - bove, Flow
3. Ere chased the morn the night - cloud pale, He
4. "Re - turn, re - turn, my Har - old dear! This
5. Then horns and hounds came peal - ing wide. "'Tis
neath a pine - tree Gun - ild wept, And eyed the hills with
soft - ly to a wom - an's love! Run quiet and shut not
sought the deer in dis - tant dale: "Ex-pect me where the
wed - ded bo - som pants with fear: Oh, come! and hear the
he! 'tis he!" fair Gun - ild cried: And rocks and mountains
sil - ver crown'd, And list - ened to each lit - tle sound.
from my ear The ten - der sounds I love."
moon shines bright On yon - der mos - sy vale."
rocks re - ply To Gun - ild's joy - ous cheer."
round a - bout To her sweet voice re - plied.
p ritard.

MINKA

(RUSSIA) Tune—TRADITIONAL


p Andante.
1. From the Vol - ga was he rid - ing, On his horse so quick-ly strid-ing,
2. "Shy thou art and ver - y bash-ful, Tho' my heart is ev - er faith-ful;
3. "Thou art play- ful as a kit- ten, Knowing when a heart you've smitten;
4. "Wolves are thro' the for-est swarming, See! they come in packs a - larm-ing!
Con Ped.
When he saw in am-bush hid - ing, Who but pret - ty Min - ka.
Yet to you I'd be more grate-ful If you'd love me, Min - ka.
I have been by you sore bit - ten, Wick- ed lit - tle Min - ka.
I will save thee from all harm- ing If you'll come, my Min - ka.
"Min- ka, Min- ka, go not from me, Do not in the for - est hide thee,
Min- ka, Min- ka, go not from me, Do not in the for - est hide thee,
Min- ka, Min- ka, go not from me, Do not in the for - est hide thee,
Min- ka, Min- ka, now I've got thee, Why did you so much provoke me?
Come and tell me if you love me, Pret - ty lit - tle Min - ka.
Come and tell me if you love me, Pret - ty lit - tle Min - ka.
Come and tell me if you love me, Pret - ty lit - tle Min - ka.
Wolves won't come, but I'd de - vour thee, Pret - ty lit - tle Min - ka."

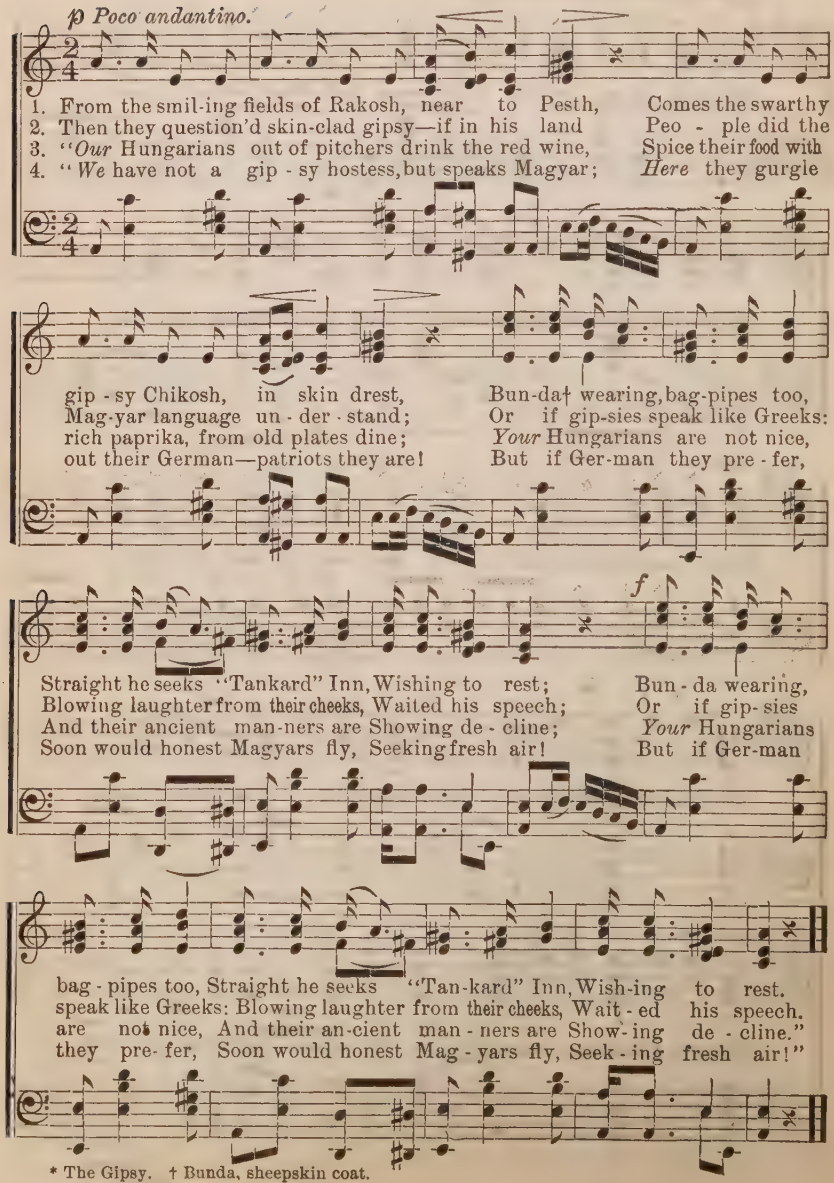
SICILIAN SONG

(ITALY)

p Allegretto quasi andantino.
Bright is the sun on the o - cean, Soft blows the wind of morn,
All na-ture stirs with bright mo-tion, And yel-low gleams the corn.
cres.
dim.
Why, O! my fair-est maid - en, So sad - ly, sad - ly sigh?
Art thou with sor-row la - den, And full of anx-ious fears?
mf
dim.
Give me the pleasure, dear maid - en, Of charm - ing hence thy tears.

THE TISZIAN *

(HUNGARY)

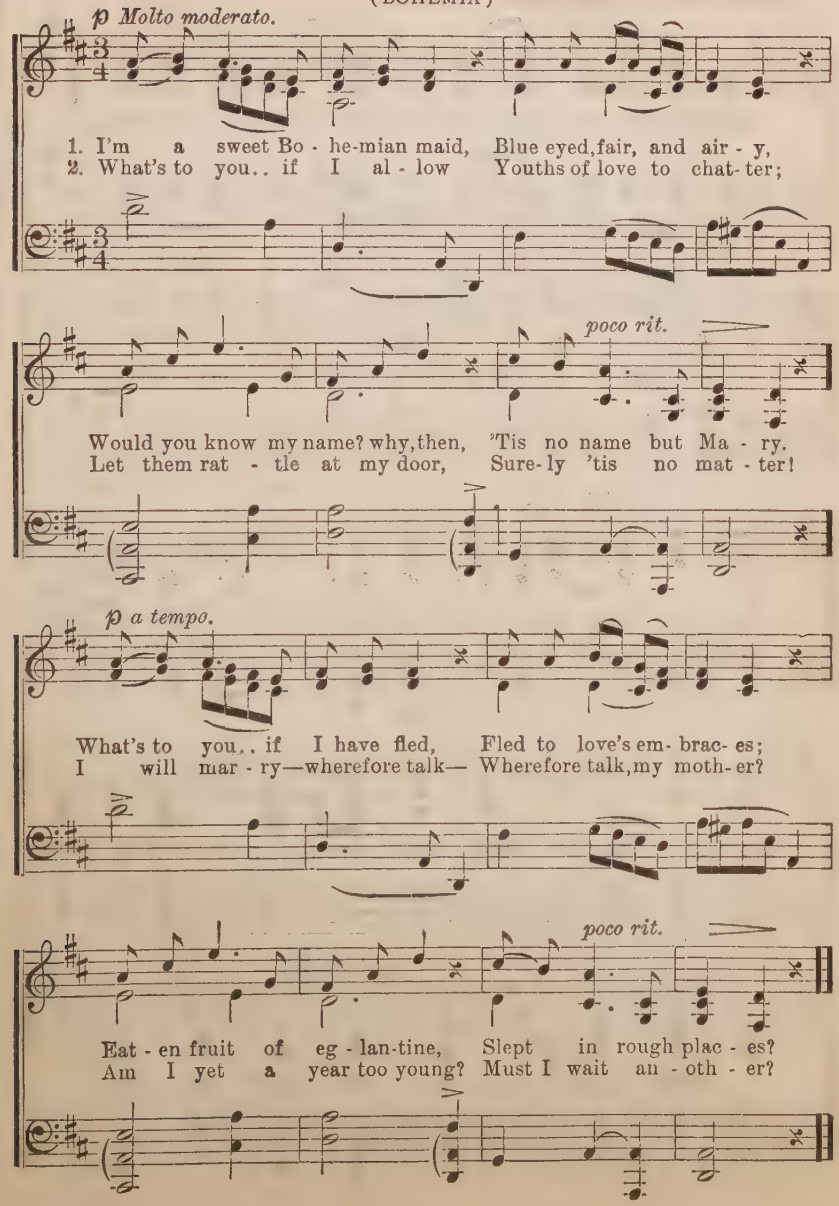
Tune—"JARTAM KERTBEN ROZSAK KOZOTT"

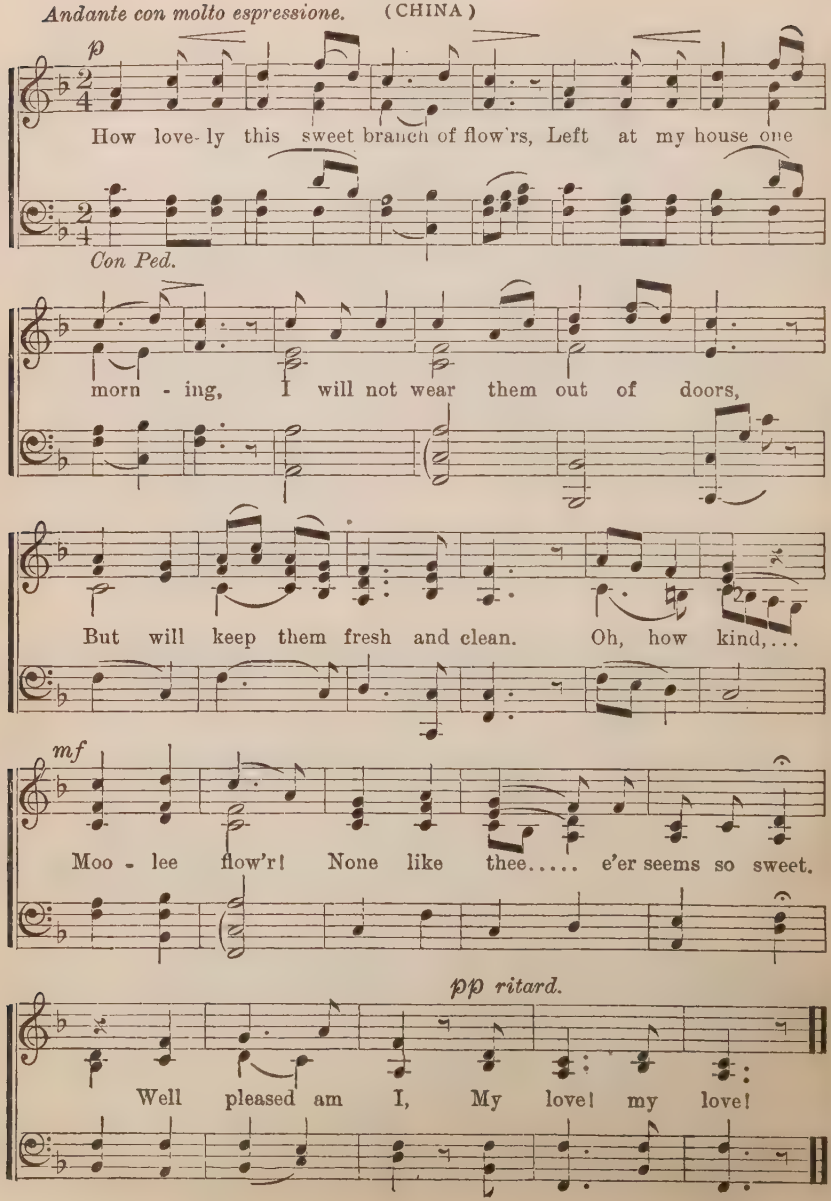

p Poco andantino.
1. From the smil-ing fields of Rakosh, near to Pesth, Comes the swarthy
2. Then they question'd skin-clad gipsy—if in his land Peo - ple did the
3. "Our Hungarians out of pitchers drink the red wine, Spice their food with
4. "We have not a gip - sy hostess, but speaks Magyar; Here they gurgle
gip - sy Chikosh, in skin drest, Bun-da† wearing, bag-pipes too,
Mag-yar language un - der - stand; Or if gip-sies speak like Greeks:
rich paprika, from old plates dine; Your Hungarians are not nice,
out their German—patriots they are! But if Ger-man they pre - fer,
f
Straight he seeks "Tankard" Inn, Wishing to rest; Bun - da wearing,
Blowing laughter from their cheeks, Waited his speech; Or if gip- sies
And their ancient man-ners are Showing de - cline; Your Hungarians
Soon would honest Magyars fly, Seeking fresh air! But if Ger-man
bag - pipes too, Straight he seeks "Tan-kard" Inn, Wish-ing to rest.
speak like Greeks: Blowing laughter from their cheeks, Wait - ed his speech.
are not nice, And their an-cient man - ners are Show-ing de - cline."
they pre- fer, Soon would honest Mag - yars fly, Seek - ing fresh air!"

* The Gipsy. † Bunda, sheepskin coat.

THE BOHEMIAN MAID

(BOHEMIA)

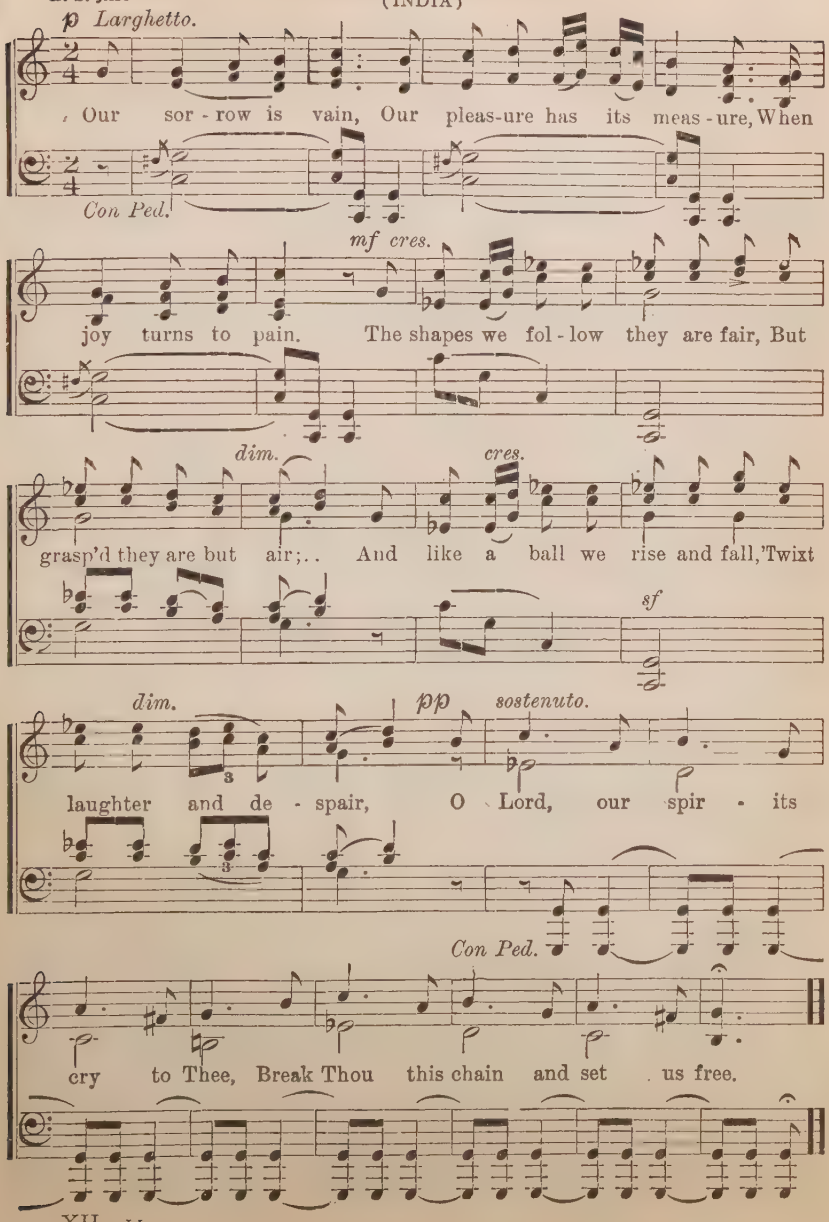

p Molto moderato.
1. I'm a sweet Bo - he-mian maid, Blue eyed, fair, and air - y,
2. What's to you.. if I al - low Youths of love to chat - ter;
poco rit.
Would you know my name? why, then, 'Tis no name but Ma - ry.
Let them rat - tle at my door, Sure - ly 'tis no mat - ter!
p a tempo.
What's to you.. if I have fled, Fled to love's em - brac - es;
I will mar - ry—wherefore talk— Wherefore talk, my moth - er?
poco rit.
Eat - en fruit of eg - lan - tine, Slept in rough plac - es?
Am I yet a year too young? Must I wait an - oth - er?

THE MOO-LEE FLOWER

Andante con molto espressione. (CHINA)
p
How love- ly this sweet branch of flow'rs, Left at my house one
Con Ped.
morn - ing, I will not wear them out of doors,
But will keep them fresh and clean. Oh, how kind,...
mf
Moo - lee flow'r! None like thee..... e'er seems so sweet.
pp ritard.
Well pleased am I, My love! my love!

OUR SORROW IS VAIN

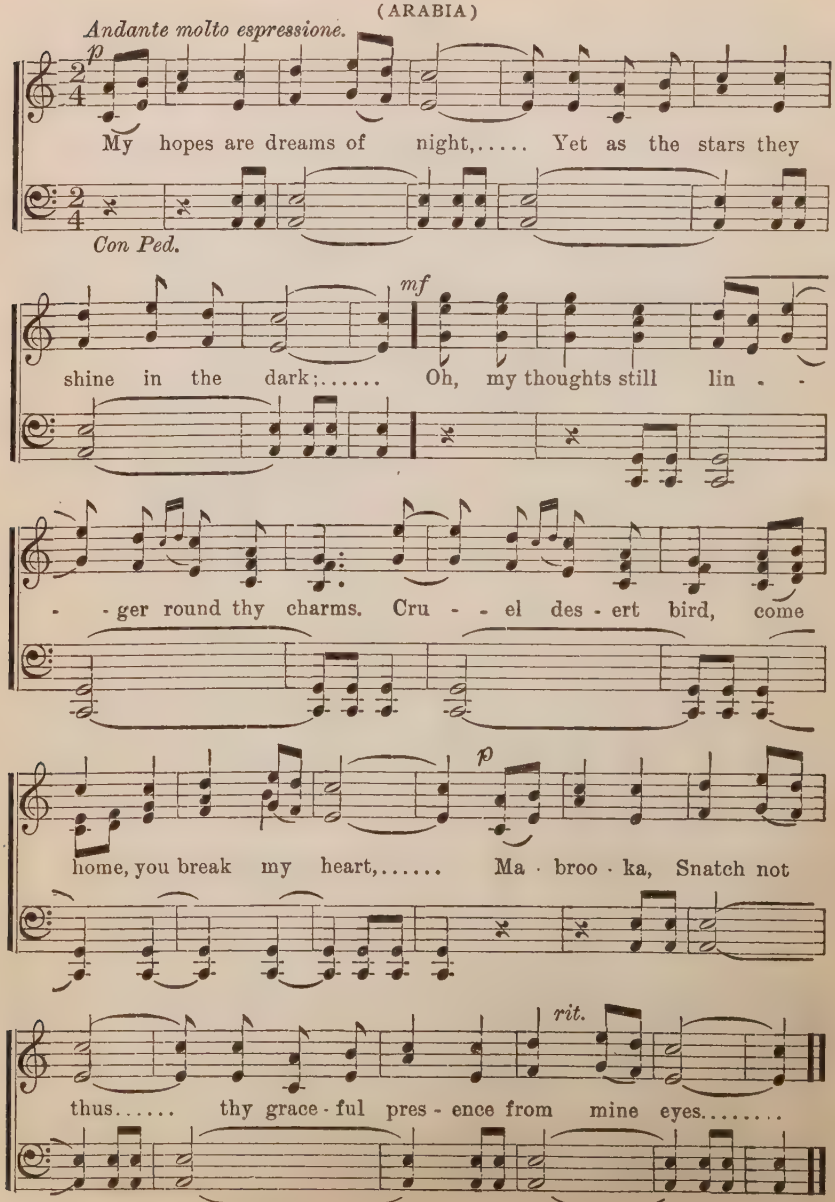
L. S. JAST

(INDIA)


p Larghetto.
Our sor - row is vain, Our pleas-ure has its meas - ure, When
Con Ped.
mf cres.
joy turns to pain. The shapes we fol - low they are fair, But
dim.
cres.
grasp'd they are but air;.. And like a ball we rise and fall, 'Twixt
sf
dim.
pp
sostenuto.
laughter and de - spair, O Lord, our spir - its
Con Ped.
cry to Thee, Break Thou this chain and set us free.

MABROOKA

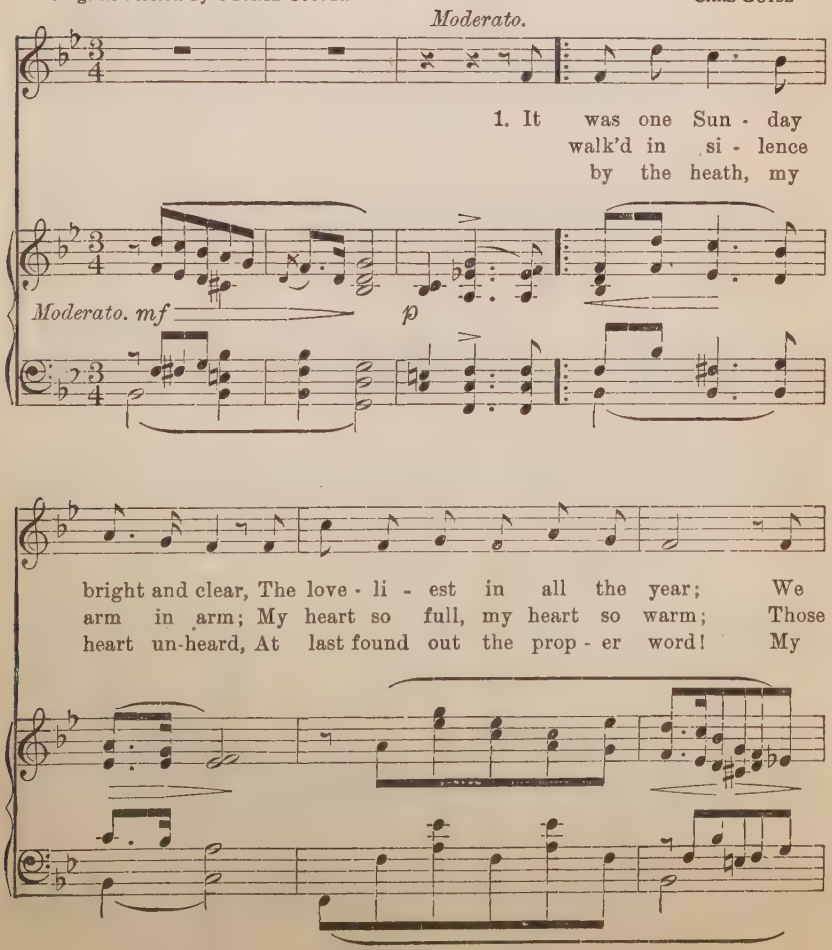
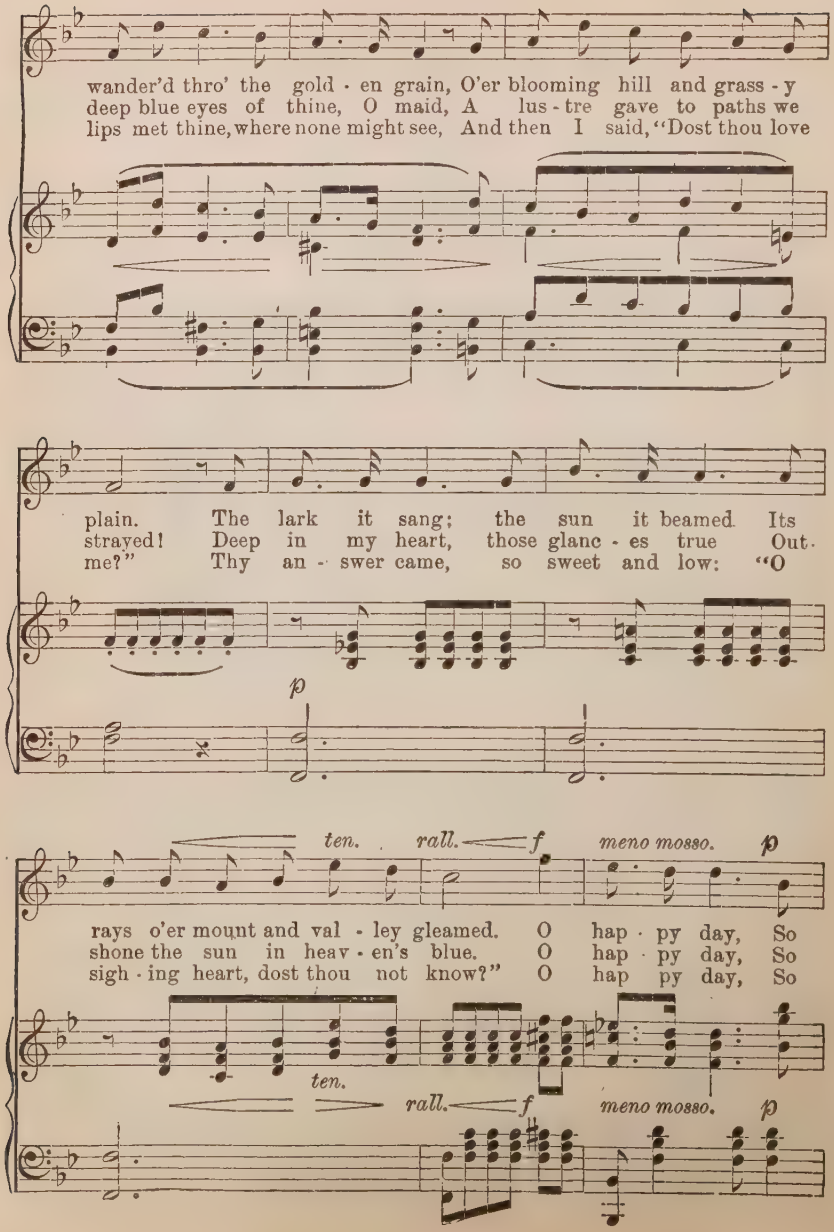
(ARABIA)

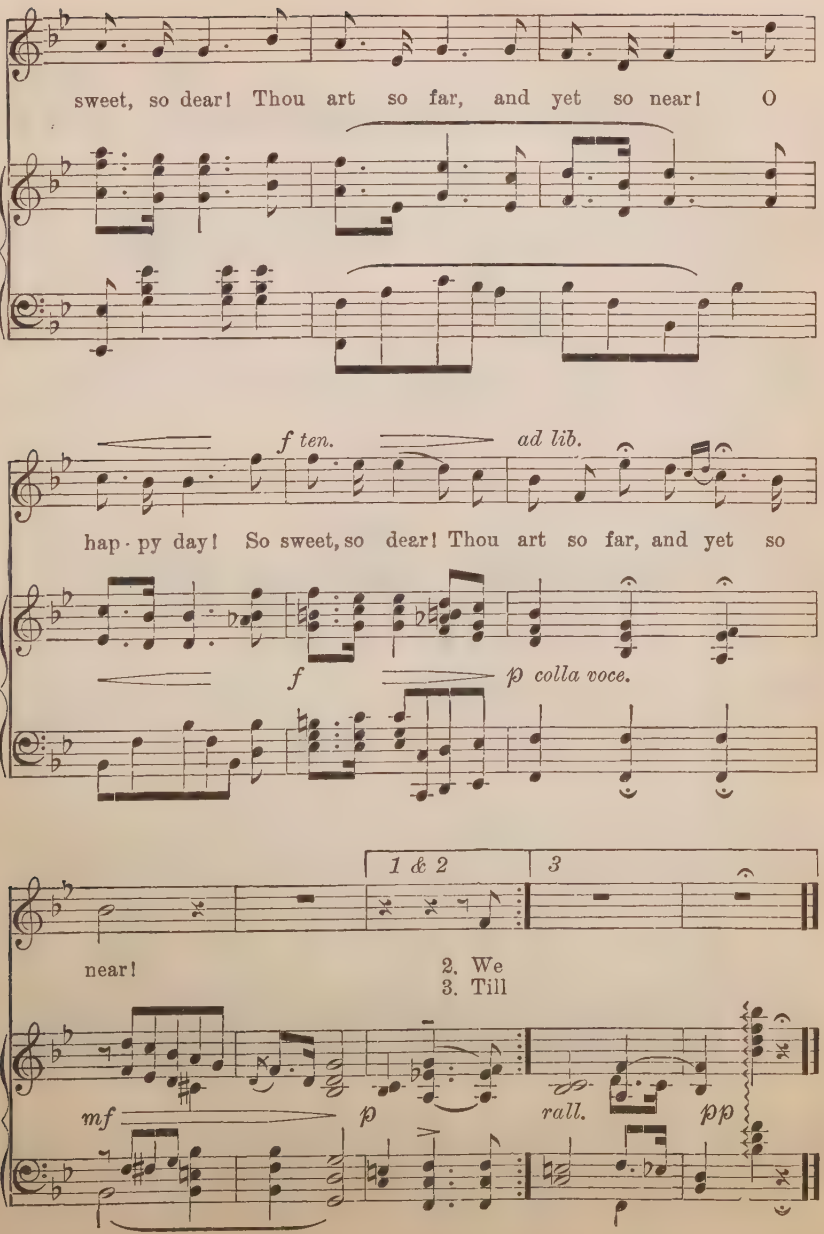

Andante molto espressione.
p
My hopes are dreams of night,..... Yet as the stars they
Con Ped.
mf
shine in the dark;..... Oh, my thoughts still lin - -
- - ger round thy charms. Cru - - el des - ert bird, come
p
home, you break my heart,..... Ma - broo - ka, Snatch not
rit.
thus..... thy grace - ful pres - ence from mine eyes.....

OLD LOVE SONGS

O HAPPY DAY

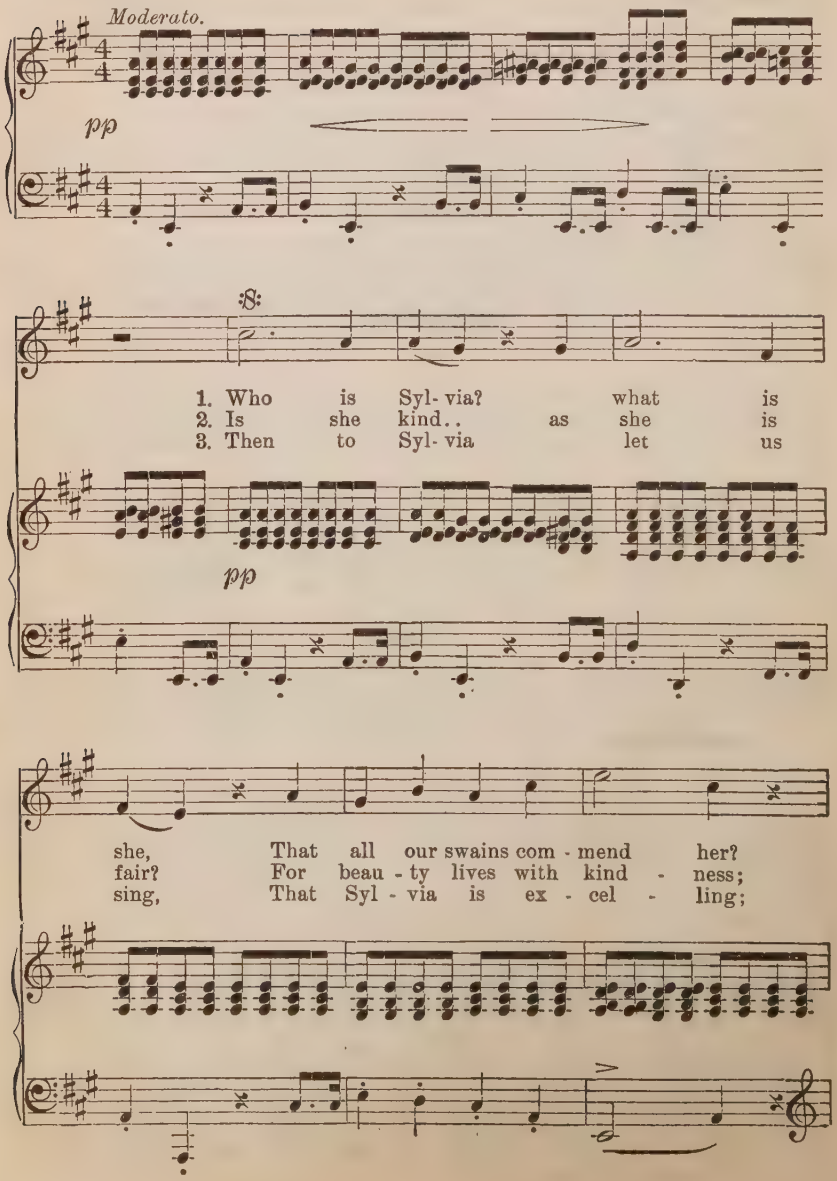
English version by GEORGE COOPER — CARL GÖTZE

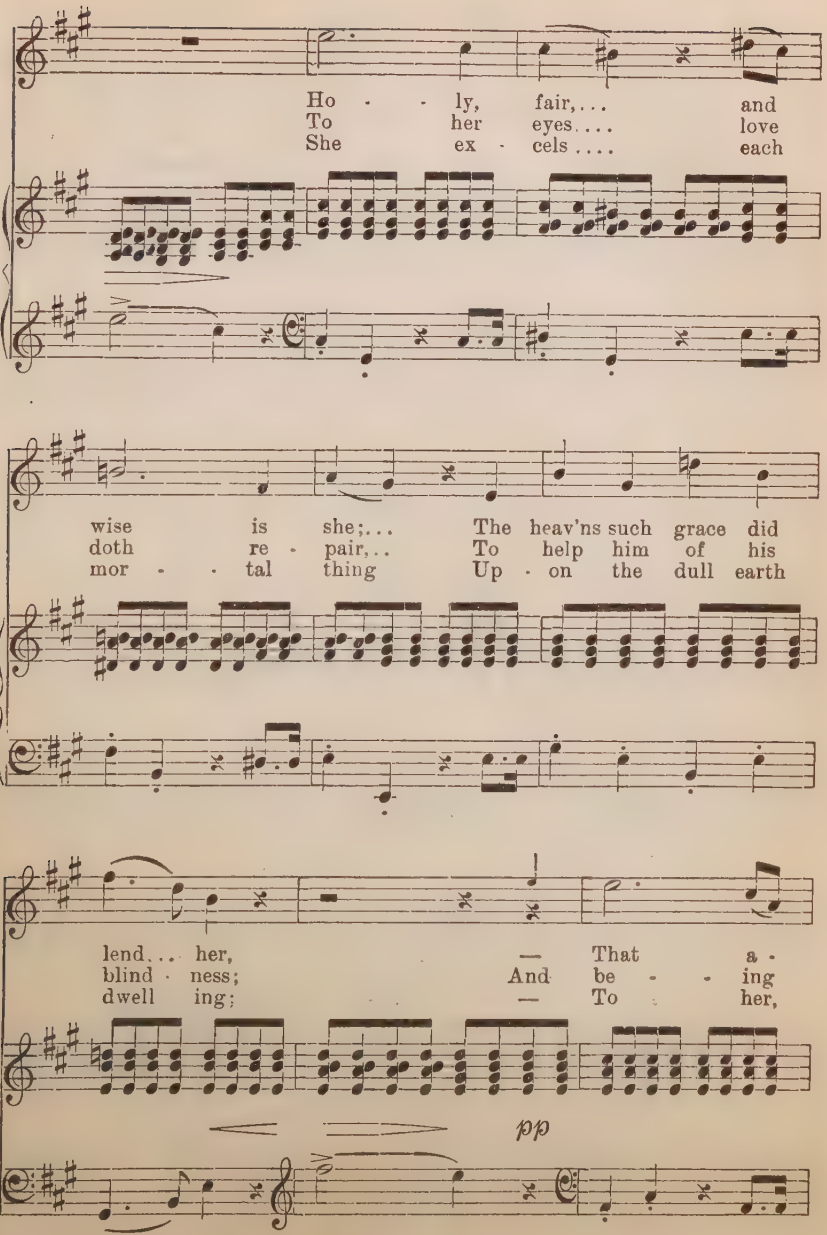

Moderato.
1. It was one Sun - day
walk'd in si - lence
by the heath, my
Moderato. mf
p
bright and clear, The love - li - est in all the year; We
arm in arm; My heart so full, my heart so warm; Those
heart un-heard, At last found out the prop - er word! My

wander'd thro' the gold - en grain, O'er blooming hill and grass - y
deep blue eyes of thine, O maid, A lus - tre gave to paths we
lips met thine, where none might see, And then I said, "Dost thou love
plain. The lark it sang; the sun it beamed Its
strayed! Deep in my heart, those glanc - es true Out
me?" Thy an - swer came, so sweet and low: "O
p
ten. rall. f meno mosso. p
rays o'er mount and val - ley gleamed. O hap - py day, So
shone the sun in heav - en's blue. O hap - py day, So
sigh - ing heart, dost thou not know?" O hap py day, So
ten. rall. f meno mosso. p

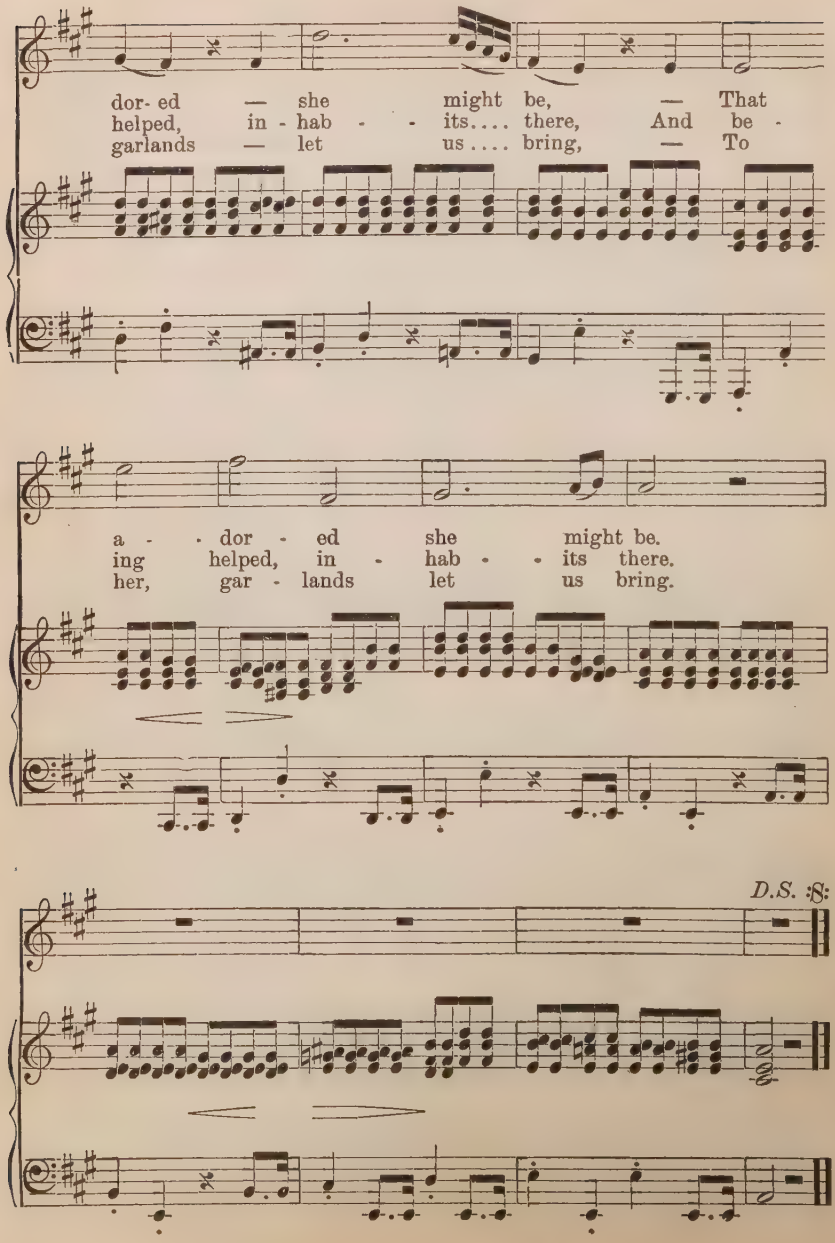

sweet, so dear! Thou art so far, and yet so near! O
f ten.
ad lib.
hap - py day! So sweet, so dear! Thou art so far, and yet so
f
p colla voce.
1 & 2
3
near!
2. We
3. Till
mf
p
rall.
pp

WHO IS SYLVIA?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE FRANZ SCHUBERT


Moderato.
pp
1. Who is Syl- via? what is
2. Is she kind.. as she is
3. Then to Syl- via let us
pp
she, That all our swains com - mend her?
fair? For beau - ty lives with kind - ness;
sing, That Syl - via is ex - cel - ling;


Ho - ly, fair,... and
To her eyes.... love
She ex - cels .... each
wise is she;... The heav'ns such grace did
doth re - pair,.. To help him of his
mor - tal thing Up - on the dull earth
lend... her, — That a -
blind - ness; And be - - ing
dwell ing; — To her,
pp


dor- ed — she might be, — That
helped, in - hab - - its.... there, And be -
garlands — let us.... bring, — To
a - - dor - ed she might be.
ing helped, in - hab - - its there.
her, gar - lands let us bring.
D.S. 𝄋

LAST NIGHT

THEO. MARZIALS HALFDAN KJERULF

Andantino. *p*

1. Last night the night - in - gale
2. I think of you in the
3. Oh, think not I can..... for -

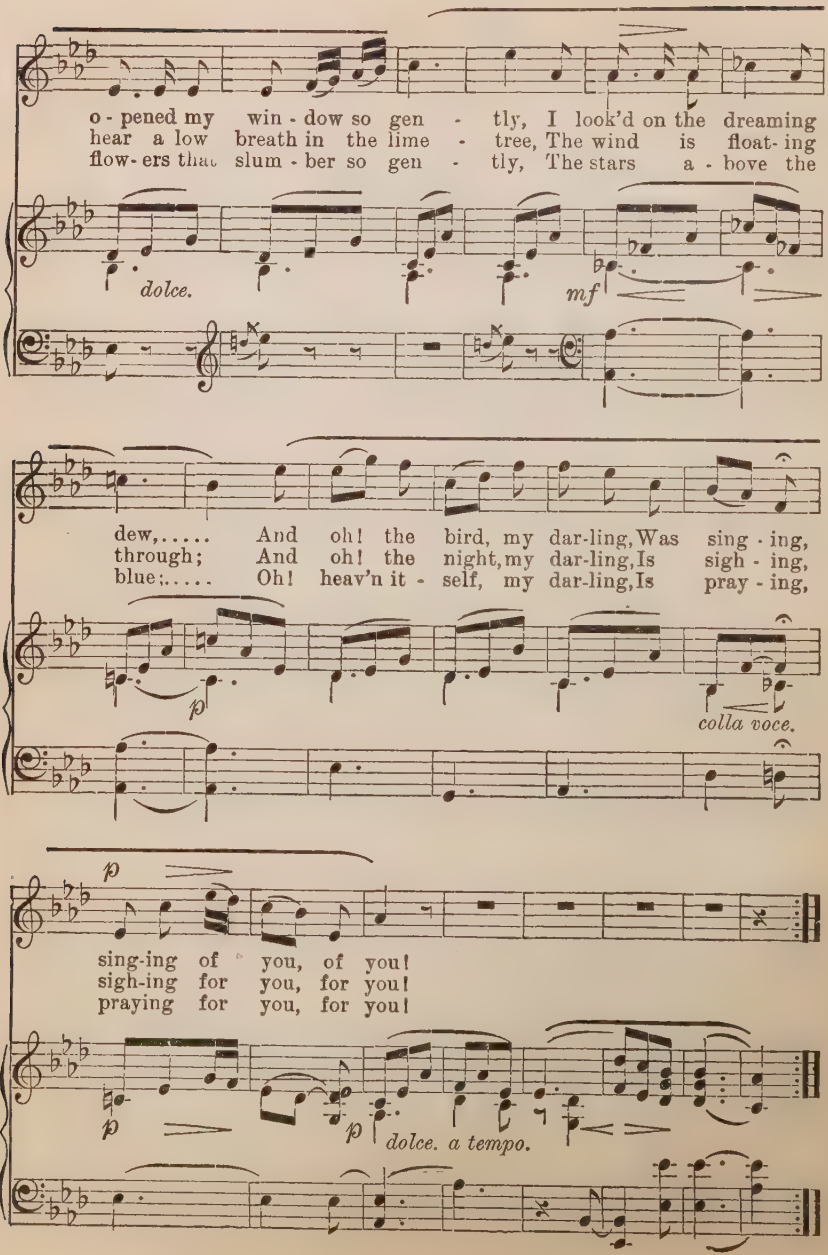
p *p dolce.*

Ped.

woke me! Last night when all was still! It sang in the
day - time, I dream of you by night; I wake and would
get you; I could not tho' I would; I see you in

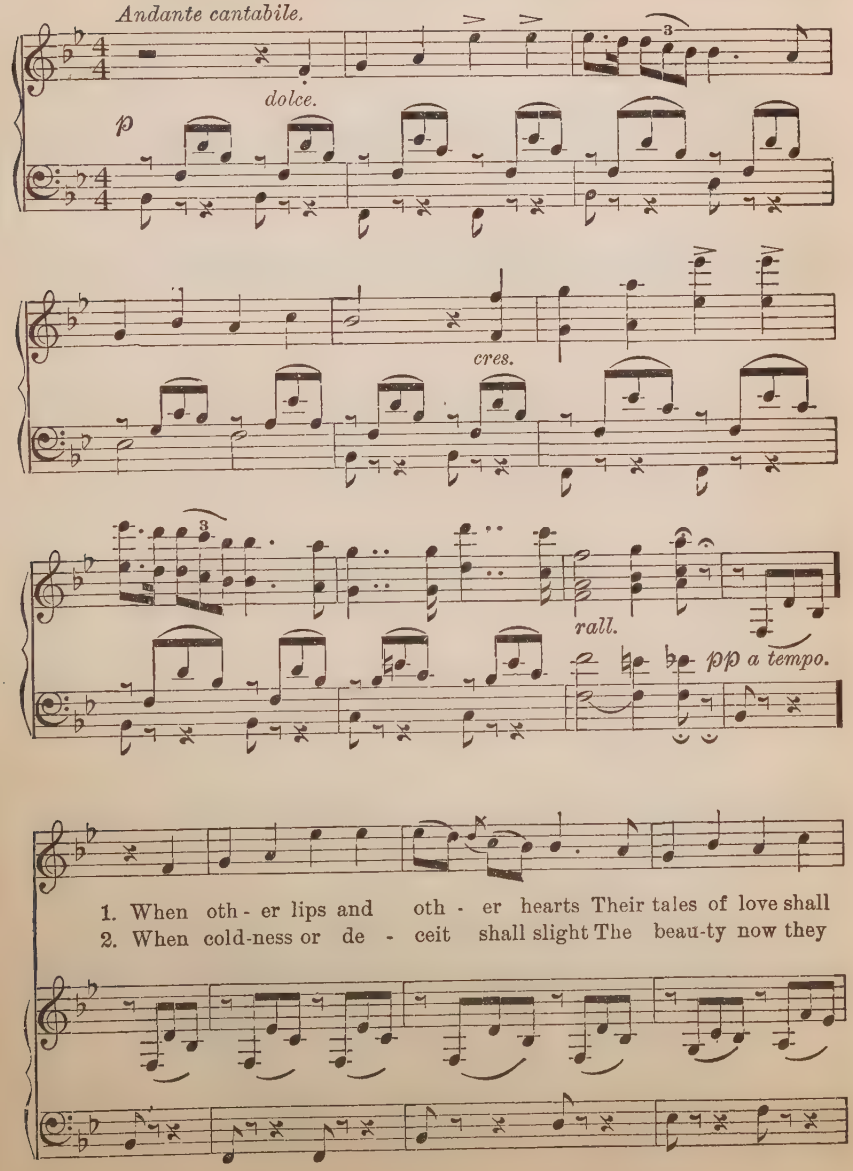
dolce.

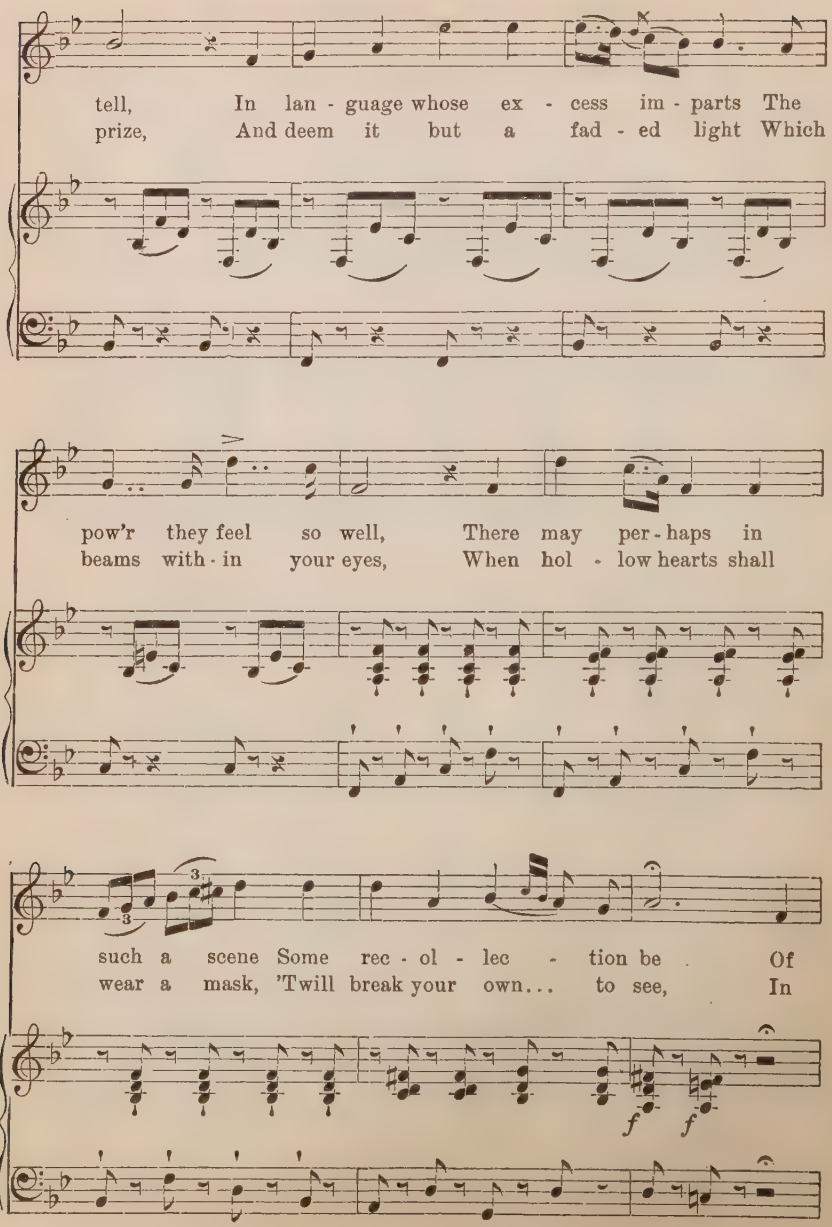
gold - en moon - light, From out..... the wood - land hill. I
you were here, love, And tears.... are blinding my sight. I
all a - round me, The stream, the night, the wood, The

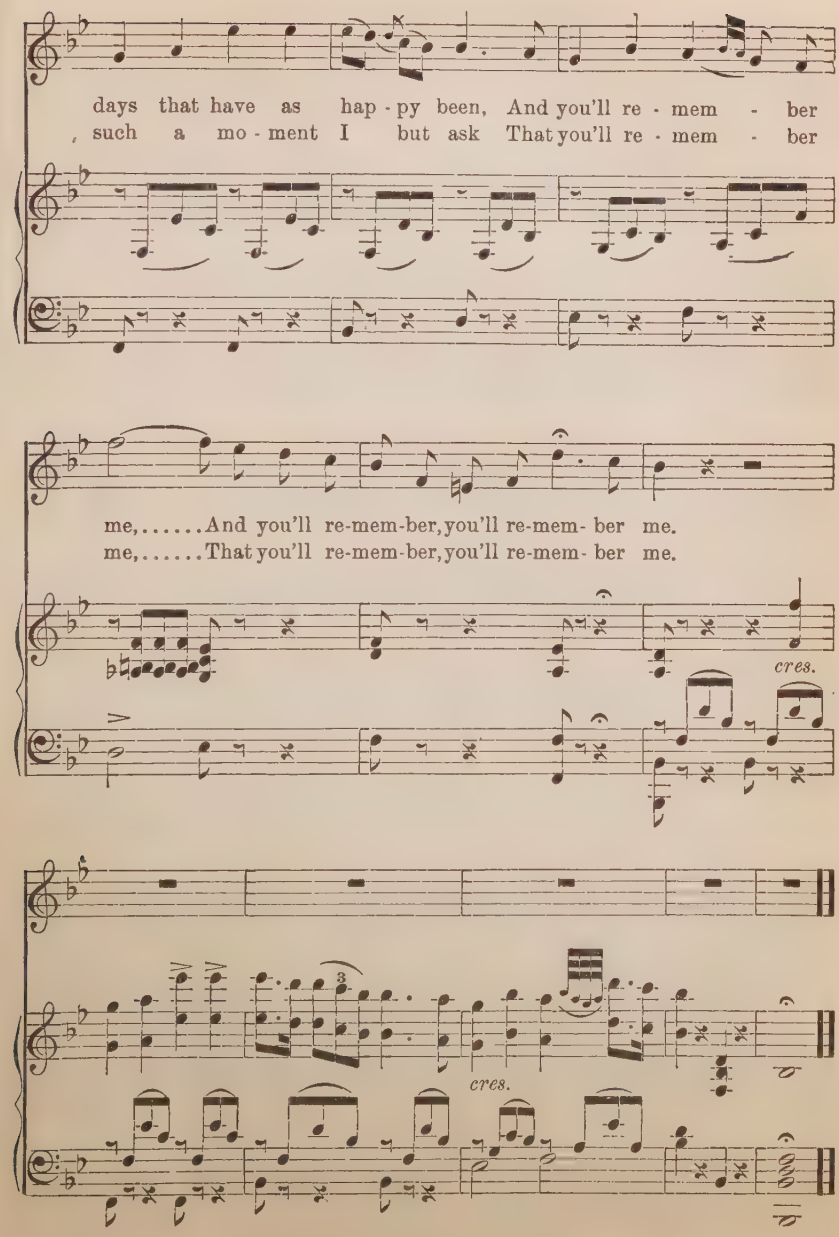
p

o - pened my win - dow so gen - tly, I look'd on the dreaming
hear a low breath in the lime - tree, The wind is float- ing
flow- ers that slum - ber so gen - tly, The stars a - bove the
dolce.
mf
dew,..... And oh! the bird, my dar-ling, Was sing - ing,
through; And oh! the night, my dar-ling, Is sigh - ing,
blue;..... Oh! heav'n it - self, my dar-ling, Is pray - ing,
p
colla voce.
p
sing-ing of you, of you!
sigh-ing for you, for you!
praying for you, for you!
p
p
dolce. a tempo.

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME

M. W. Balfe

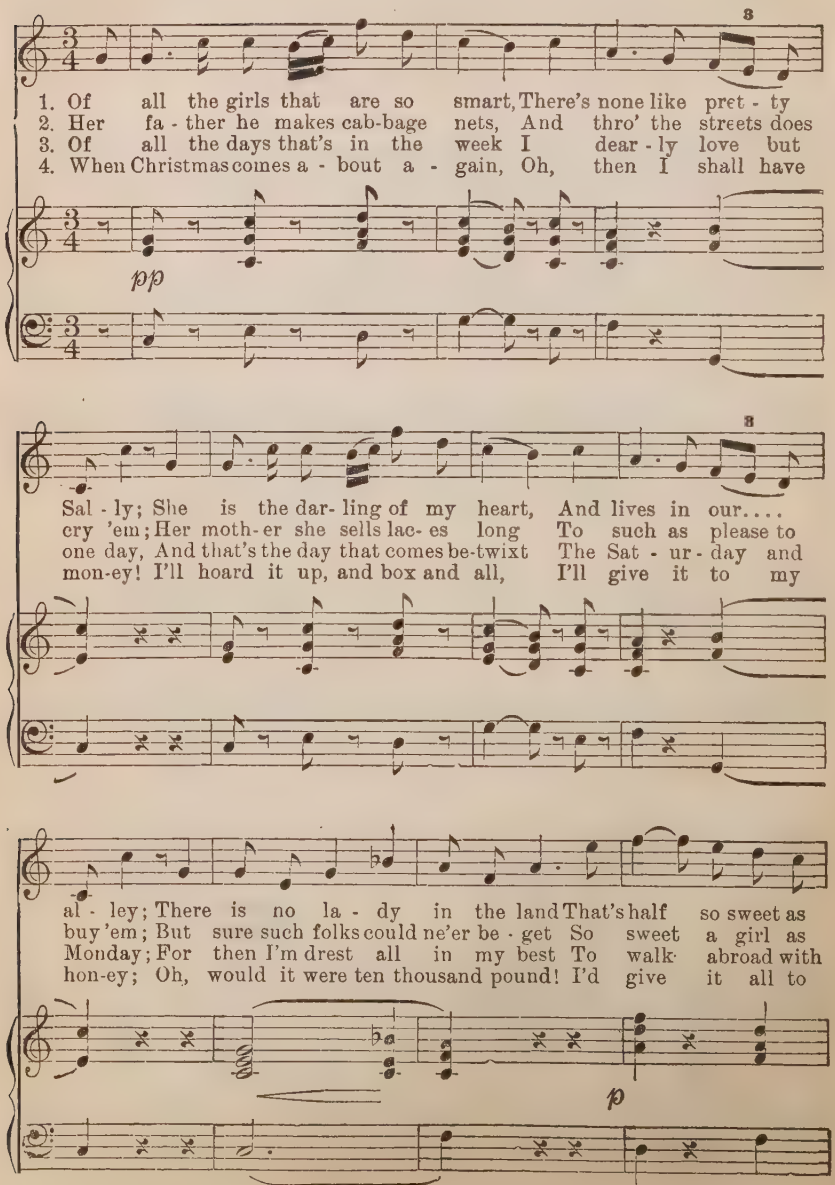

Andante cantabile.
dolce.
p
cres.
rall.
pp a tempo.
1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall
2. When cold-ness or de - ceit shall slight The beau-ty now they

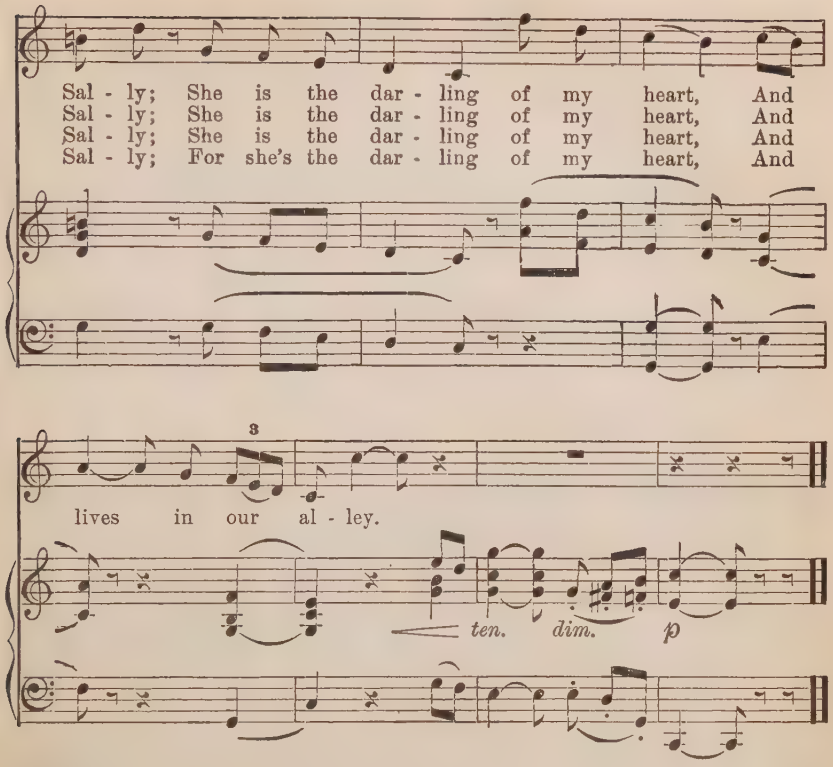

tell, In lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The
prize, And deem it but a fad - ed light Which
pow'r they feel so well, There may per - haps in
beams with - in your eyes, When hol - low hearts shall
such a scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be Of
wear a mask, 'Twill break your own... to see, In
f
f


days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
such a mo - ment I but ask That you'll re - mem - ber
me,.....And you'll re-mem-ber, you'll re-mem- ber me.
me,.....That you'll re-mem-ber, you'll re-mem- ber me.
cres.
cres.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

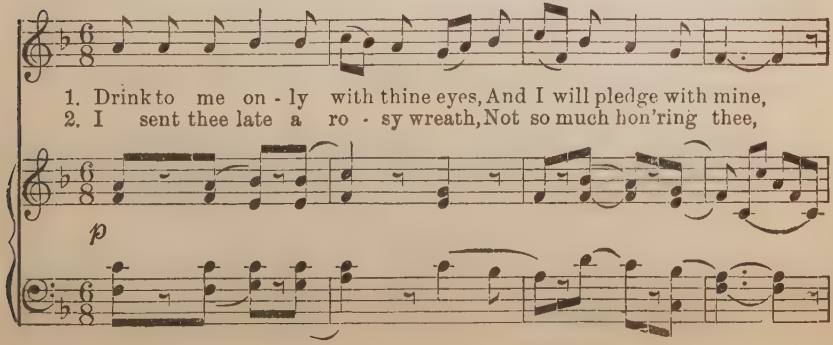
HENRY CAREY — OLD AIR

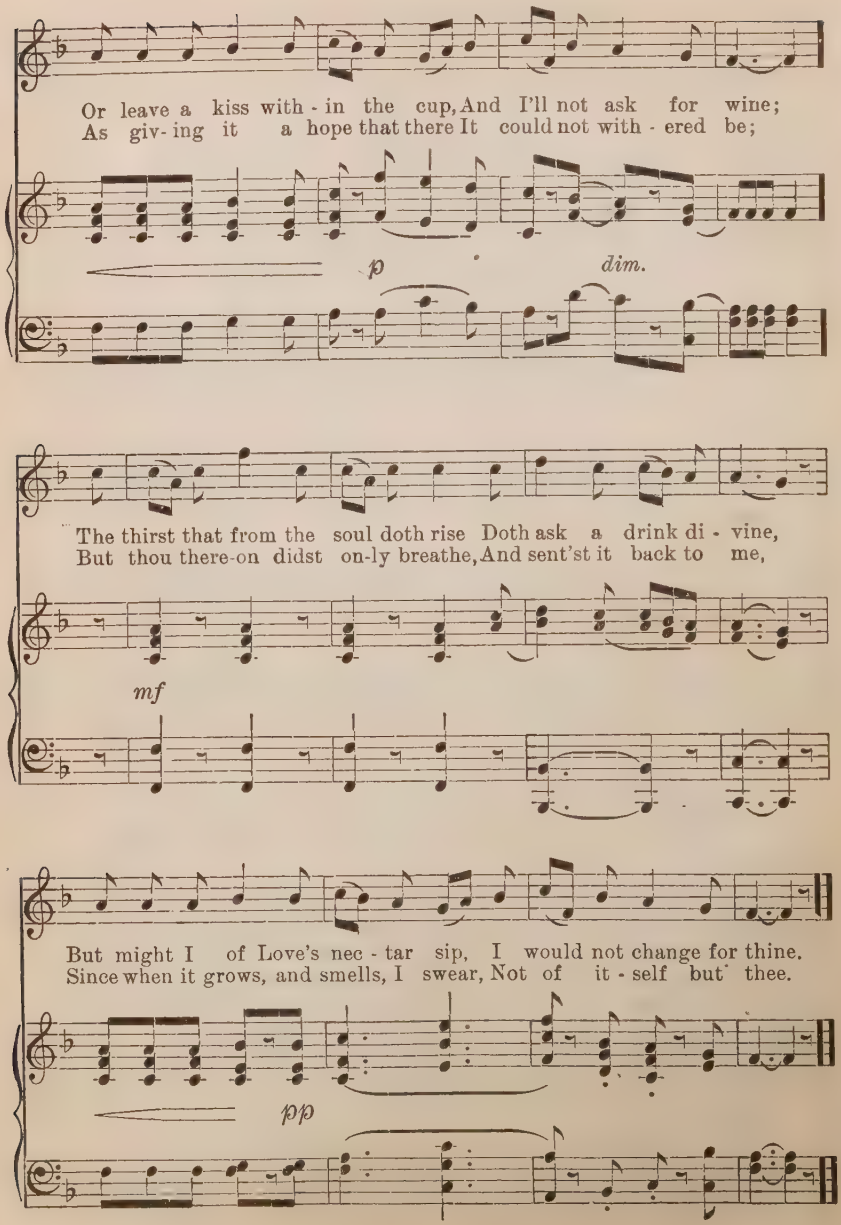

8
1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty
2. Her fa - ther he makes cab-bage nets, And thro' the streets does
3. Of all the days that's in the week I dear - ly love but
4. When Christmas comes a - bout a - gain, Oh, then I shall have
pp
8
Sal - ly; She is the dar- ling of my heart, And lives in our....
cry 'em; Her moth-er she sells lac- es long To such as please to
one day, And that's the day that comes be-twixt The Sat - ur - day and
mon-ey! I'll hoard it up, and box and all, I'll give it to my
al - ley; There is no la - dy in the land That's half so sweet as
buy 'em; But sure such folks could ne'er be - get So sweet a girl as
Monday; For then I'm drest all in my best To walk abroad with
hon-ey; Oh, would it were ten thousand pound! I'd give it all to
p


Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And
Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And
Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And
Sal - ly; For she's the dar - ling of my heart, And
3
lives in our al - ley.
ten.
dim.
p

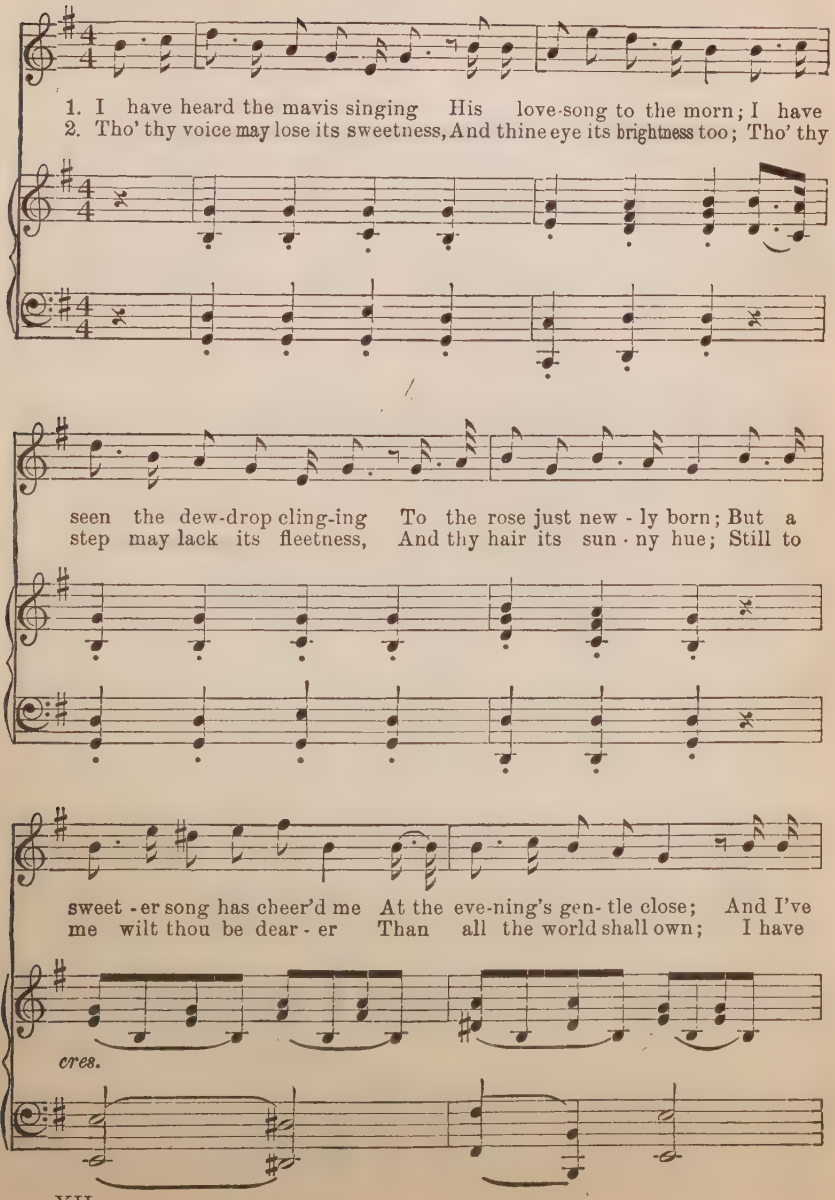
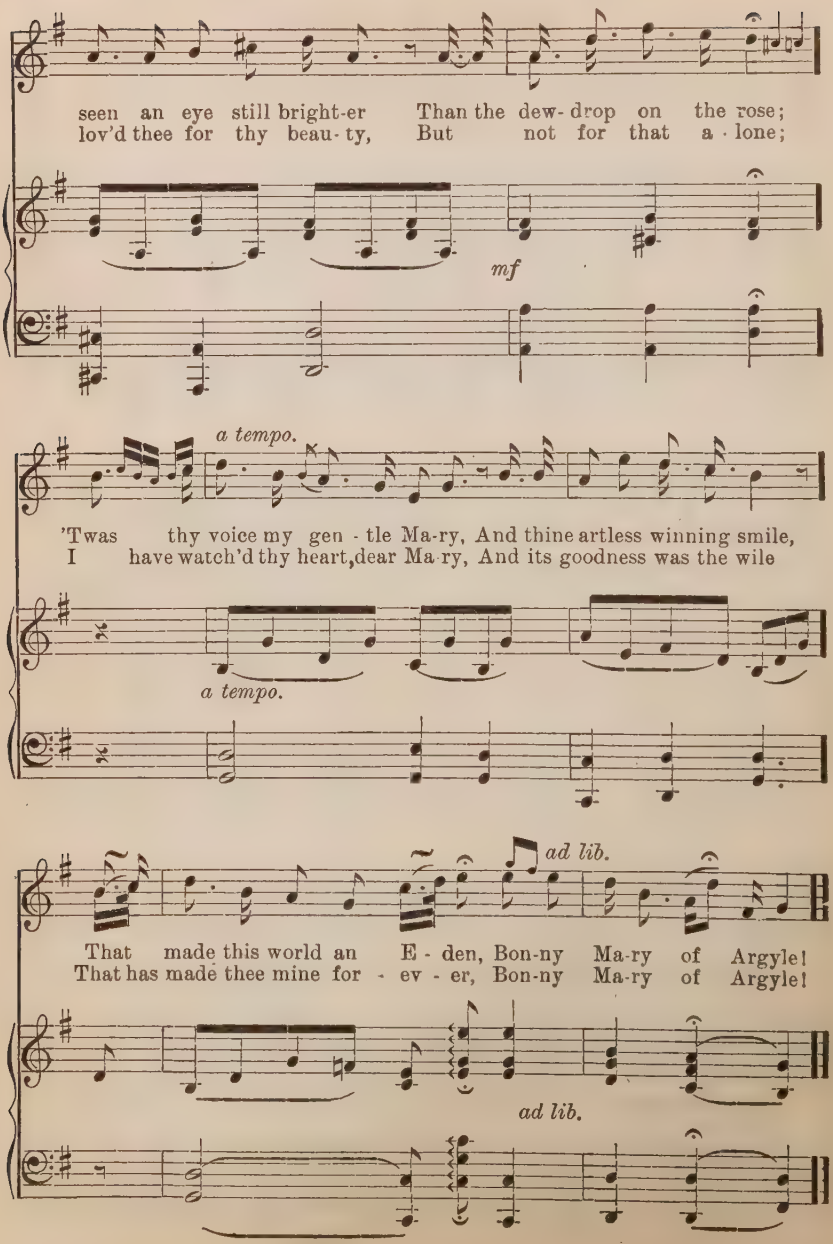
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

BEN JONSON W. A. MOZART.



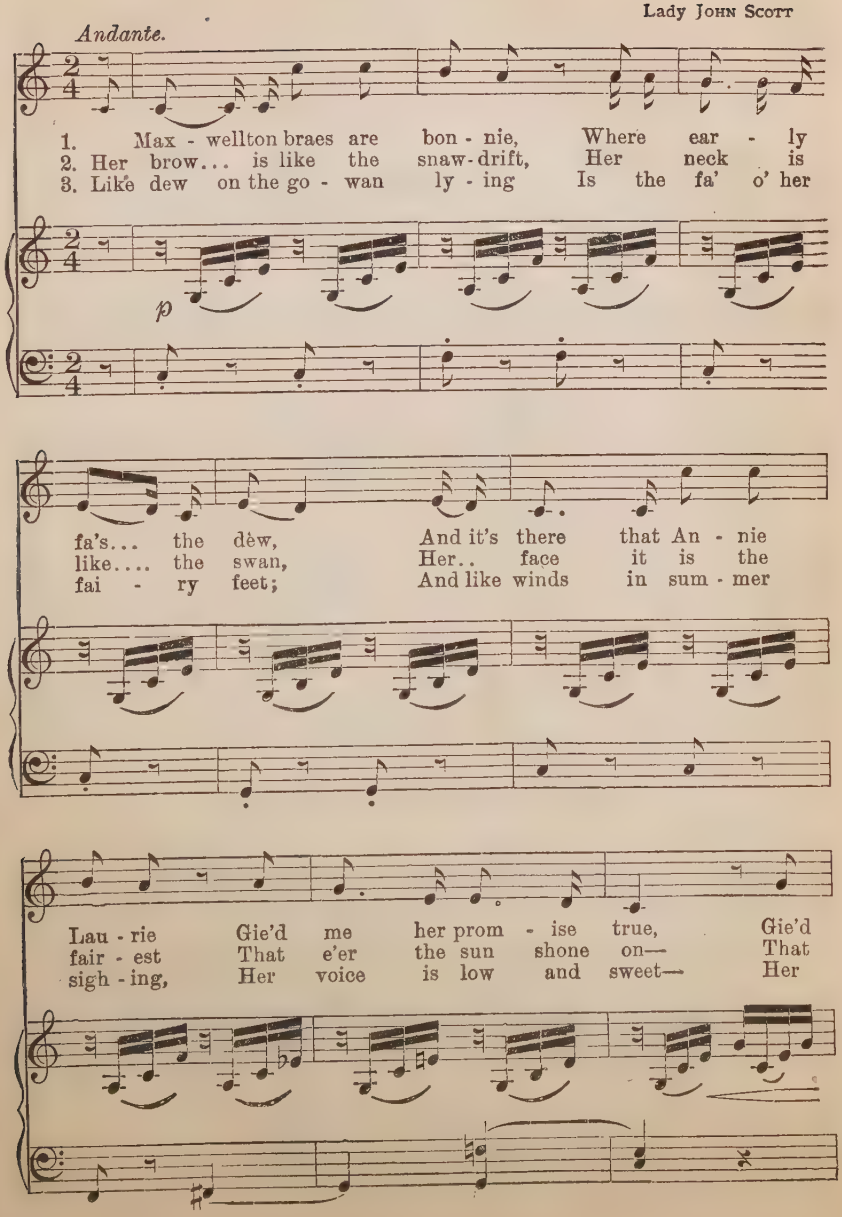

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;
As giv- ing it a hope that there It could not with - ered be;
p
dim.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine,
But thou there-on didst on-ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,
mf
But might I of Love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.
pp

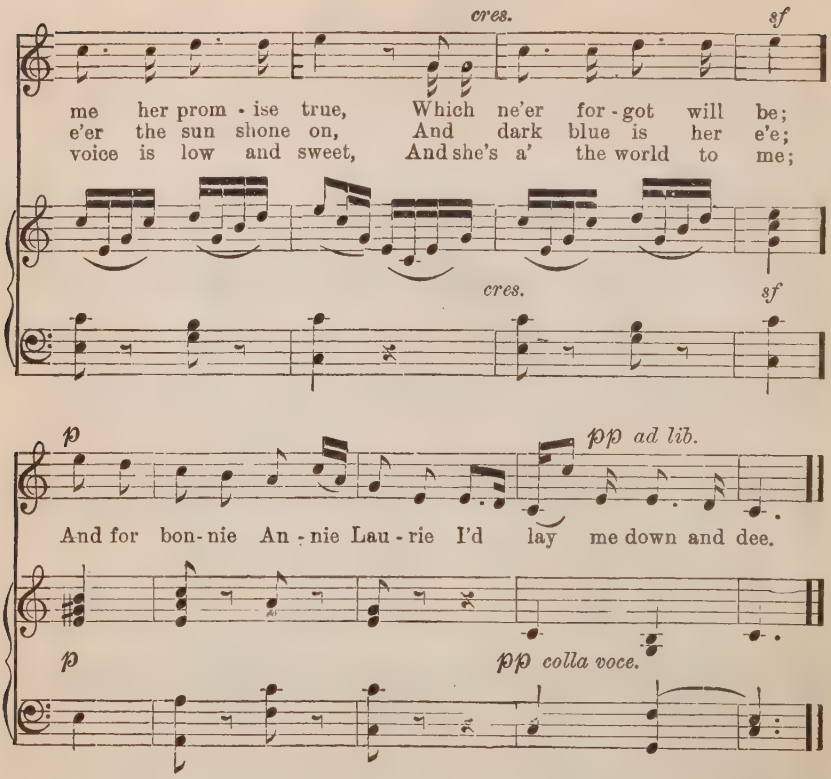
MARY OF ARGYLE

CHARLES JEFFERYS SIDNEY NELSON

1. I have heard the mavis singing His love-song to the morn; I have
2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine eye its brightness too; Tho' thy
seen the dew-drop cling-ing To the rose just new - ly born; But a
step may lack its fleetness, And thy hair its sun - ny hue; Still to
sweet - er song has cheer'd me At the eve-ning's gen- tle close; And I've
me wilt thou be dear - er Than all the world shall own; I have
cres.

seen an eye still bright-er Than the dew-drop on the rose;
lov'd thee for thy beau-ty, But not for that a-lone;
mf
a tempo.
'Twas thy voice my gen-tle Ma-ry, And thine artless winning smile,
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Ma-ry, And its goodness was the wile
a tempo.
ad lib.
That made this world an E-den, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Argyle!
That has made thee mine for-ev-er, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Argyle!
ad lib.

ANNIE LAURIE

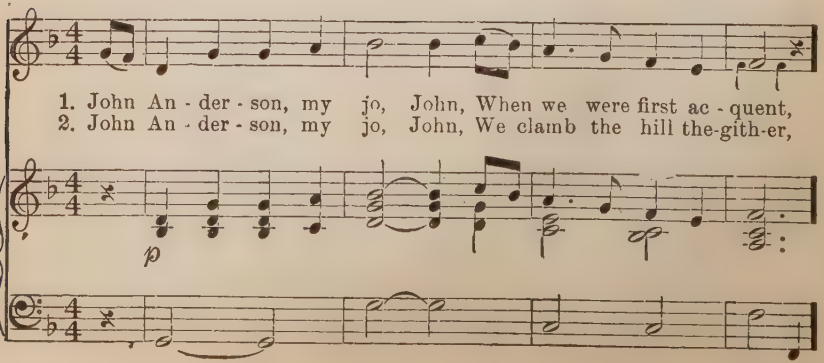
Lady John Scott

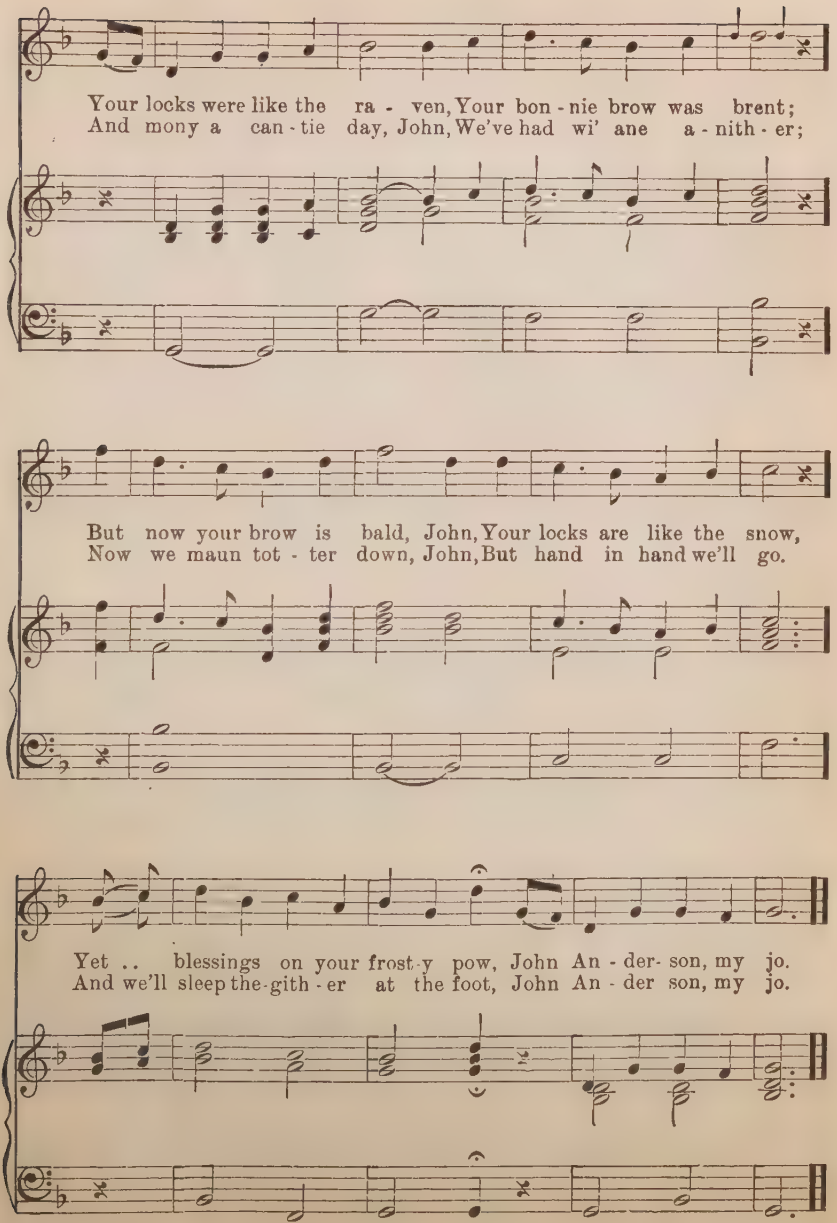

Andante.
1. Max - wellton braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly
2. Her brow... is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is
3. Like dew on the go - wan ly - ing Is the fa' o' her
p
fa's... the dèw, And it's there that An - nie
like.... the swan, Her.. face it is the
fai - ry feet; And like winds in sum - mer
Lau - rie Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Gie'd
fair - est That e'er the sun shone on— That
sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet— Her


cres.
sf
me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be;
e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e;
voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me;
cres.
sf
p
pp ad lib.
And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.
p
pp colla voce.

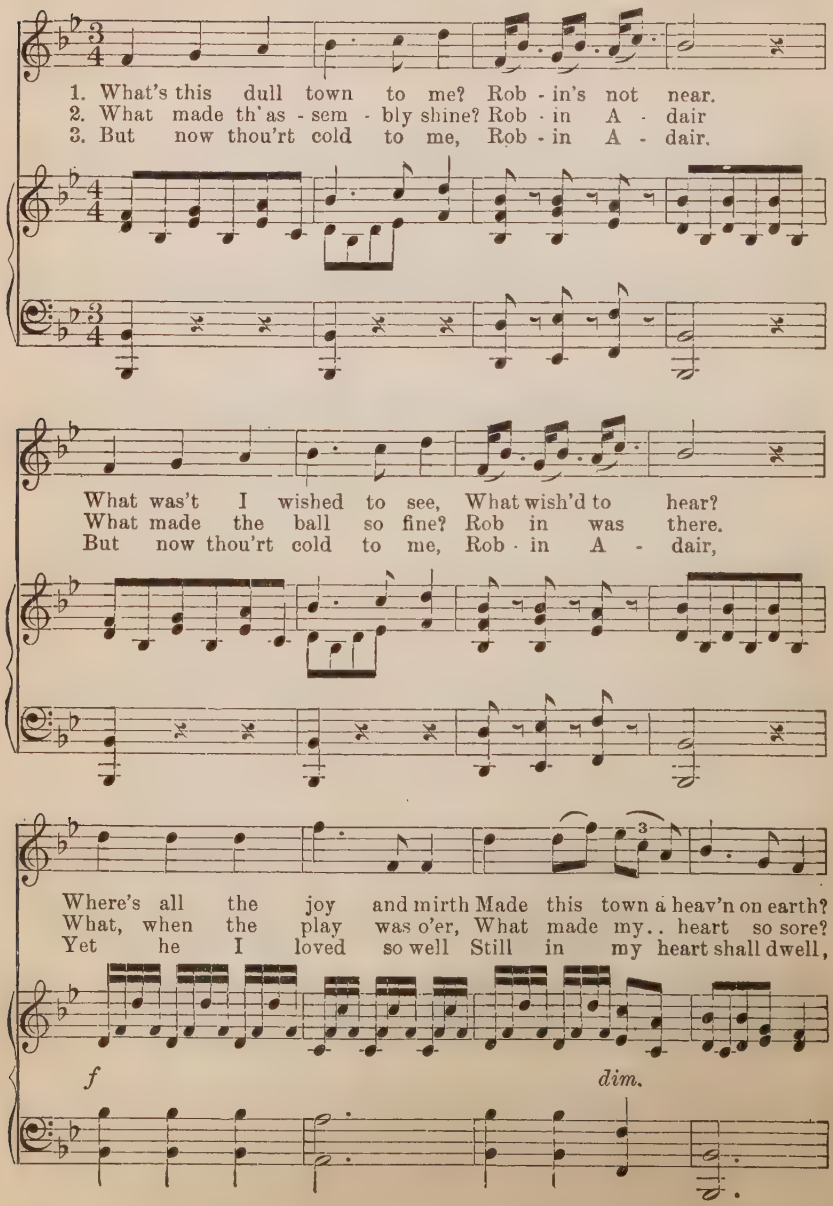
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

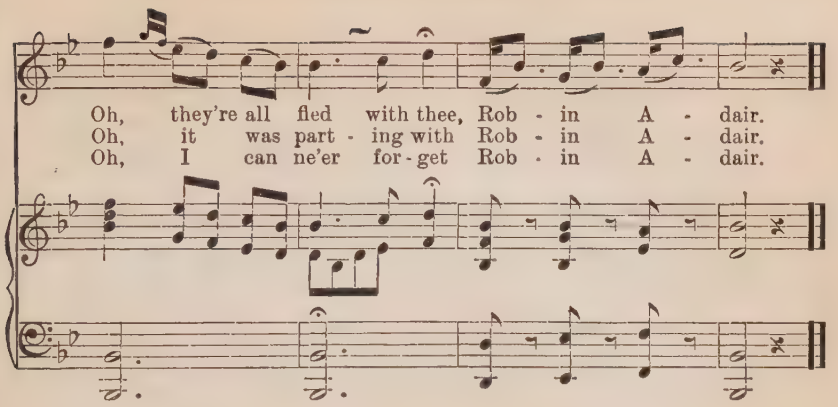
ROBERT BURNS — OLD AIR




Your locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - nie brow was brent;
And mony a can - tie day, John, We've had wi' ane a - nith - er;
But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snow,
Now we maun tot - ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go.
Yet .. blessings on your frost - y pow, John An - der - son, my jo.
And we'll sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - der son, my jo.

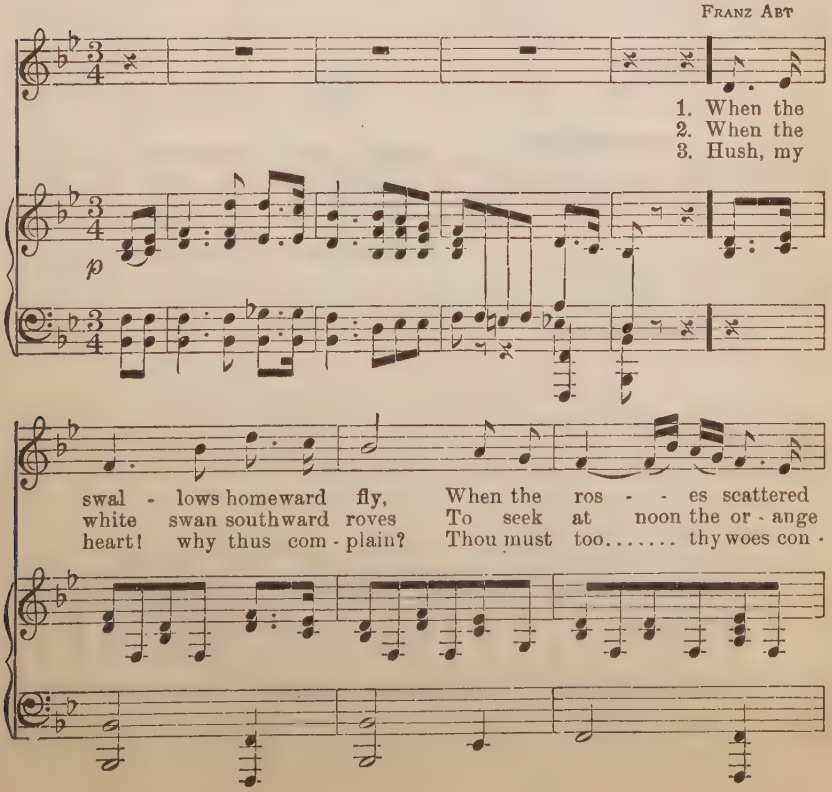
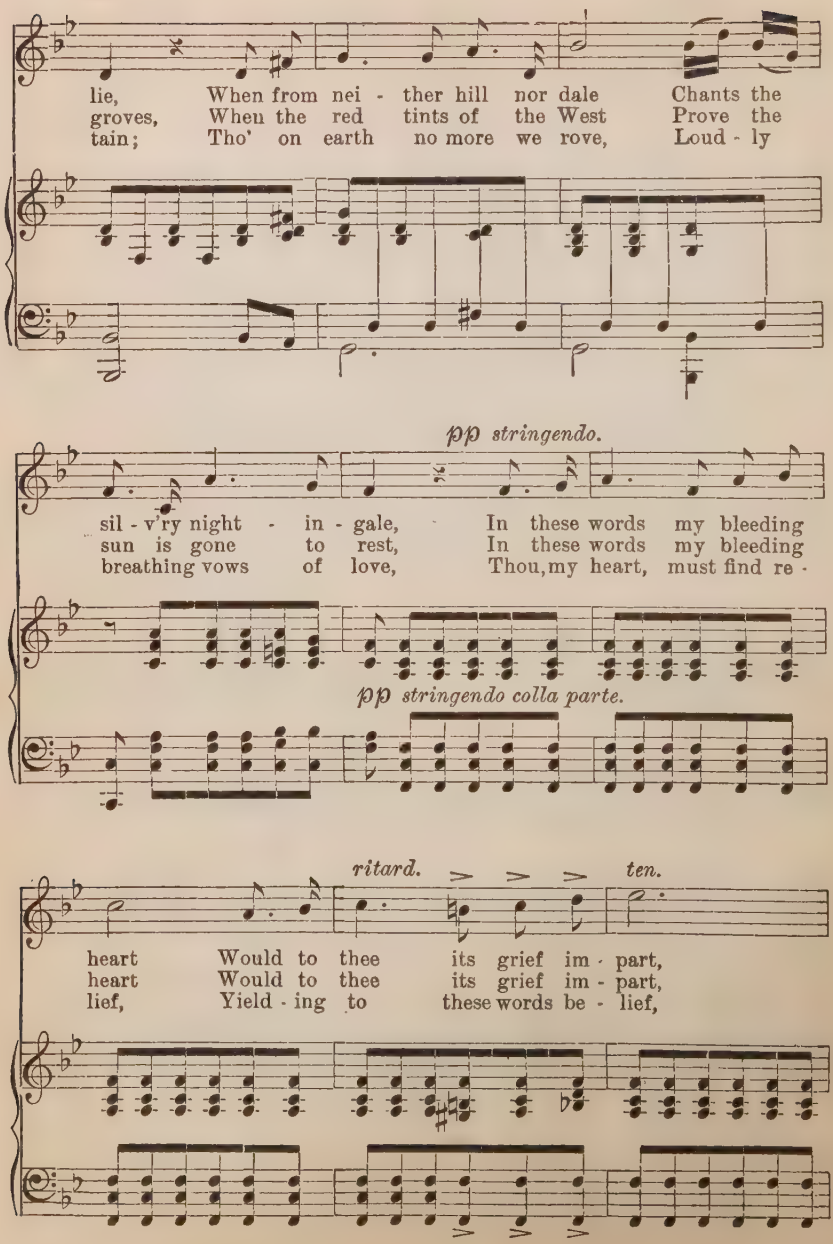
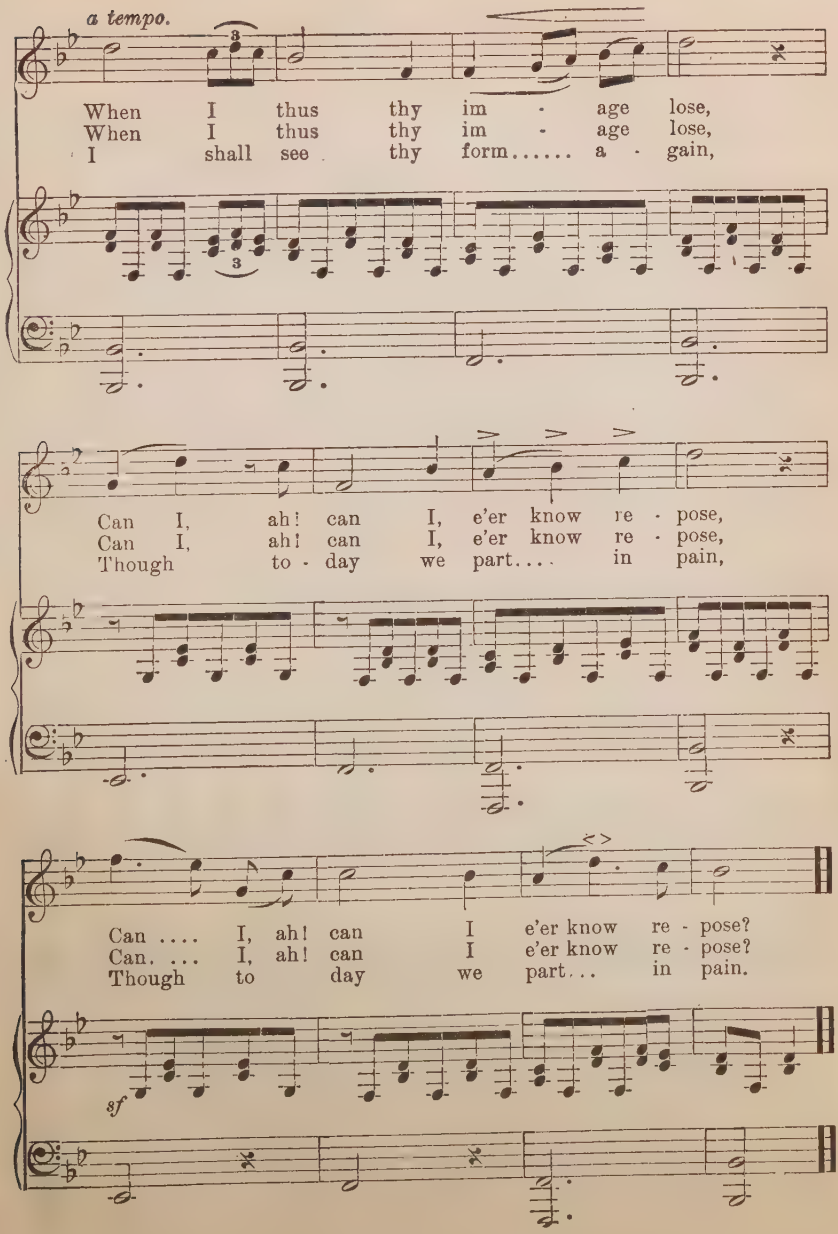
ROBIN ADAIR

Lady Caroline Keppel

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near.
2. What made th'as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair.
What was't I wished to see, What wish'd to hear?
What made the ball so fine? Rob in was there.
But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair,
Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town a heav'n on earth?
What, when the play was o'er, What made my.. heart so sore?
Yet he I loved so well Still in my heart shall dwell,
3
f
dim.



WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY

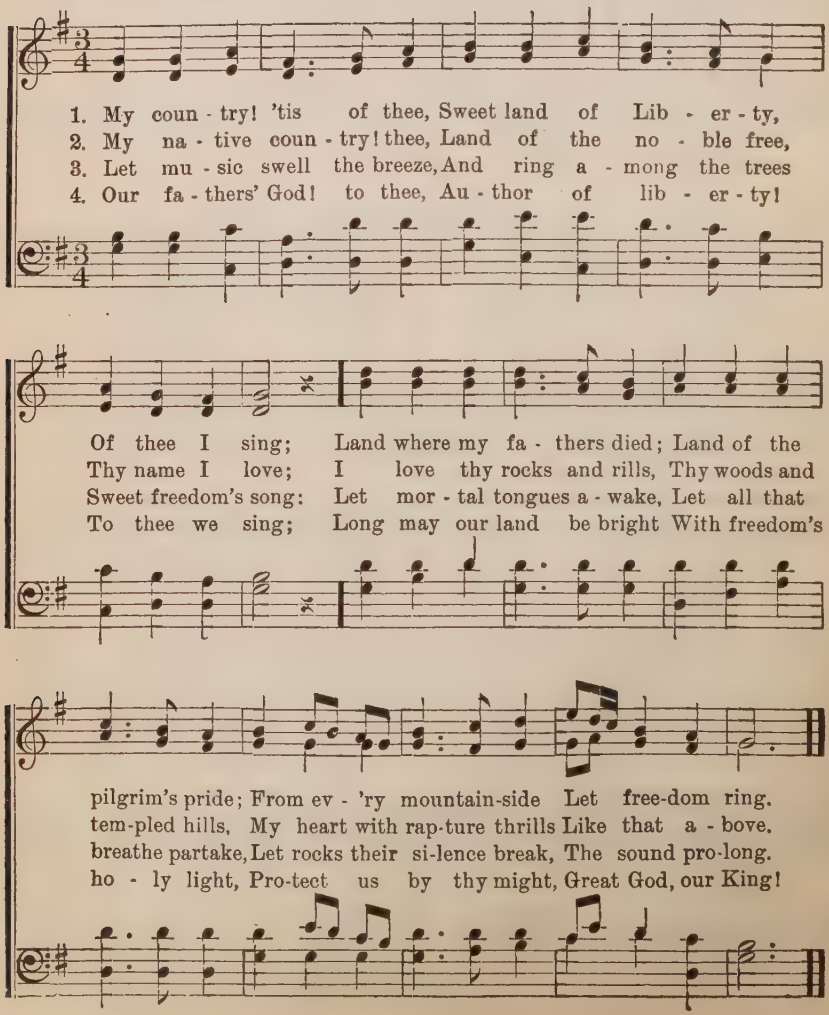
FRANZ ABT


1. When the
2. When the
3. Hush, my
p
swal - lows homeward fly, When the ros - - - es scattered
white swan southward roves To seek at noon the or - ange
heart! why thus com - plain? Thou must too..... thy woes con -

lie, When from nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the
groves, When the red tints of the West Prove the
tain; Tho' on earth no more we rove, Loud - ly
pp stringendo.
sil - v'ry night - in - gale, In these words my bleeding
sun is gone to rest, In these words my bleeding
breathing vows of love, Thou, my heart, must find re -
pp stringendo colla parte.
ritard.
ten.
heart Would to thee its grief im - part,
heart Would to thee its grief im - part,
lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief,

a tempo.
When I thus thy im - age lose,
When I thus thy im - age lose,
I shall see thy form..... a - gain,
Can I, ah! can I, e'er know re - pose,
Can I, ah! can I, e'er know re - pose,
Though to - day we part.... in pain,
Can .... I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose?
Can. ... I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose?
Though to day we part... in pain.
sf

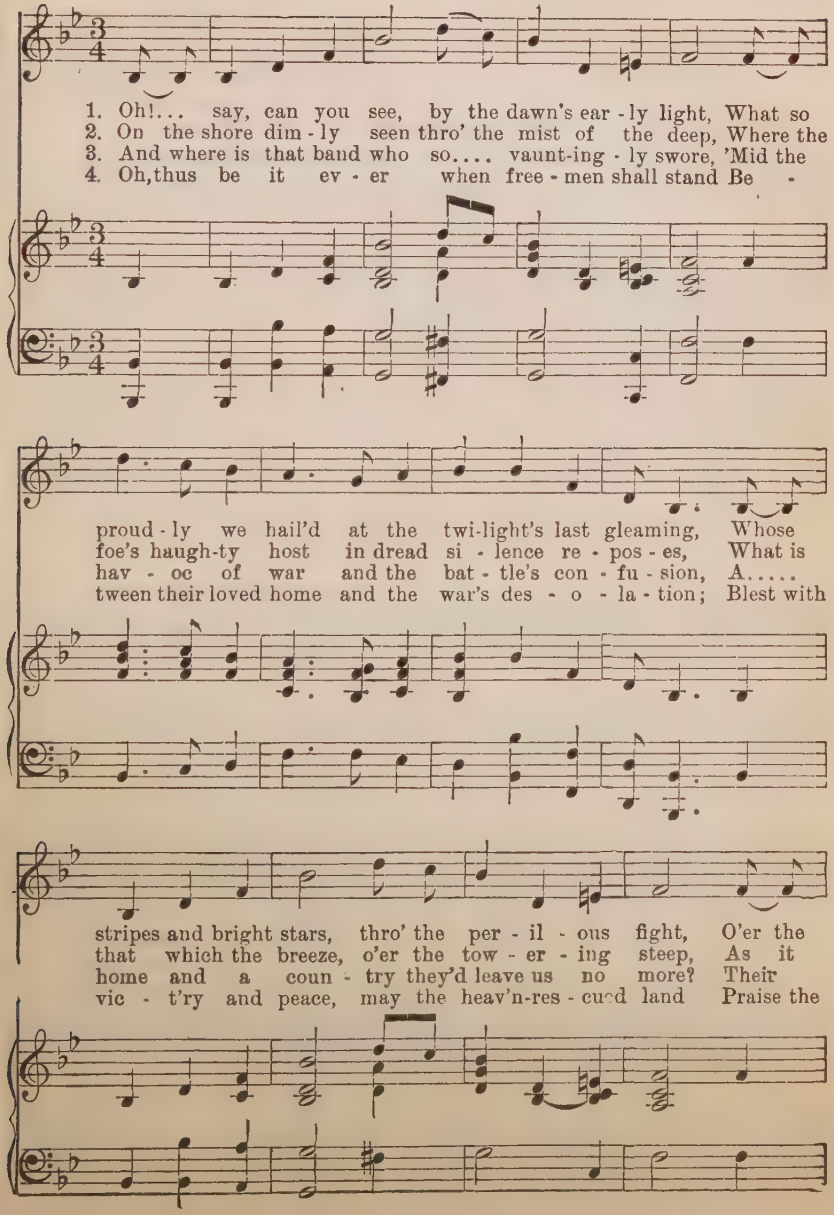
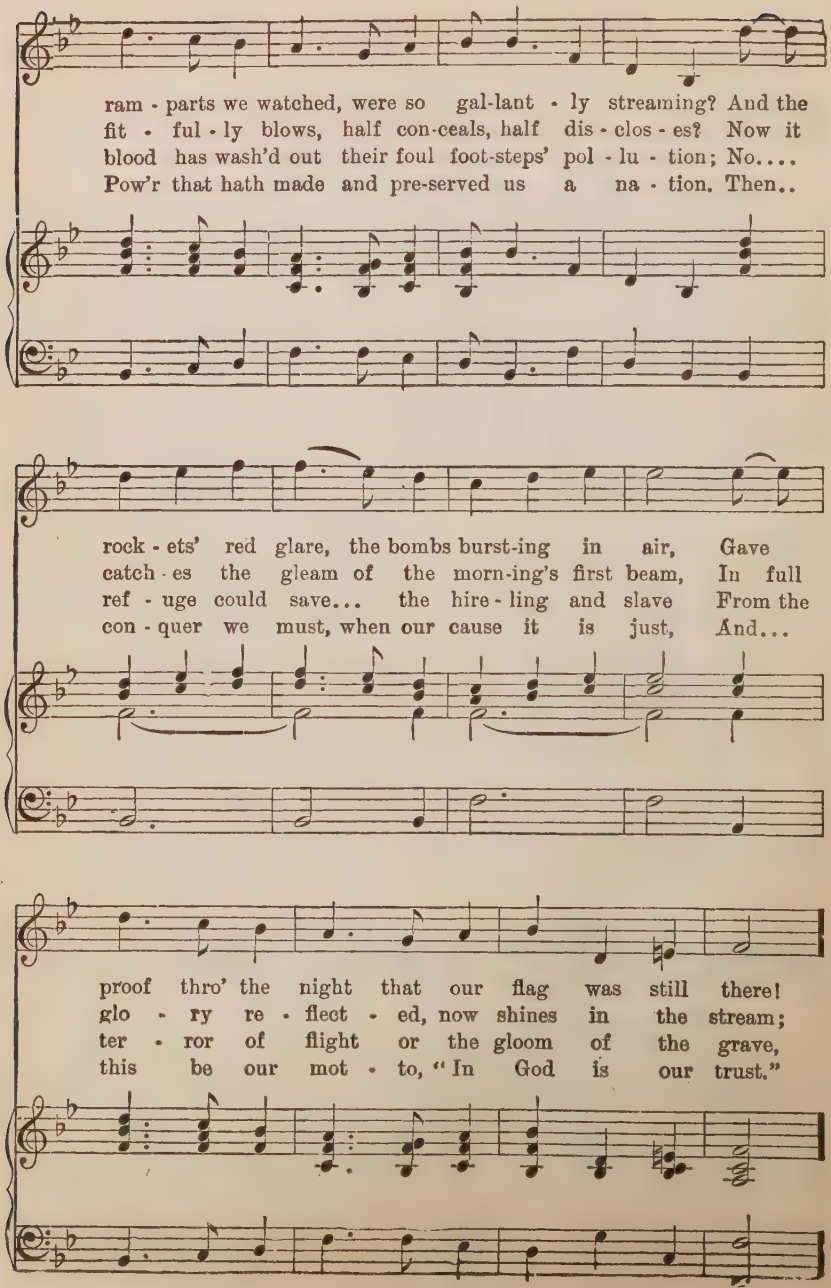
PATRIOTIC AND NATIONAL SONGS

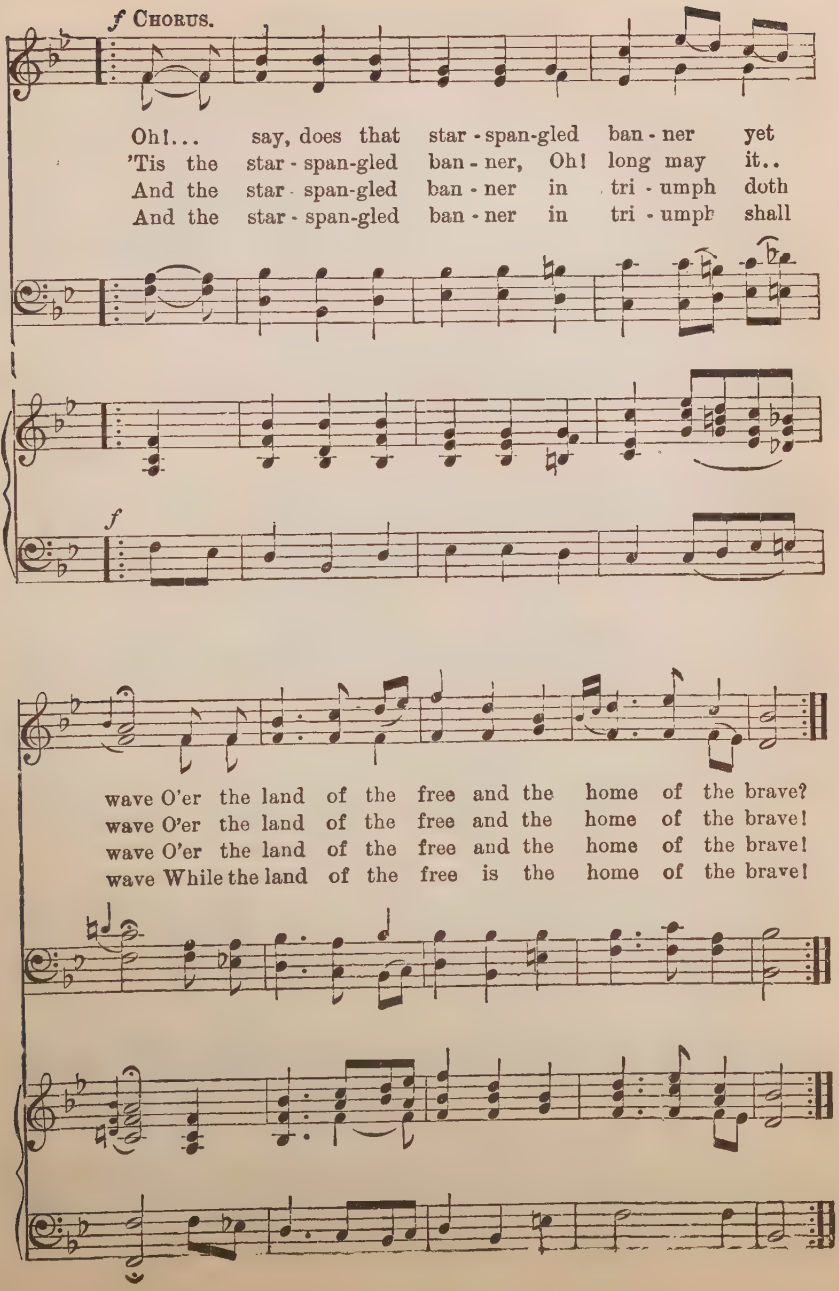
MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH — UNKNOWN


1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of Lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try! thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring a - mong the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty!
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died; Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's
pilgrim's pride; From ev - 'ry mountain-side Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light, Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

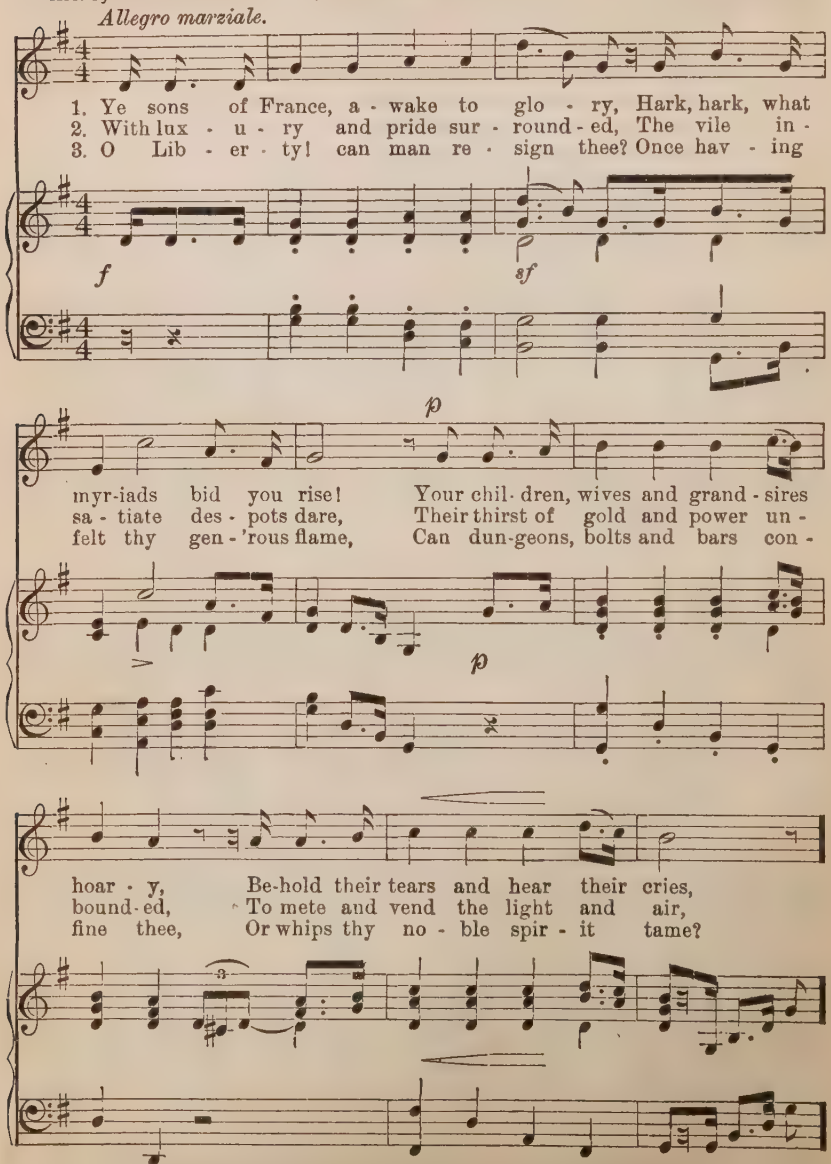
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY SAMUEL ARNOLD

1. Oh!... say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the
3. And where is that band who so.... vaunt-ing - ly swore, 'Mid the
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be -
proud - ly we hail'd at the twi-light's last gleaming, Whose
foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A.....
tween their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with
stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
home and a coun - try they'd leave us no more? Their
vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land Praise the

ram - parts we watched, were so gal-lant - ly streaming? And the
fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it
blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol - lu - tion; No....
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion. Then..
rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave
catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
ref - uge could save... the hire - ling and slave From the
con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And...
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!
glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream;
ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust."


f Chorus.
Oh!... say, does that star - span-gled ban - ner yet
'Tis the star - span-gled ban - ner, Oh! long may it..
And the star - span-gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth
And the star - span-gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall
f
wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
wave While the land of the free is the home of the brave!

THE MARSEILLAISE

Arr. by FRANCOIS GUERIN (LA MARSEILLAISE) ROUGET DE LISLE

Allegro marziale.

1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry, Hark, hark, what
2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile in -
3. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee? Once hav - ing
f
sf
p
myr-iads bid you rise! Your chil- dren, wives and grand - sires
sa - tiate des - pots dare, Their thirst of gold and power un -
felt thy gen - 'rous flame, Can dun-geons, bolts and bars con -
p
hoar - y, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries,
bound - ed, To mete and vend the light and air,
fine thee, Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame?

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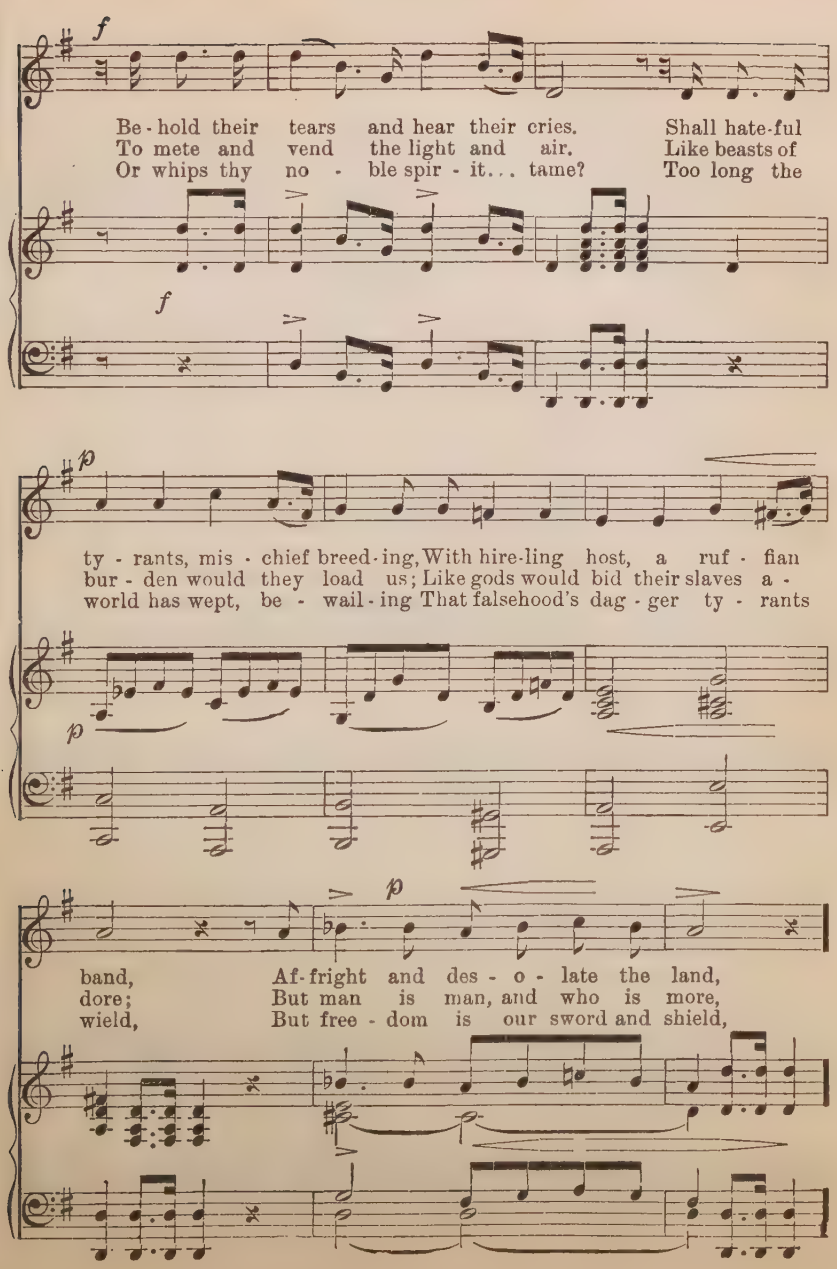
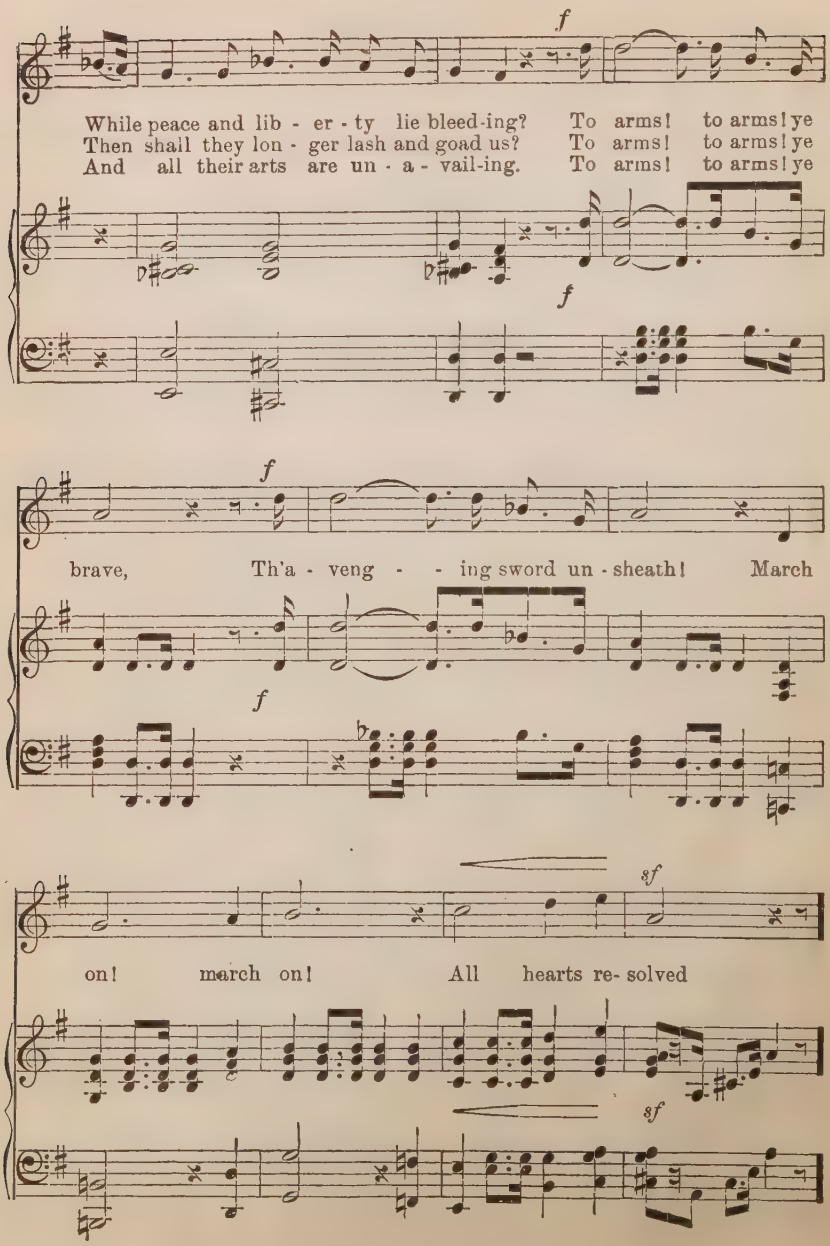
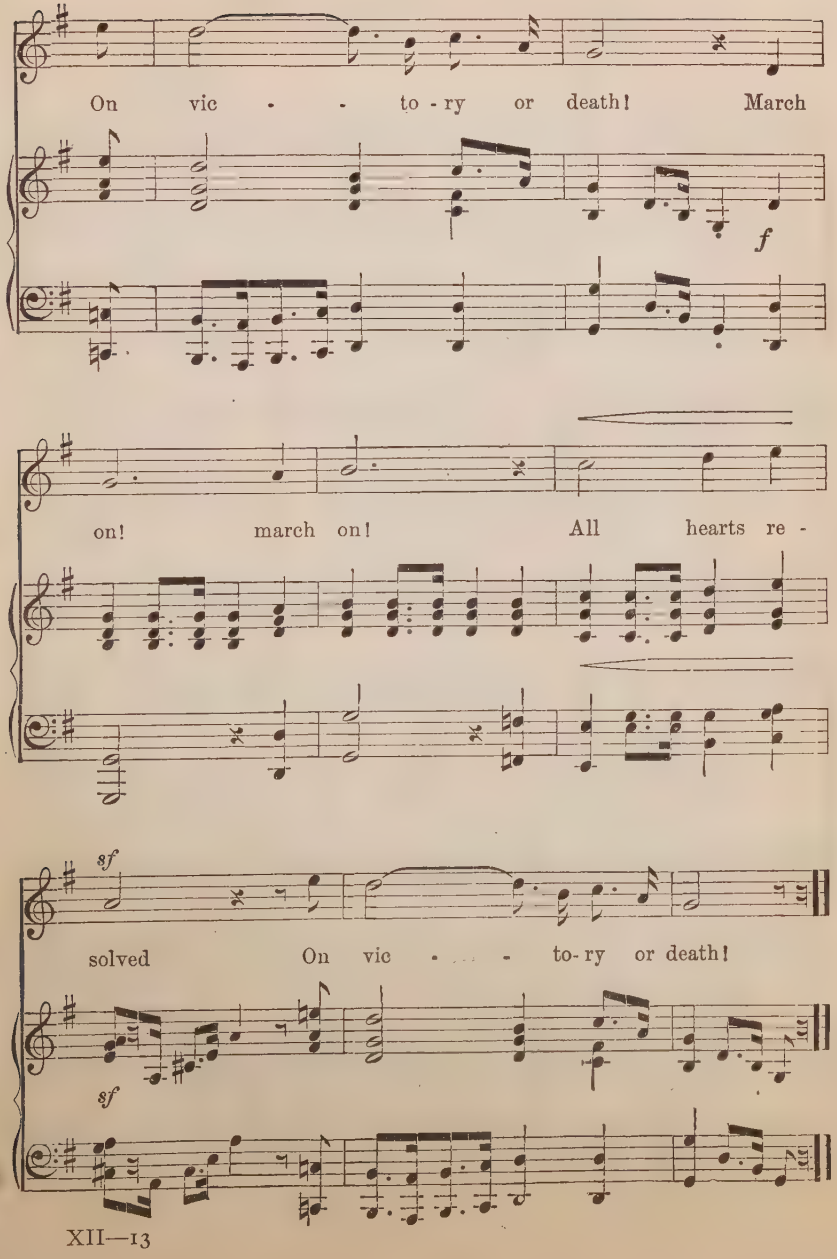
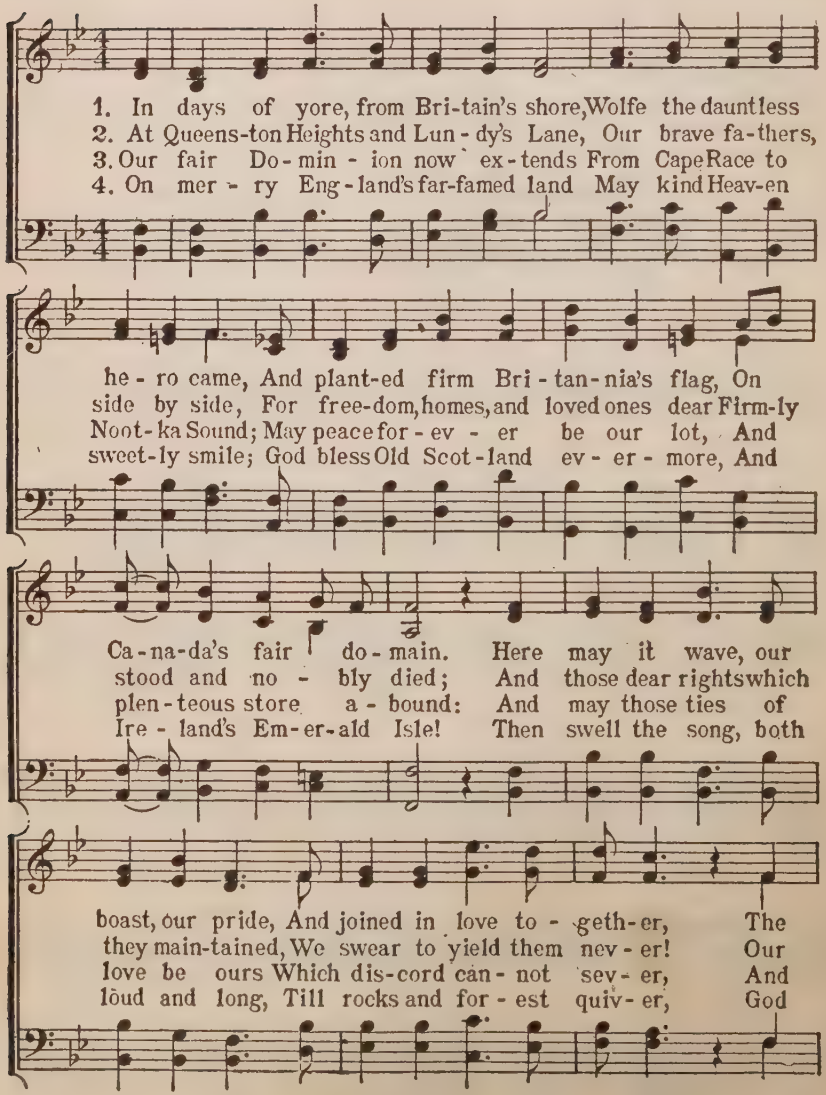
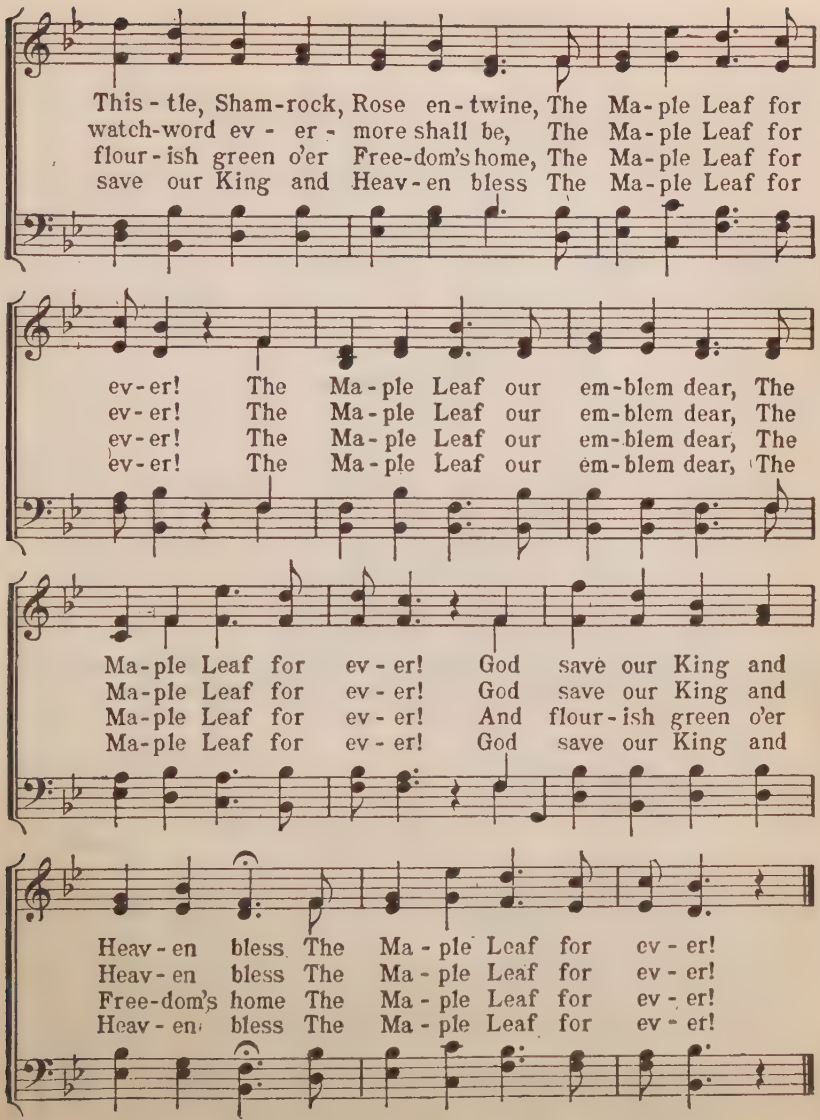

f
Be - hold their tears and hear their cries. Shall hate-ful
To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of
Or whips thy no - ble spir - it... tame? Too long the
f
p
ty - rants, mis - chief breed - ing, With hire-ling host, a ruf - fian
bur - den would they load us; Like gods would bid their slaves a -
world has wept, be - wail - ing That falsehood's dag - ger ty - rants
p
p
band, Af-fright and des - o - late the land,
dore; But man is man, and who is more,
wield, But free - dom is our sword and shield,


f
While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed-ing? To arms! to arms! ye
Then shall they lon - ger lash and goad us? To arms! to arms! ye
And all their arts are un - a - vail-ing. To arms! to arms! ye
f
f
brave, Th'a - veng - - ing sword un - sheath! March
f
8f
on! march on! All hearts re- solved
8f


On vic - - to - ry or death! March
f
on! march on! All hearts re -
sf
solved On vic - - to - ry or death!
sf

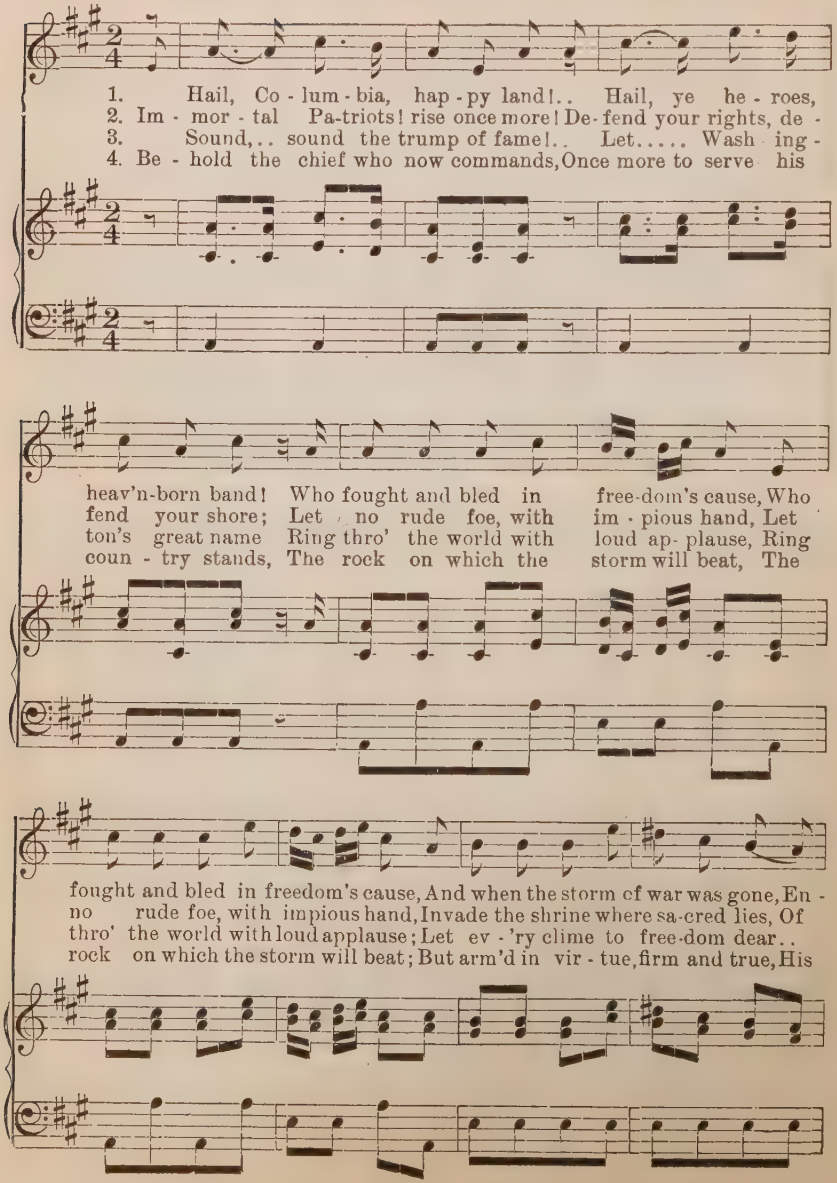
THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

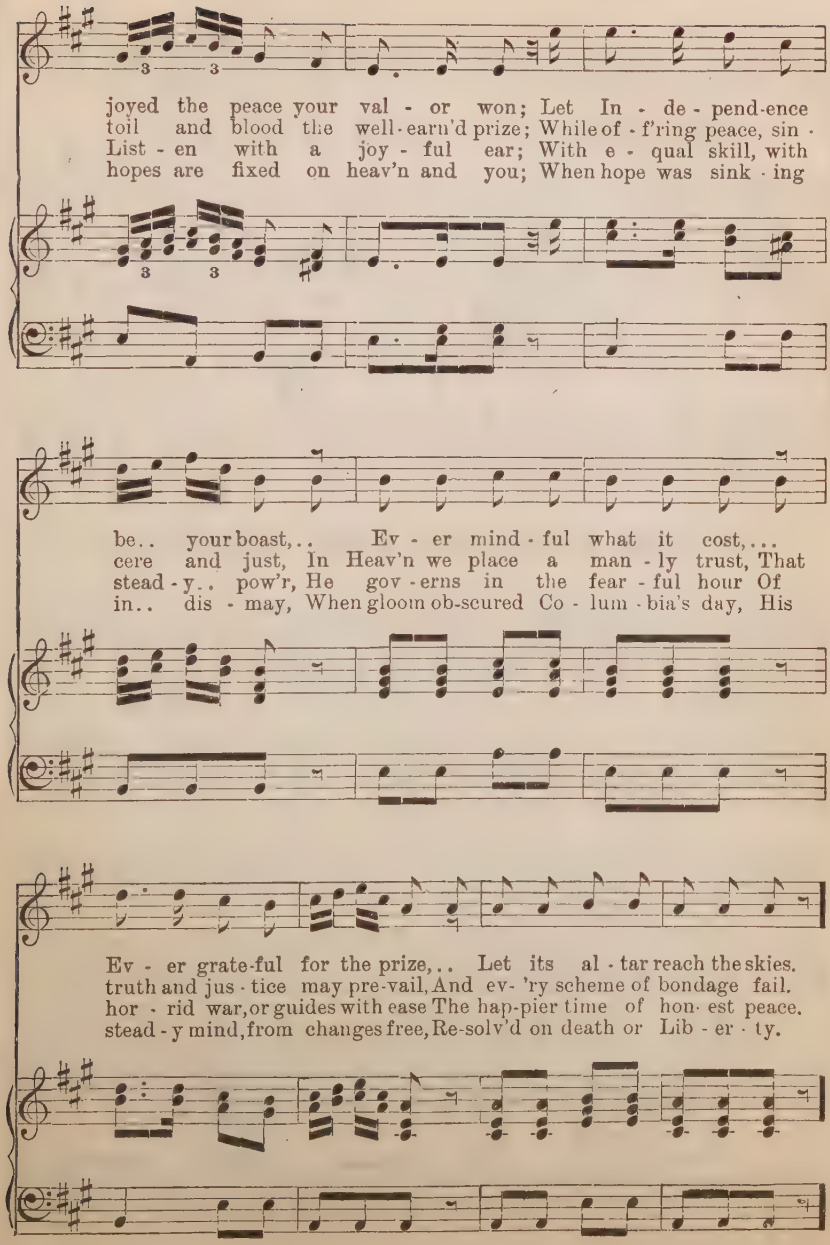
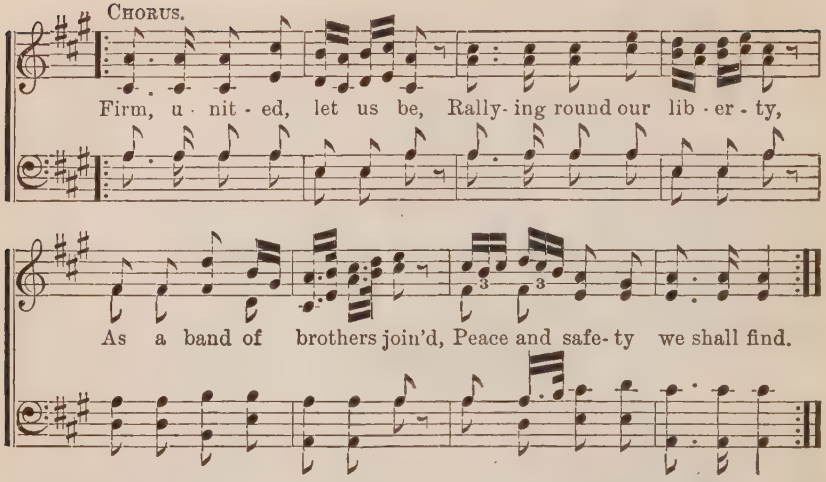
ALEX. MUIR
Arr. by G. A. Brower


1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless
he - ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri - tan - nia's flag, On
Ca - na - da's fair do - main. Here may it wave, our
boast, our pride, And joined in love to - geth - er, The
2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lun - dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers,
side by side, For free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear Firm-ly
stood and no - bly died; And those dear rights which
they main-tained, We swear to yield them nev - er! Our
3. Our fair Do - min - ion now ex - tends From Cape Race to
Noot - ka Sound; May peace for - ev - er be our lot, And
plen - teous store a - bound: And may those ties of
love be ours Which dis-cord can - not sev - er, And
4. On mer - ry Eng - land's far-famed land May kind Heav-en
sweet-ly smile; God bless Old Scot - land ev - er - more, And
Ire - land's Em - er - ald Isle! Then swell the song, both
loud and long, Till rocks and for - est quiv - er, God

This - tle, Sham-rock, Rose en - twine, The Ma - ple Leaf for
watch-word ev - er - more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for
flour - ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma - ple Leaf for
save our King and Heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for
ev - er! The Ma - ple Leaf our em - blem dear, The
ev - er! The Ma - ple Leaf our em - blem dear, The
ev - er! The Ma - ple Leaf our em - blem dear, The
ev - er! The Ma - ple Leaf our em - blem dear, The
Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! God save our King and
Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! God save our King and
Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! And flour - ish green o'er
Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! God save our King and
Heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
Heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
Free - dom's home The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
Heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!

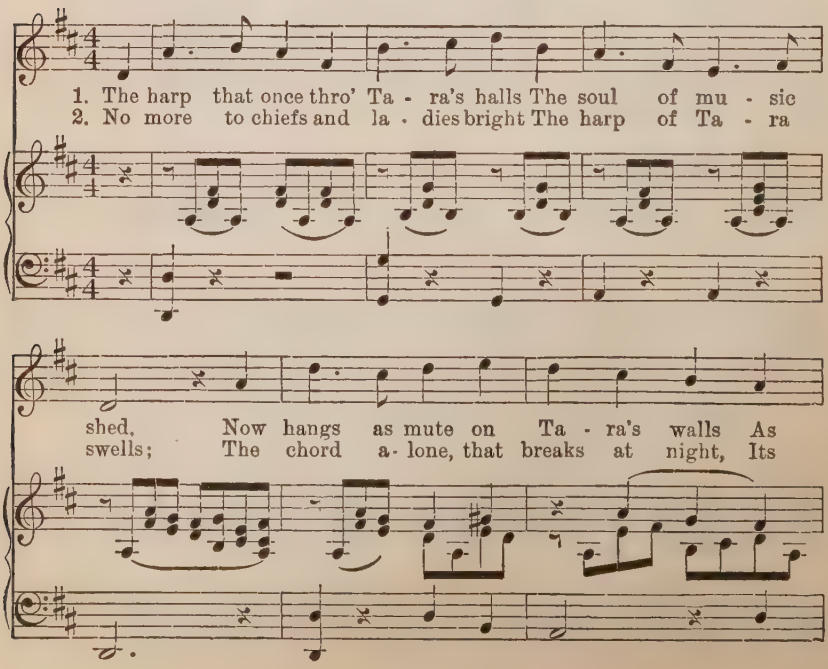
HAIL, COLUMBIA

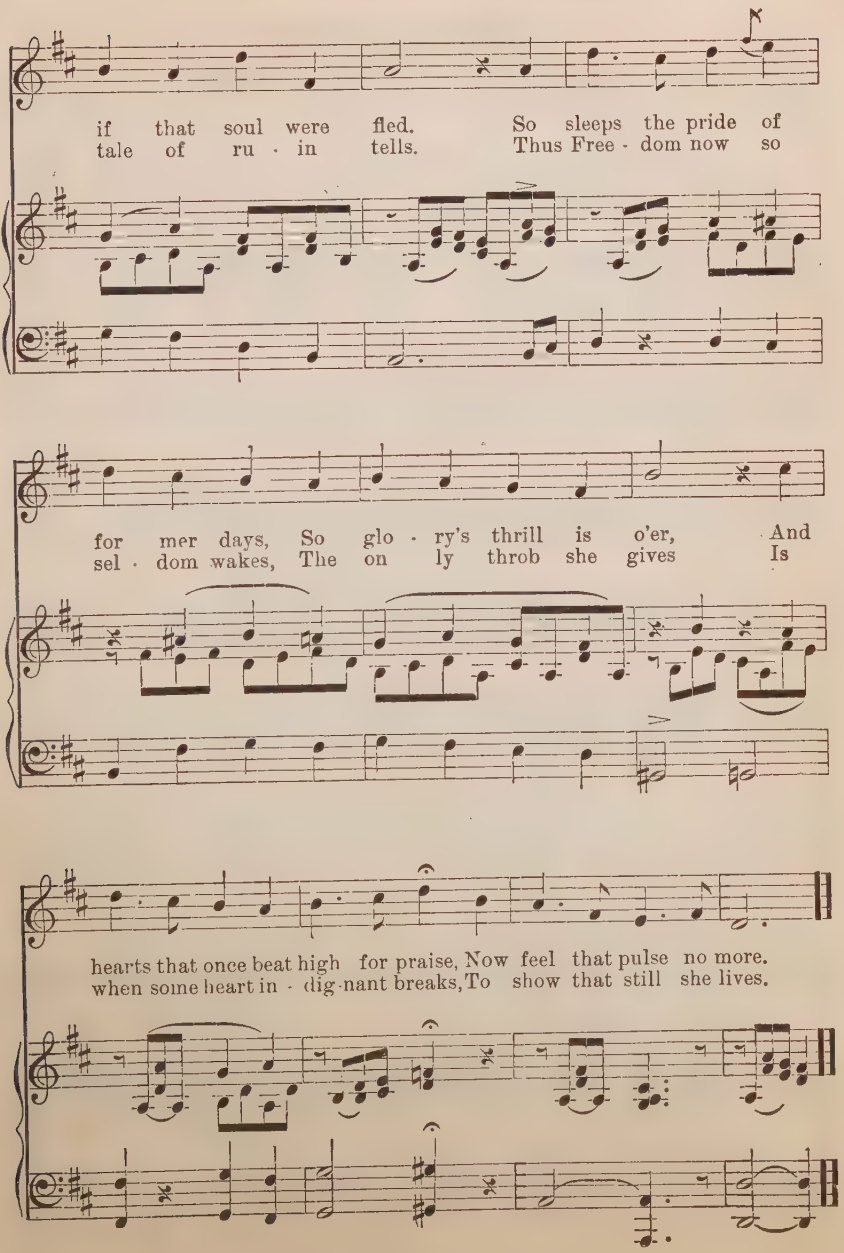
JOSEPH HOPKINSON — PRESIDENT'S MARCH


1. Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land!.. Hail, ye he - roes,
2. Im - mor - tal Pa-triots! rise once more! De-fend your rights, de -
3. Sound,.. sound the trump of fame!.. Let..... Wash ing -
4. Be - hold the chief who now commands, Once more to serve his
heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause, Who
fend your shore; Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let
ton's great name Ring thro' the world with loud ap- plause, Ring
coun - try stands, The rock on which the storm will beat, The
fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En -
no rude foe, with impious hand, Invade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of
thro' the world with loud applause; Let ev - 'ry clime to free-dom dear..
rock on which the storm will beat; But arm'd in vir - tue, firm and true, His

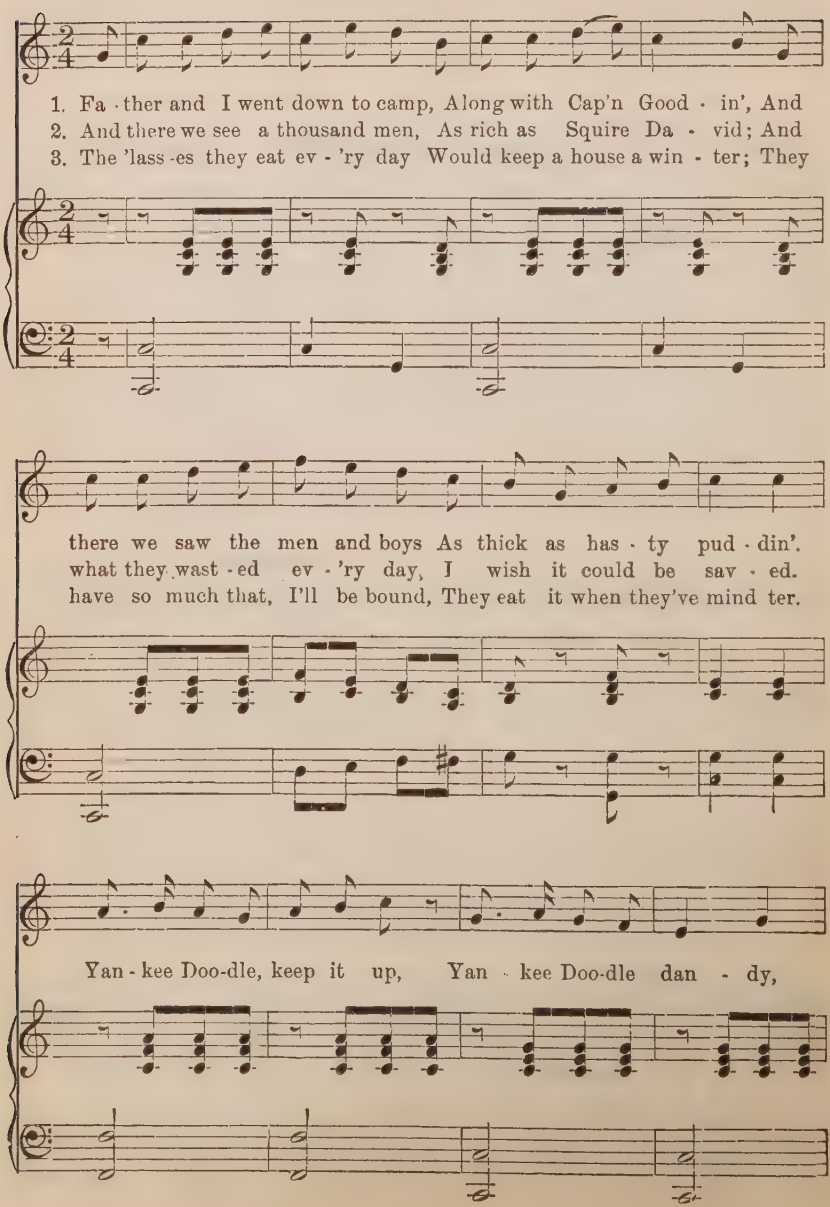
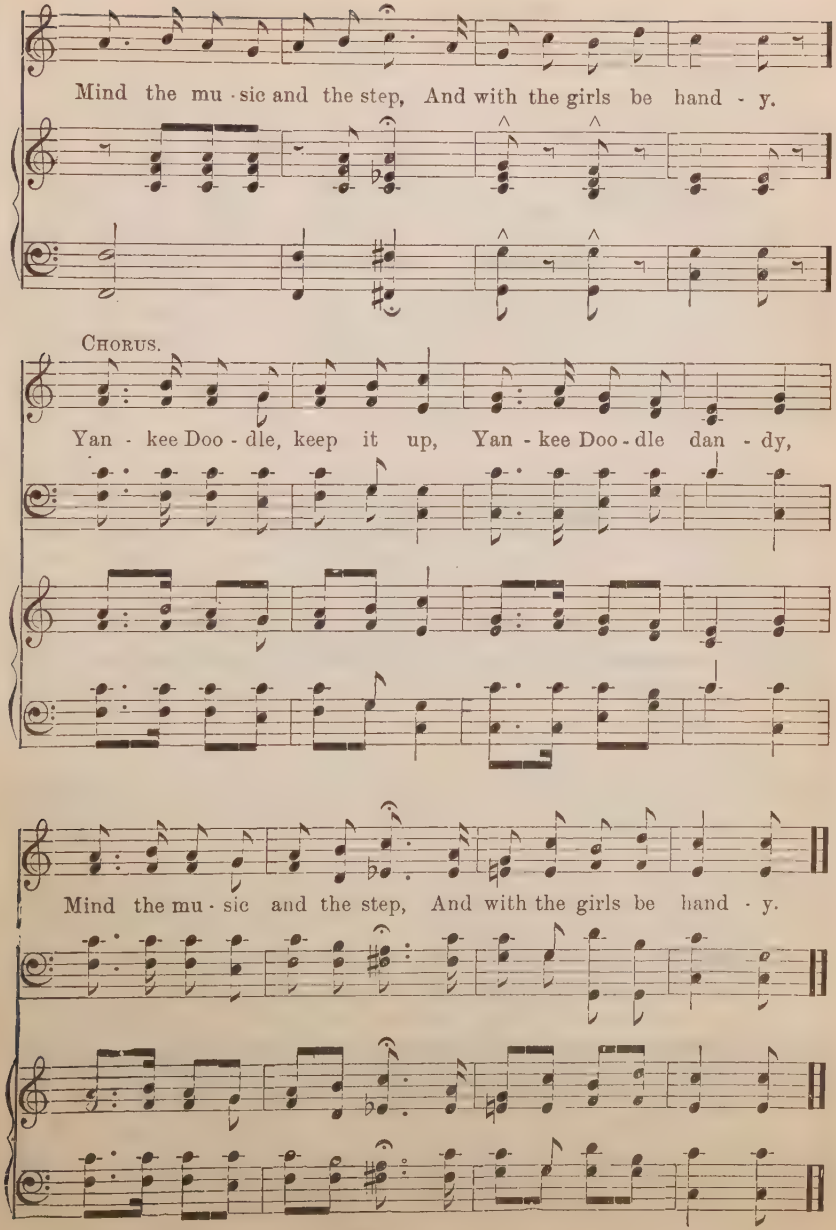

joyed the peace your val - or won; Let In - de - pend-ence
toil and blood the well-earn'd prize; While of - f'ring peace, sin -
List - en with a joy - ful ear; With e - qual skill, with
hopes are fixed on heav'n and you; When hope was sink - ing
be.. your boast,.. Ev - er mind - ful what it cost,...
cere and just, In Heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
stead - y.. pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
in.. dis - may, When gloom ob-scured Co - lum - bia's day, His
Ev - er grate-ful for the prize,.. Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice may pre-vail, And ev- 'ry scheme of bondage fail.
hor - rid war, or guides with ease The hap-pier time of hon- est peace.
stead - y mind, from changes free, Re-solv'd on death or Lib - er - ty.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS

Thomas Moore — Old Irish Air


1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra
shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As
swells; The chord a - lone, that breaks at night, Its

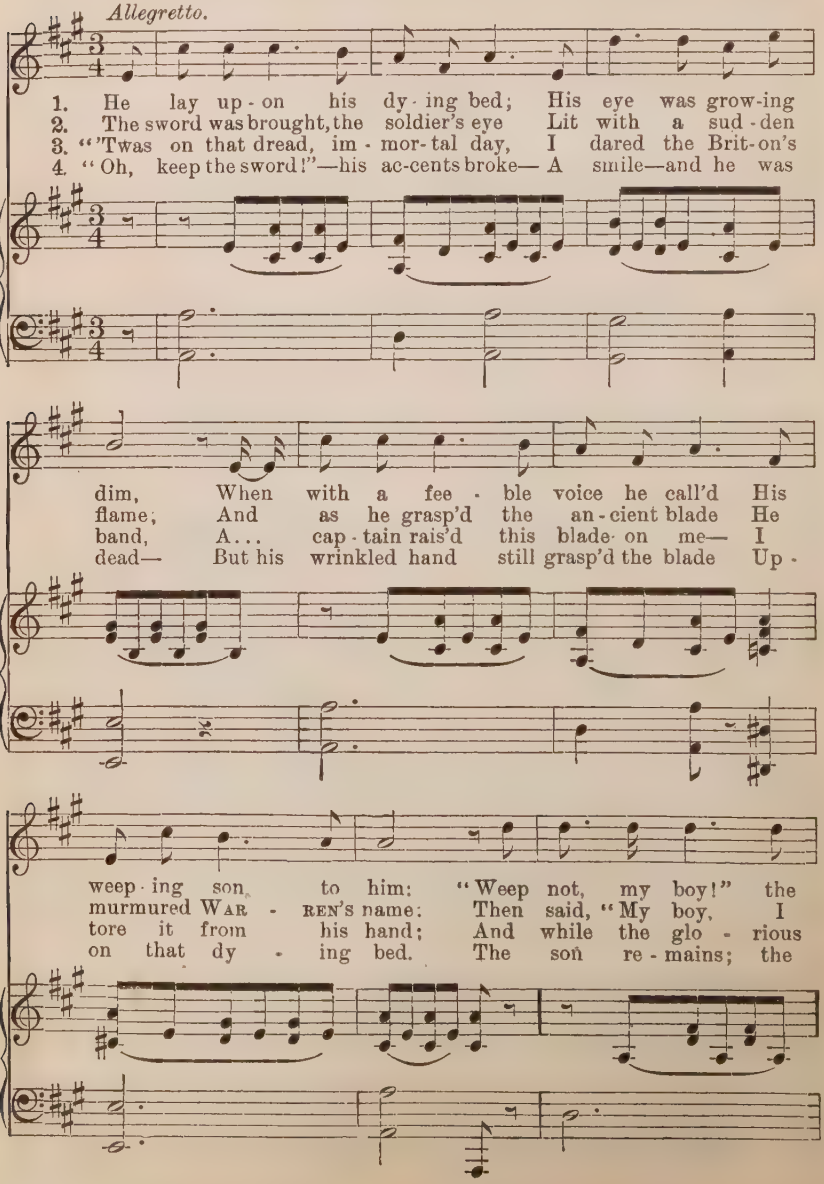

if that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of
tale of ru - in tells. Thus Free - dom now so
for mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And
sel - dom wakes, The on ly throb she gives Is
hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
when some heart in - dig-nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

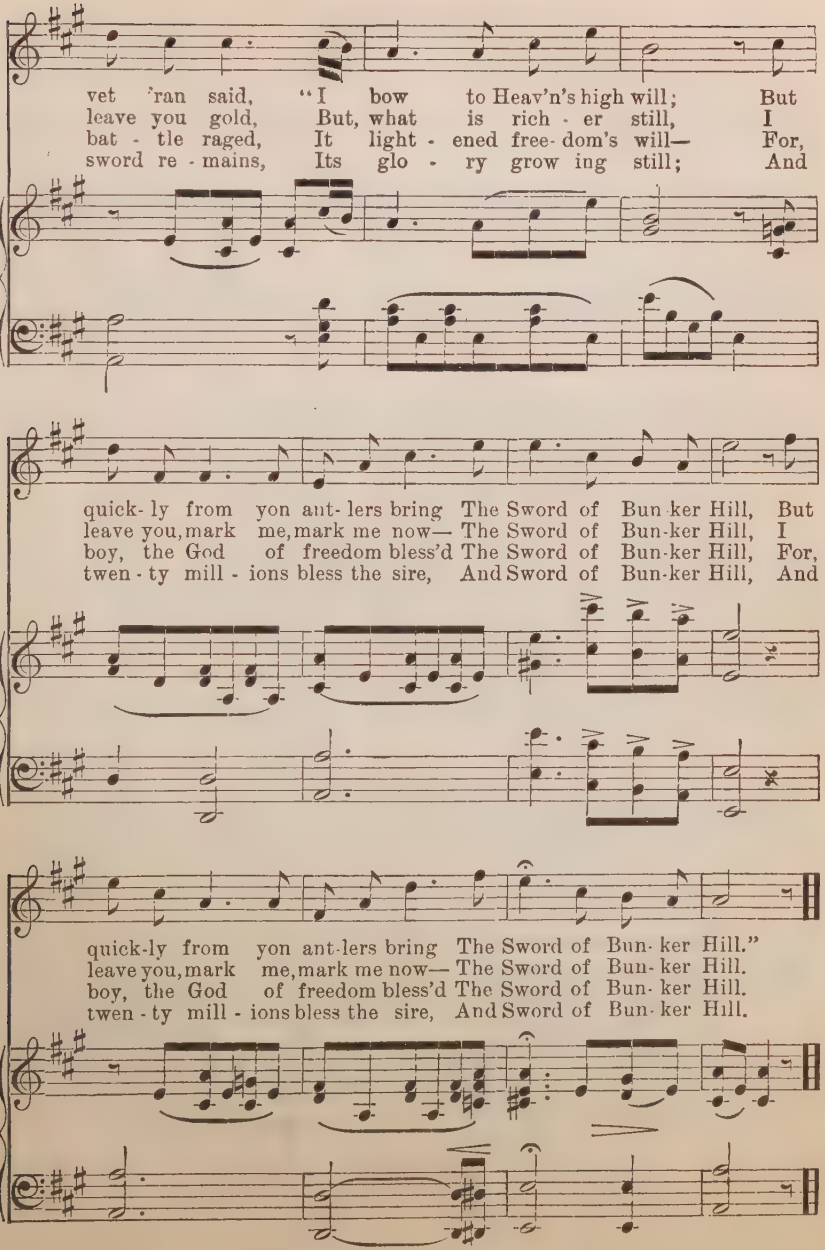
YANKEE DOODLE


1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, Along with Cap'n Good - in', And
2. And there we see a thousand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And
3. The 'lass - es they eat ev - 'ry day Would keep a house a win - ter; They
there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
have so much that, I'll be bound, They eat it when they've mind ter.
Yan - kee Doo-dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo-dle dan - dy,

Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.
CHORUS.
Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,
Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE — BERNARD COVERT

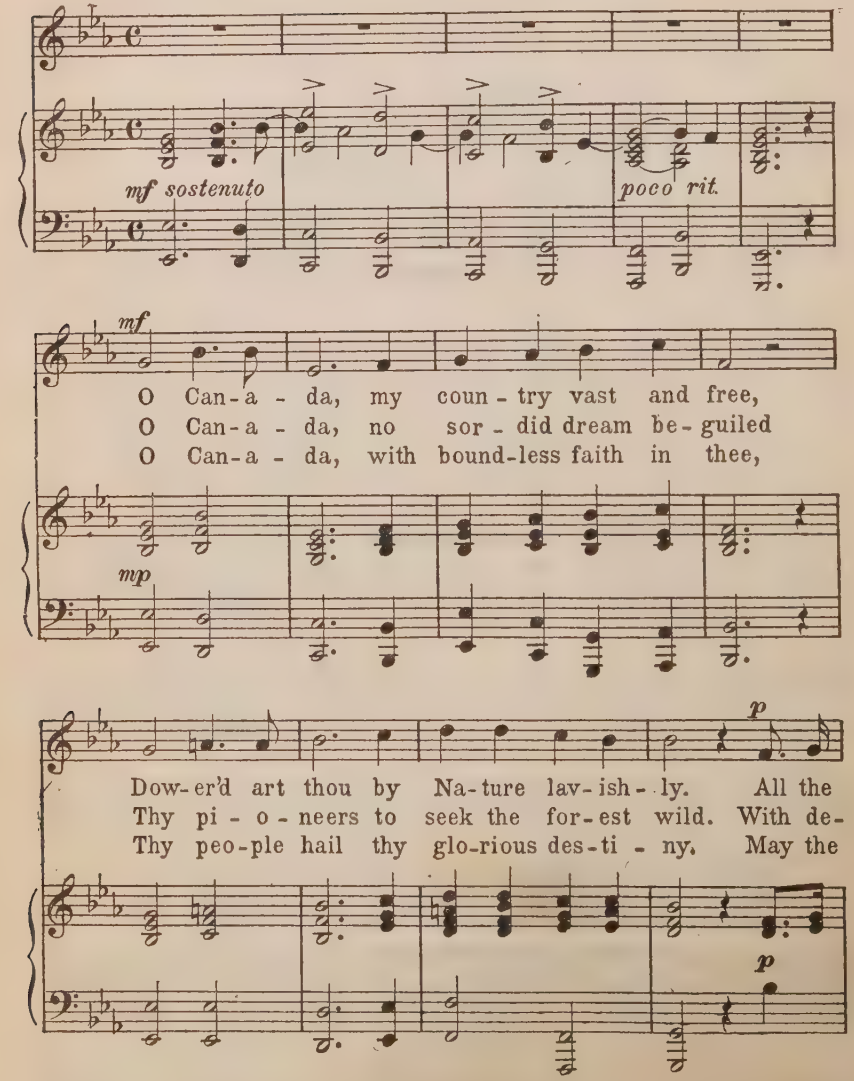
Allegretto.

1. He lay up - on his dy - ing bed; His eye was grow-ing
2. The sword was brought, the soldier's eye Lit with a sud - den
3. "'Twas on that dread, im - mor-tal day, I dared the Brit-on's
4. "Oh, keep the sword!"—his ac-cents broke— A smile—and he was
dim, When with a fee - ble voice he call'd His
flame; And as he grasp'd the an - cient blade He
band, A... cap - tain rais'd this blade on me— I
dead— But his wrinkled hand still grasp'd the blade Up -
weep - ing son to him: "Weep not, my boy!" the
mur-mured WAR - REN'S name: Then said, "My boy, I
tore it from his hand; And while the glo - rious
on that dy - ing bed. The son re - mains; the

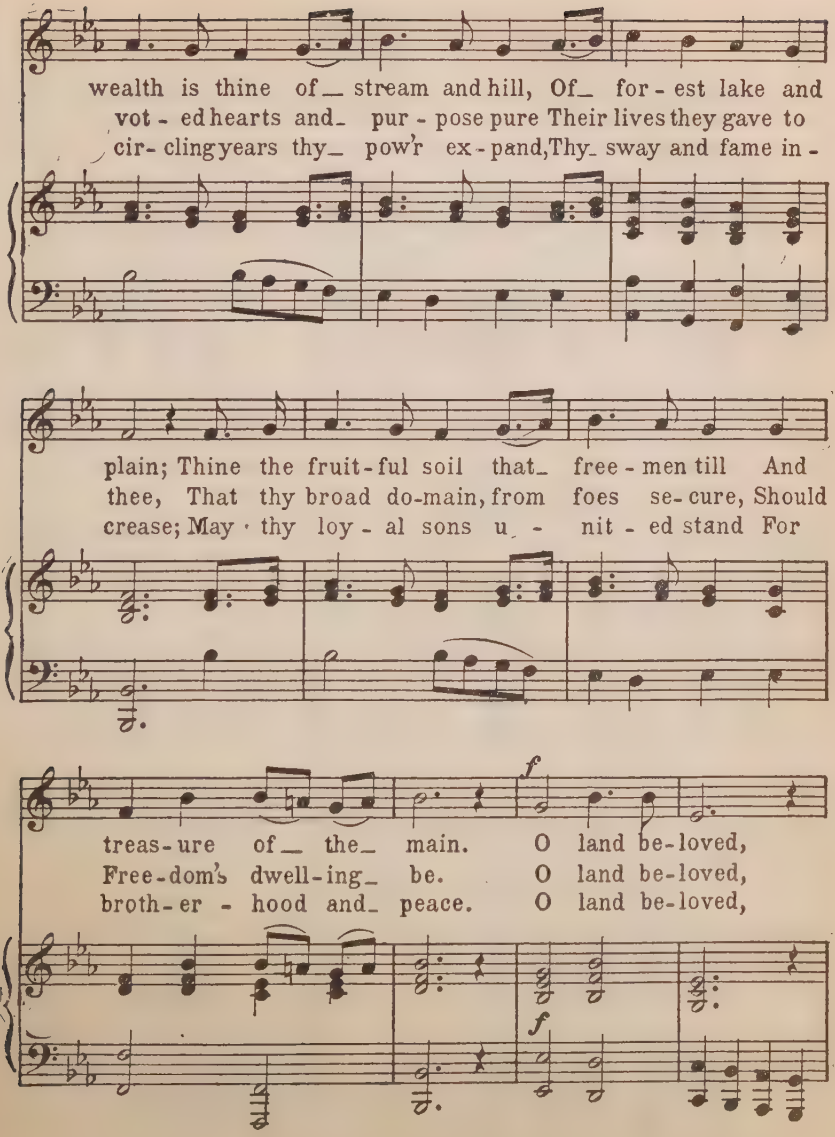
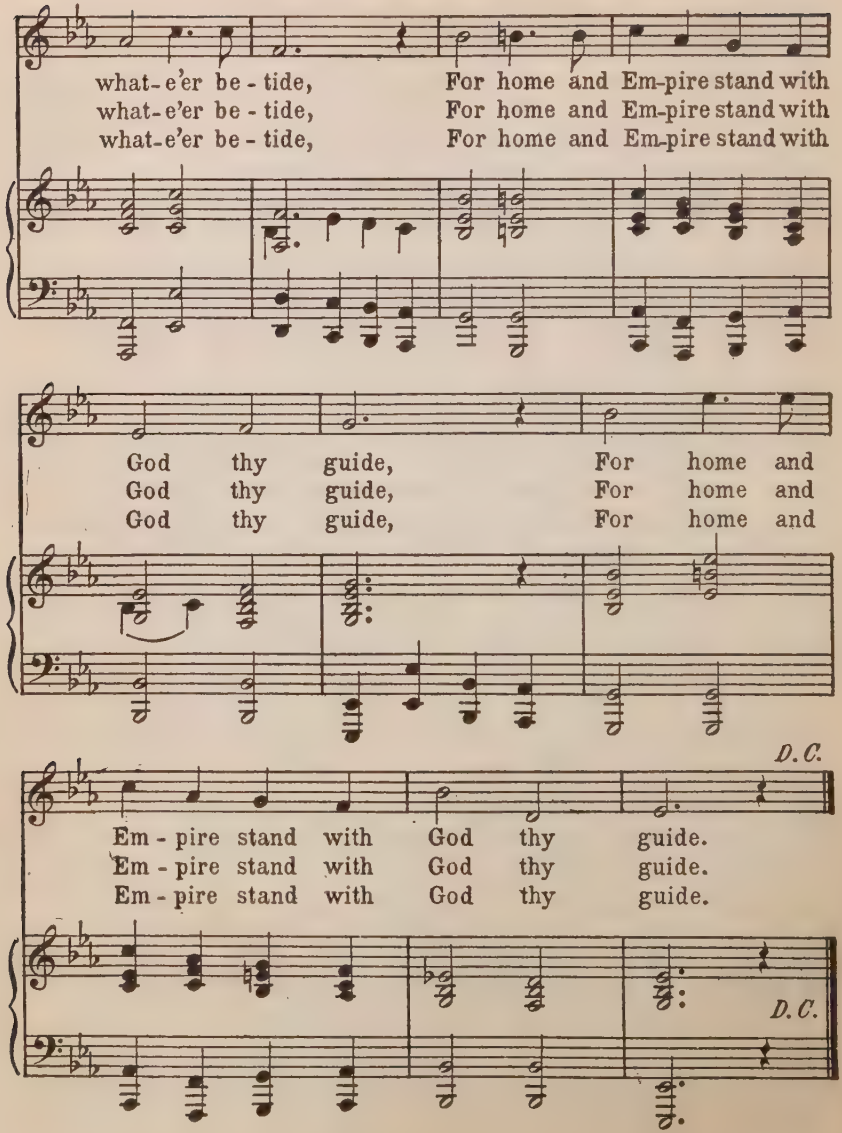

vet 'ran said, "I bow to Heav'n's high will; But
leave you gold, But, what is rich - er still, I
bat - tle raged, It light - ened free - dom's will— For,
sword re - mains, Its glo - ry grow ing still; And
quick-ly from yon ant-lers bring The Sword of Bun-ker Hill, But
leave you, mark me, mark me now— The Sword of Bun-ker Hill, I
boy, the God of freedom bless'd The Sword of Bun-ker Hill, For,
twen - ty mill - ions bless the sire, And Sword of Bun-ker Hill, And
quick-ly from yon ant-lers bring The Sword of Bun-ker Hill."
leave you, mark me, mark me now— The Sword of Bun-ker Hill.
boy, the God of freedom bless'd The Sword of Bun-ker Hill.
twen - ty mill - ions bless the sire, And Sword of Bun-ker Hill.

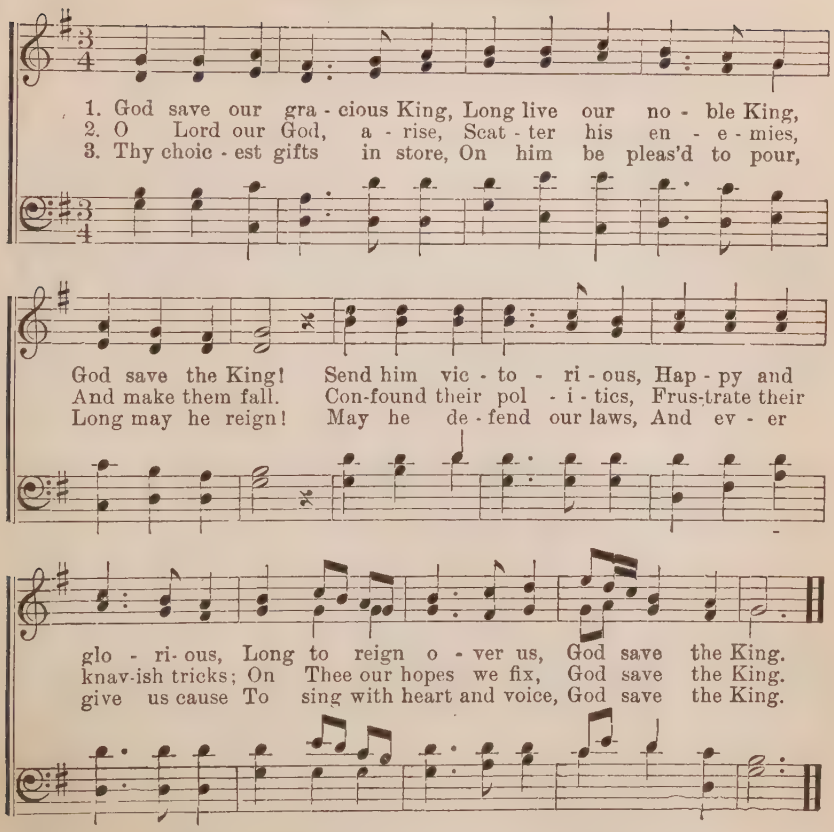
O CANADA

GEORGE C. HOLLAND — LAVALLÉE-TREMBLAY

Maestoso e risoluto


mf sostenuto
poco rit.
mf
O Can-a - da, my coun - try vast and free,
O Can-a - da, no sor - did dream be - guiled
O Can-a - da, with bound-less faith in thee,
mp
p
Dow-er'd art thou by Na-ture lav-ish - ly. All the
Thy pi - o - neers to seek the for-est wild. With de-
Thy peo-ple hail thy glo-rious des-ti - ny. May the
p


wealth is thine of_ stream and hill, Of_ for - est lake and
vot - ed hearts and_ pur - pose pure Their lives they gave to
cir - cling years thy_ pow'r ex - pand, Thy_ sway and fame in -
plain; Thine the fruit - ful soil that_ free - men till And
thee, That thy broad do-main, from foes se - cure, Should
crease; May · thy loy - al sons u_ - nit - ed stand For
f
treas - ure of_ the_ main. O land be - loved,
Free - dom's dwell - ing_ be. O land be - loved,
broth - er - hood and_ peace. O land be - loved,
f

what-e'er be-tide, For home and Em-pire stand with
what-e'er be-tide, For home and Em-pire stand with
what-e'er be-tide, For home and Em-pire stand with
God thy guide, For home and
God thy guide, For home and
God thy guide, For home and
D.C.
Em-pire stand with God thy guide.
Em-pire stand with God thy guide.
Em-pire stand with God thy guide.
D.C.

GOD SAVE THE KING

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,
2. O Lord our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his en - e - mies,
3. Thy choic - est gifts in store, On him be pleas'd to pour,
God save the King! Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and
And make them fall. Con-found their pol - i - tics, Frus-trate their
Long may he reign! May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er
glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King.
knav-ish tricks; On Thee our hopes we fix, God save the King.
give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the King.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND

Air: "God Save the King"

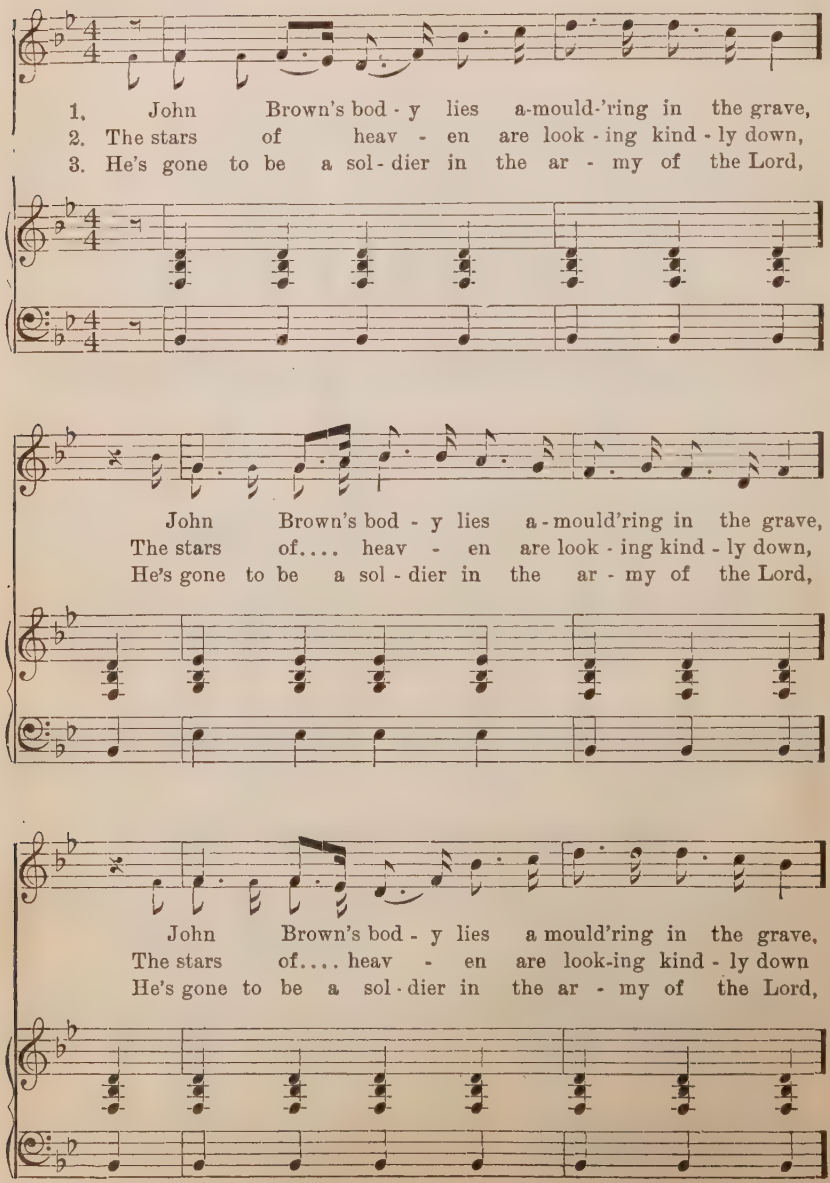
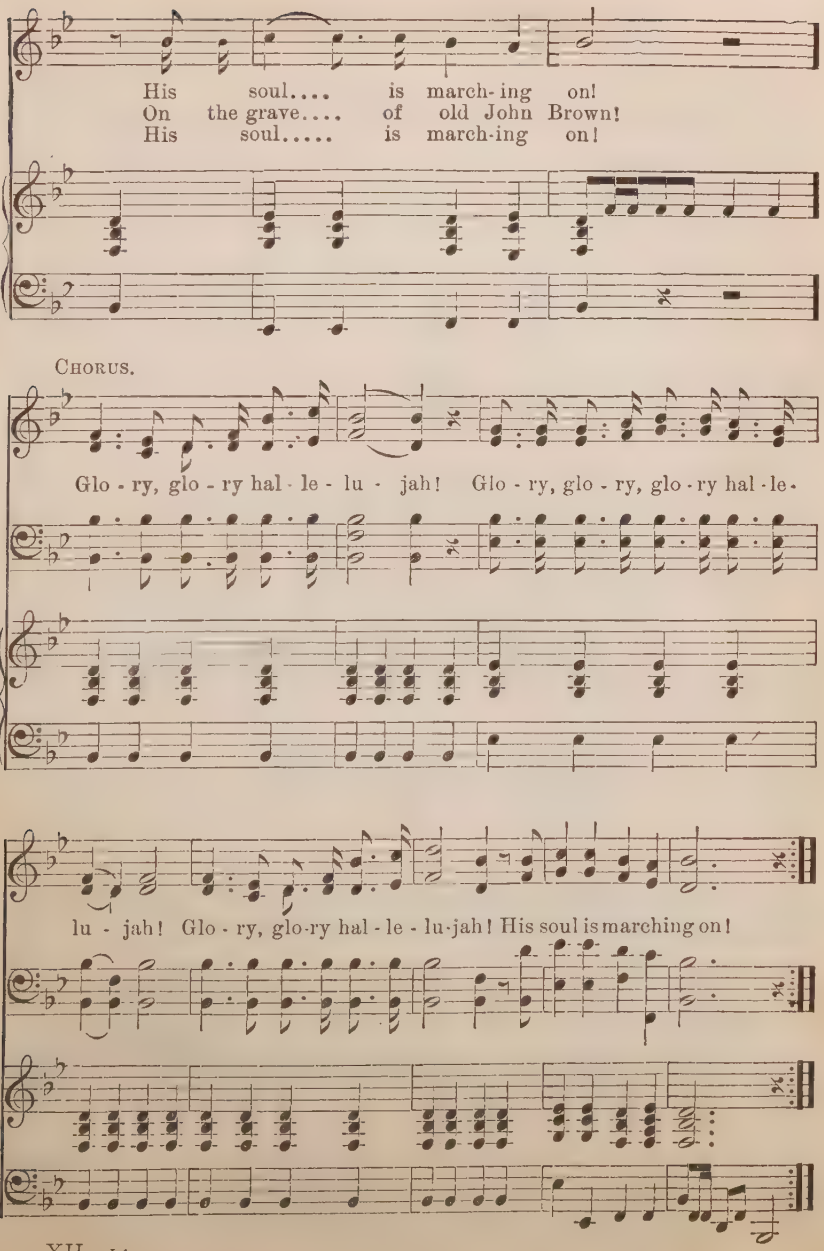
God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Thro' storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

For her our pray'r shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

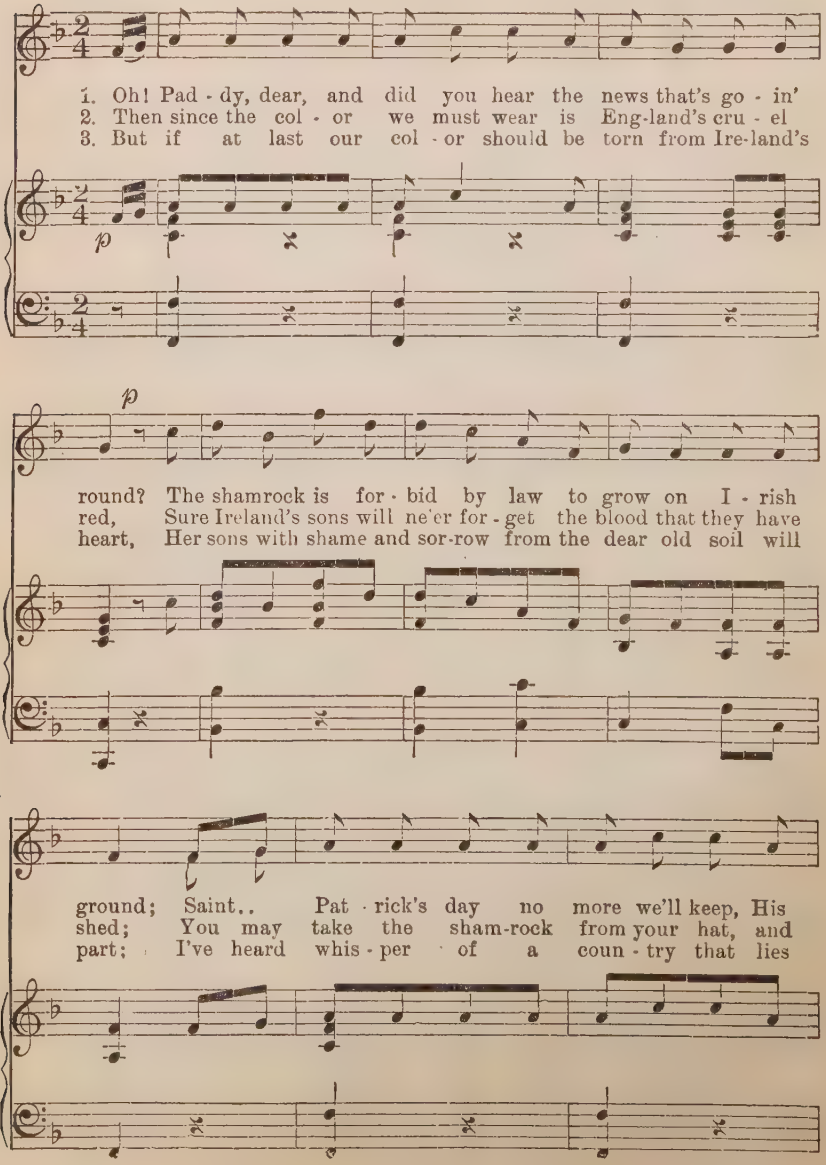
Dear Native Land, rejoice!
Raise thou thy mighty voice
To God on high;
From all thy hills and bays,
From all thy homes and ways,
Let symphonies and praise
Ascend the sky.

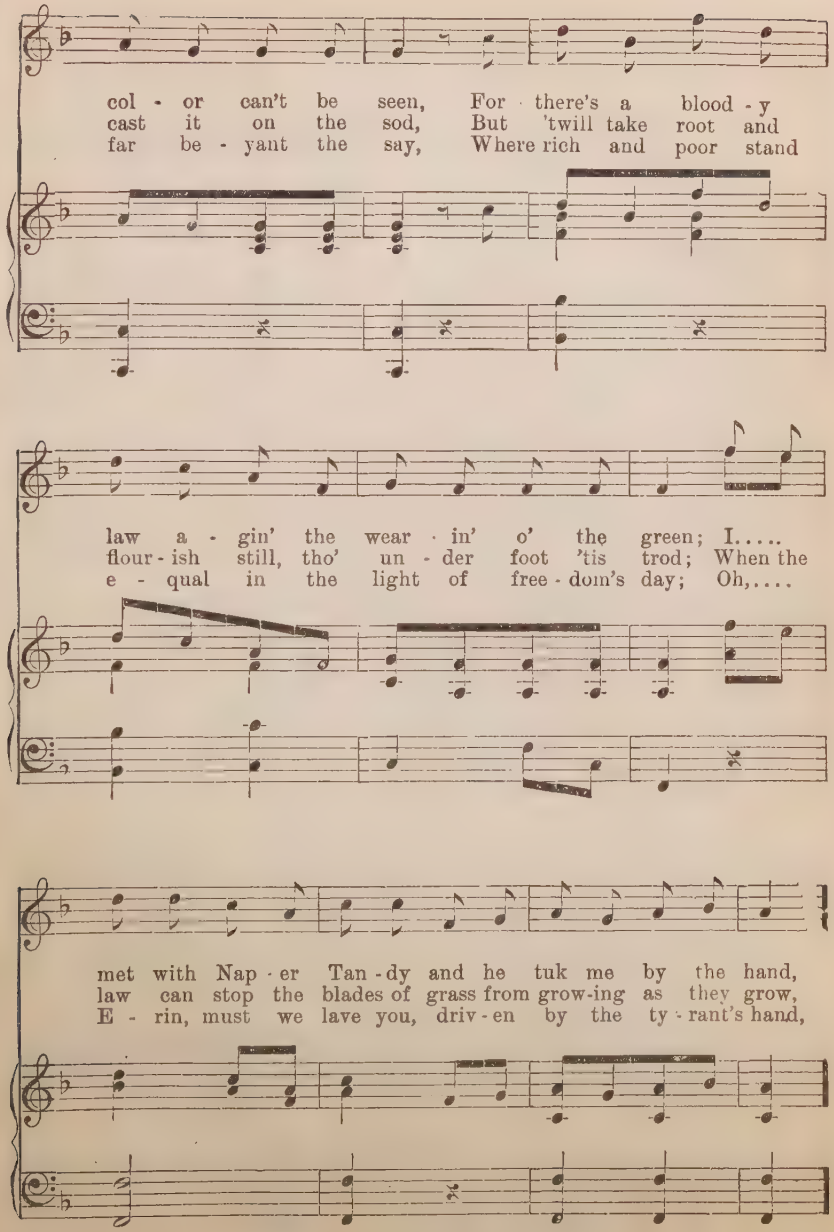
JOHN BROWN'S BODY

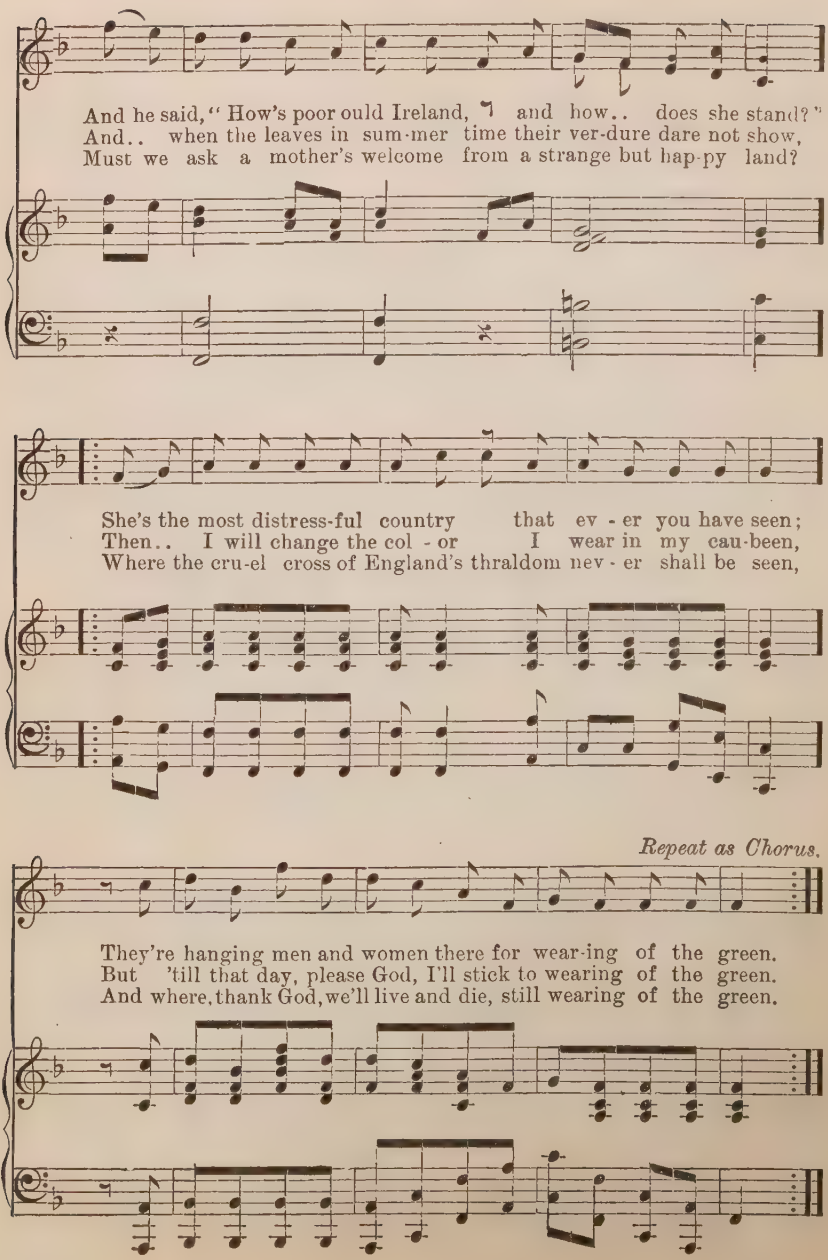
CHARLES S. HALL — UNKNOWN


1. John Brown's bod - y lies a-mould-'ring in the grave,
2. The stars of heav - en are look - ing kind - ly down,
3. He's gone to be a sol - dier in the ar - my of the Lord,
John Brown's bod - y lies a - mould'ring in the grave,
The stars of.... heav - en are look - ing kind - ly down,
He's gone to be a sol - dier in the ar - my of the Lord,
John Brown's bod - y lies a mould'ring in the grave,
The stars of.... heav - en are look-ing kind - ly down
He's gone to be a sol - dier in the ar - my of the Lord,

His soul.... is march-ing on!
On the grave.... of old John Brown!
His soul..... is march-ing on!
CHORUS.
Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le -
lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo-ry hal - le - lu-jah! His soul is marching on!

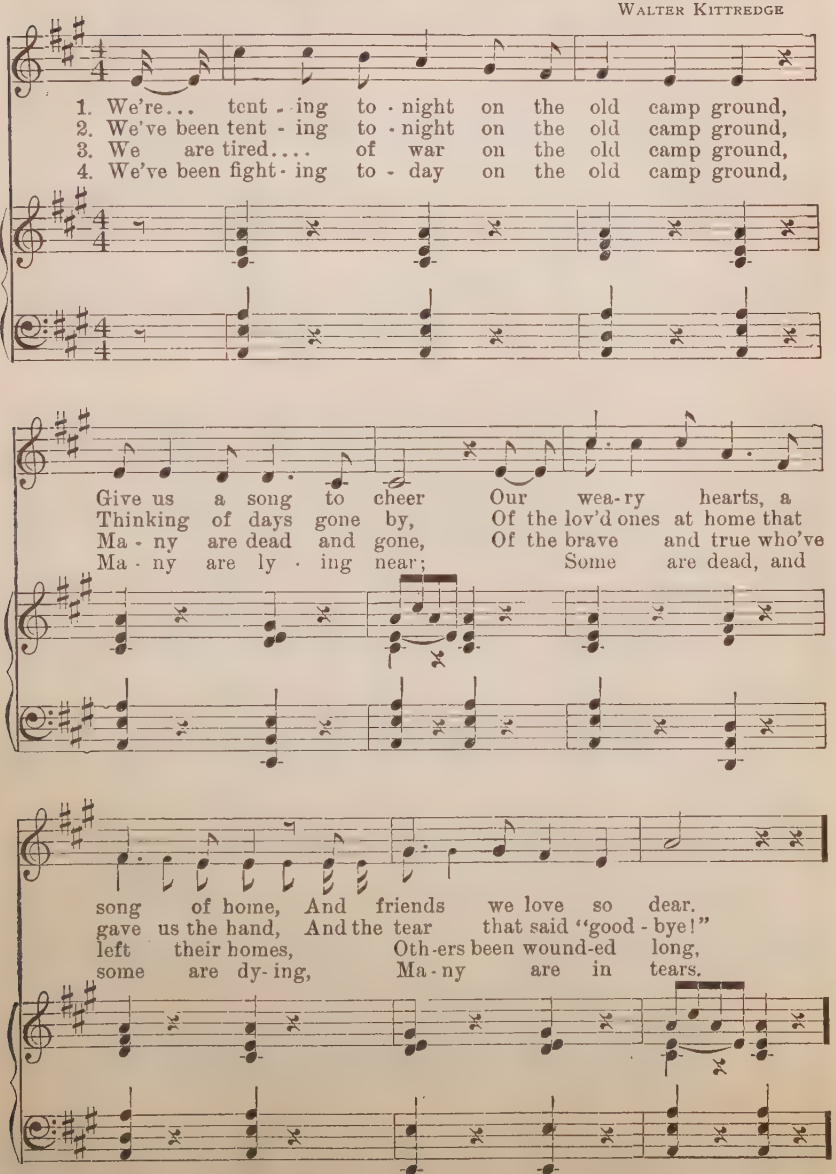
THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

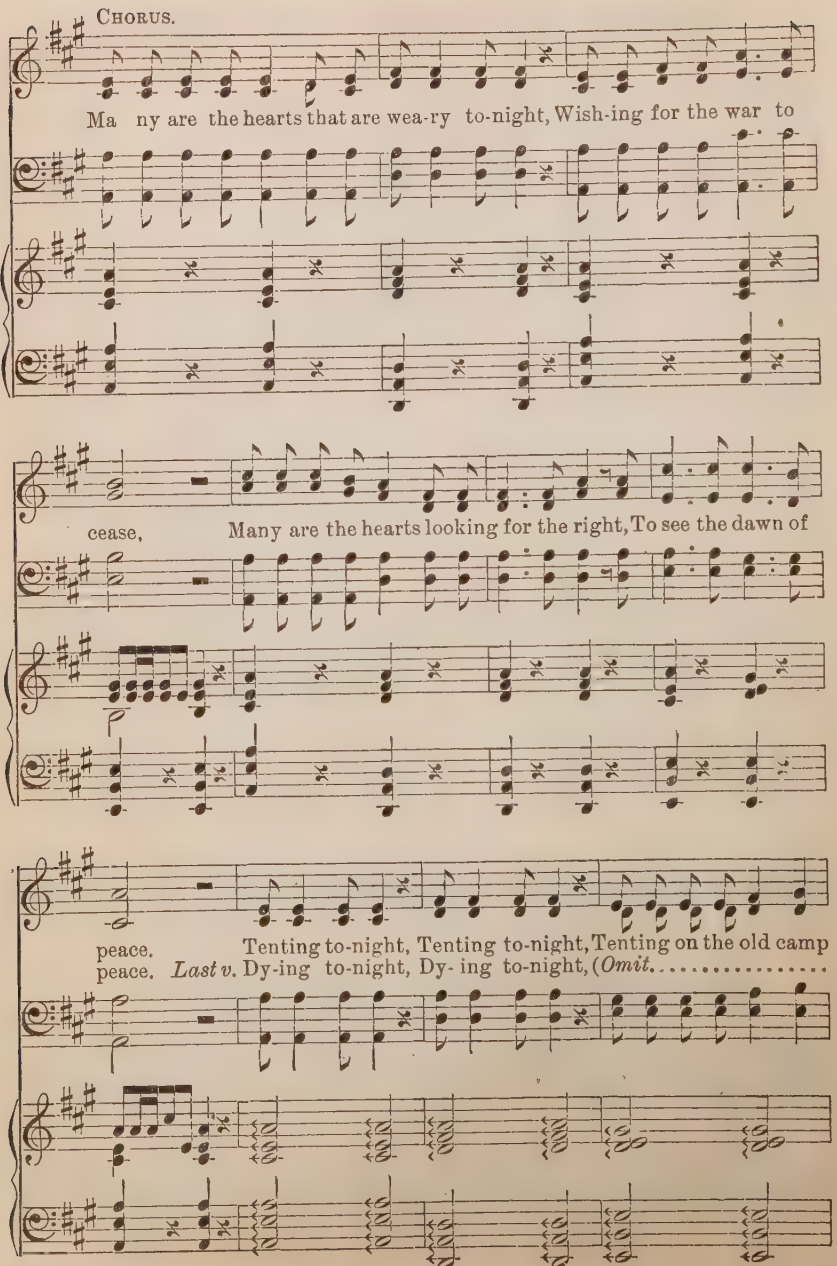
DION BOUCICAULT — OLD IRISH AIR

1. Oh! Pad - dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go - in'
2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng-land's cru - el
3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire-land's
p
round? The shamrock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish
red, Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have
heart, Her sons with shame and sor-row from the dear old soil will
ground; Saint.. Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, His
shed; You may take the sham-rock from your hat, and
part; I've heard whis - per of a coun - try that lies

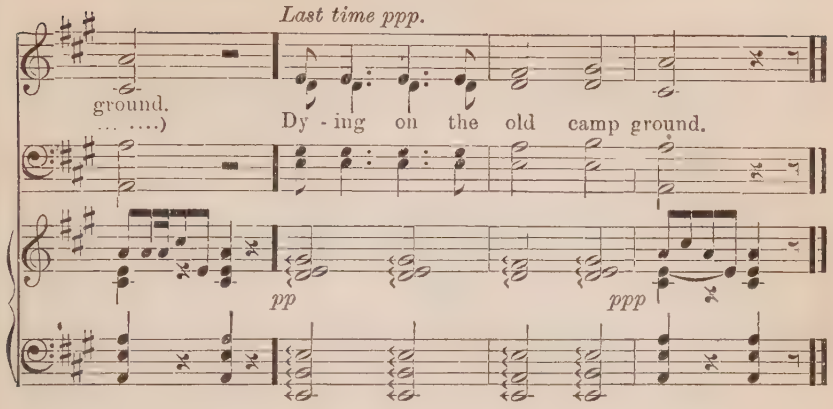

col - or can't be seen, For there's a blood - y
cast it on the sod, But 'twill take root and
far be - yant the say, Where rich and poor stand
law a - gin' the wear - in' o' the green; I.....
flour - ish still, tho' un - der foot 'tis trod; When the
e - qual in the light of free - dom's day; Oh,....
met with Nap - er Tan - dy and he tuk me by the hand,
law can stop the blades of grass from grow-ing as they grow,
E - rin, must we lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand,


And he said, "How's poor ould Ireland, and how.. does she stand?"
And.. when the leaves in sum-mer time their ver-dure dare not show,
Must we ask a mother's welcome from a strange but hap-py land?
She's the most distress-ful country that ev - er you have seen;
Then.. I will change the col - or I wear in my cau-been,
Where the cru-el cross of England's thraldom nev - er shall be seen,
Repeat as Chorus.
They're hanging men and women there for wear-ing of the green.
But 'till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.
And where, thank God, we'll live and die, still wearing of the green.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

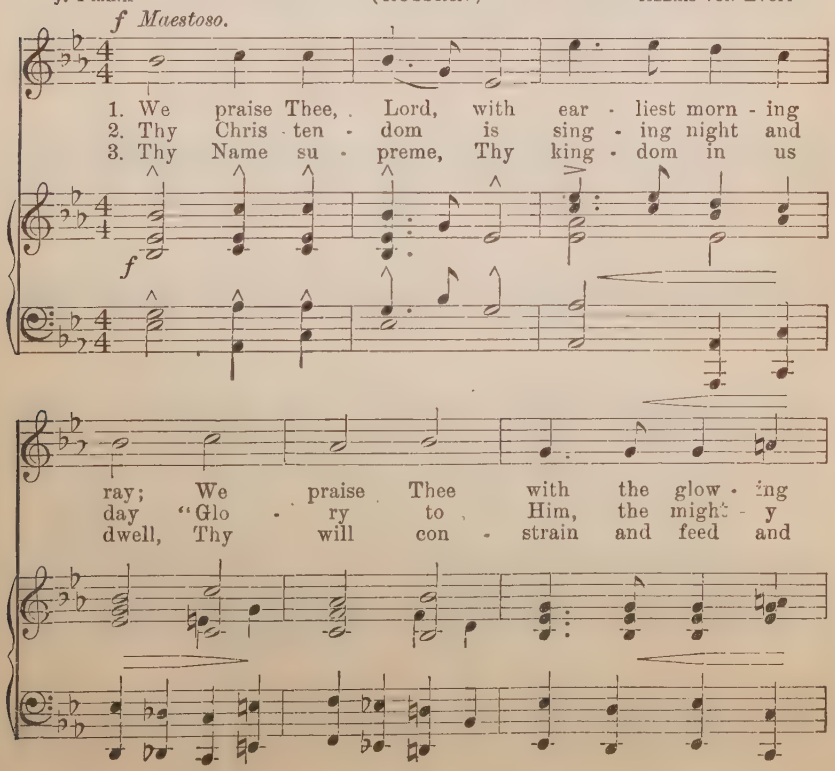
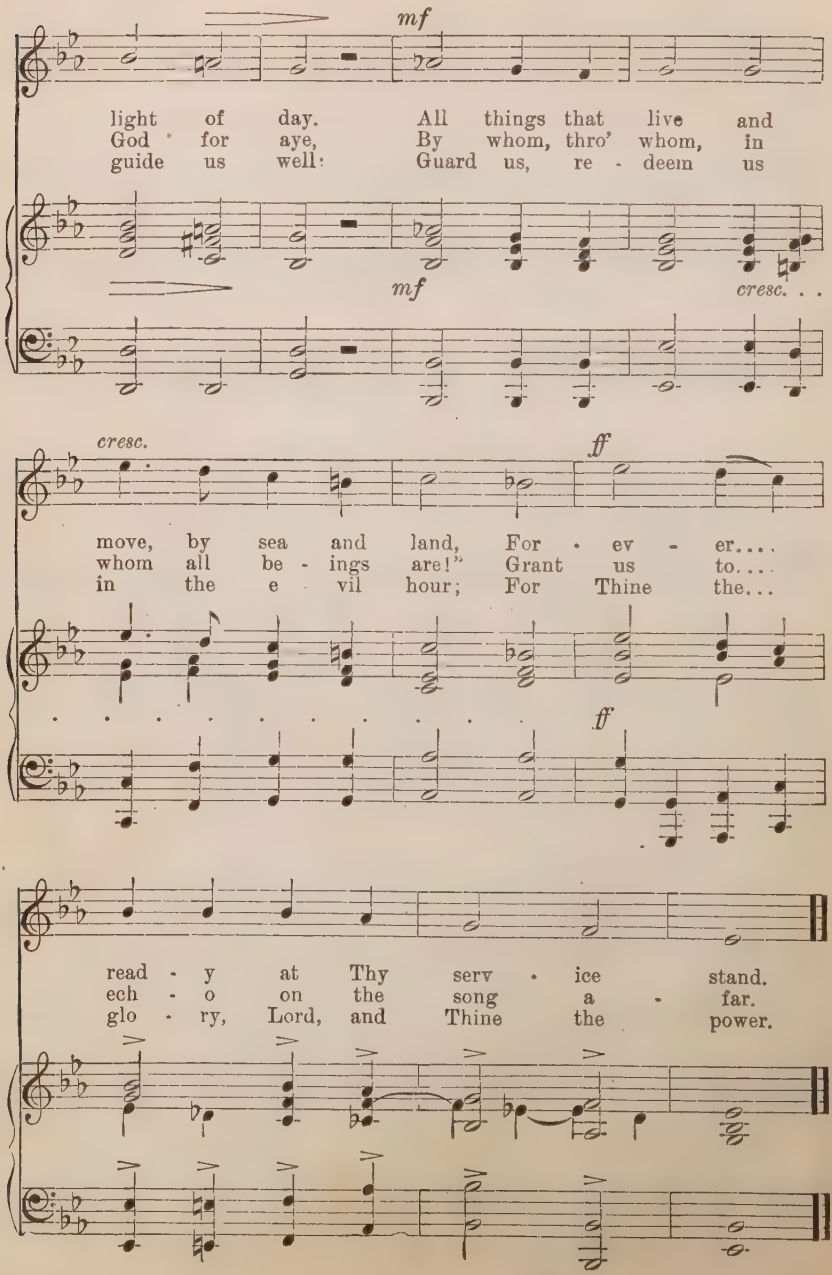
WALTER KITTREDGE

1. We're... tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground,
2. We've been tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground,
3. We are tired.... of war on the old camp ground,
4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer Our wea - ry hearts, a
Thinking of days gone by, Of the lov'd ones at home that
Ma - ny are dead and gone, Of the brave and true who've
Ma - ny are ly - ing near; Some are dead, and
song of home, And friends we love so dear.
gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good - bye!"
left their homes, Oth-ers been wound-ed long,
some are dy - ing, Ma - ny are in tears.

Used by permission of Oliver Ditson & Company.

Chorus.
Ma ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to
cease, Many are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of
peace. Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old camp
peace. *Last v.* Dy-ing to-night, Dy- ing to-night, (*Omit.*.....



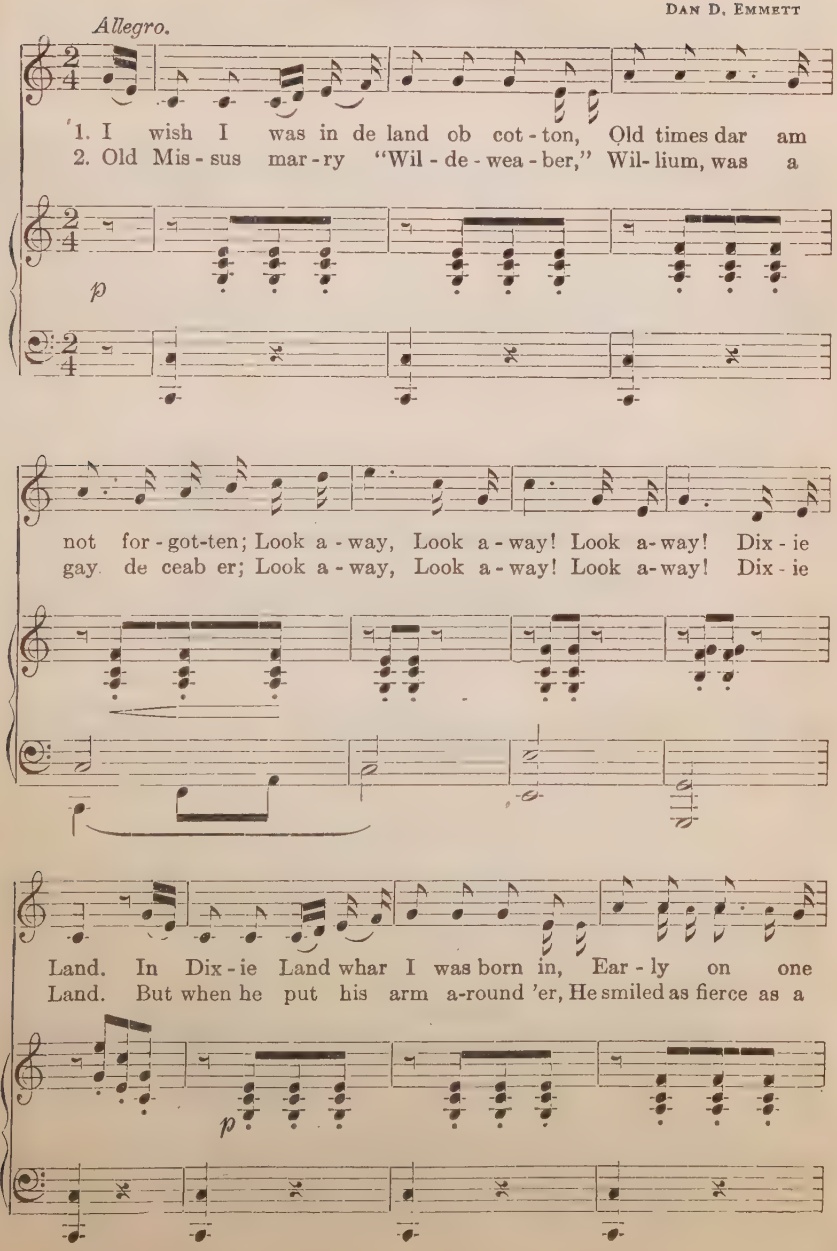
WE PRAISE THEE, LORD

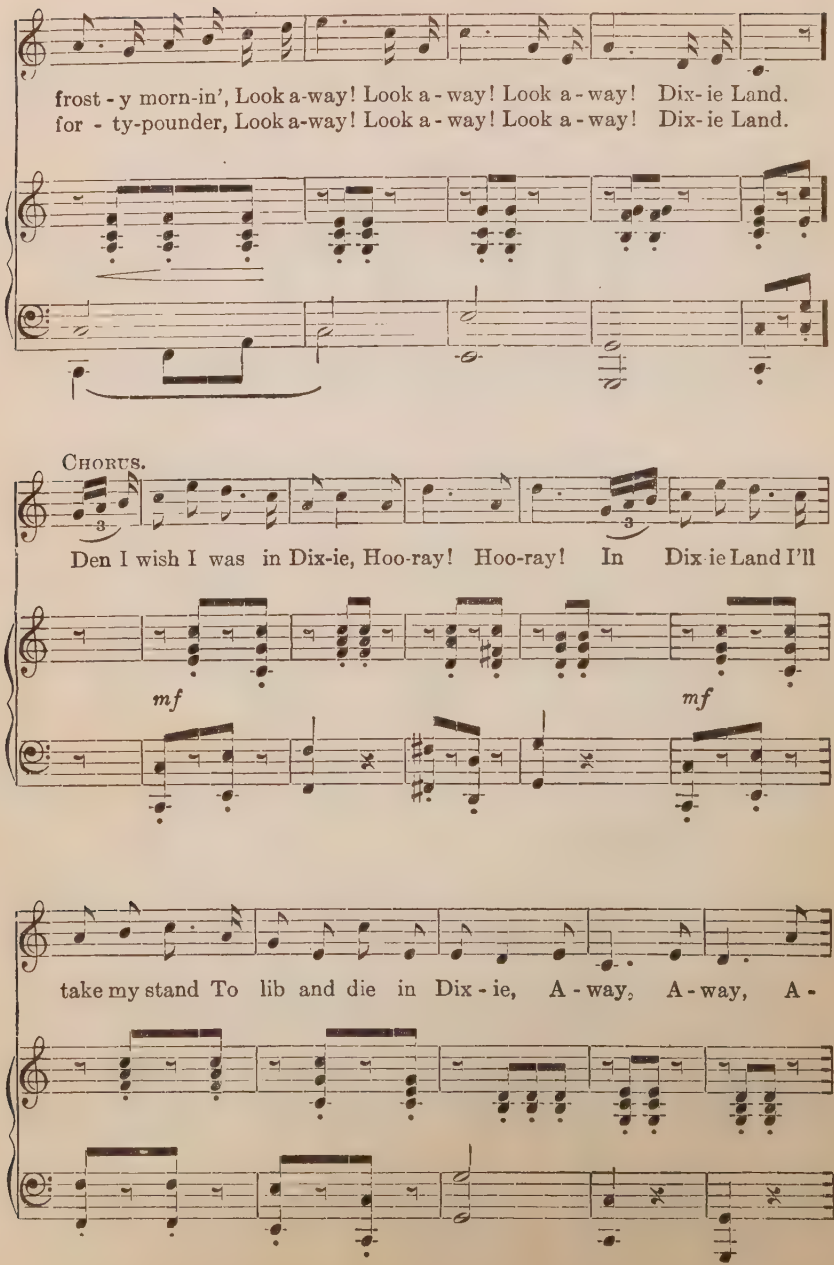
J. FRANK (RUSSIAN) ALEXIS VON LVOFF

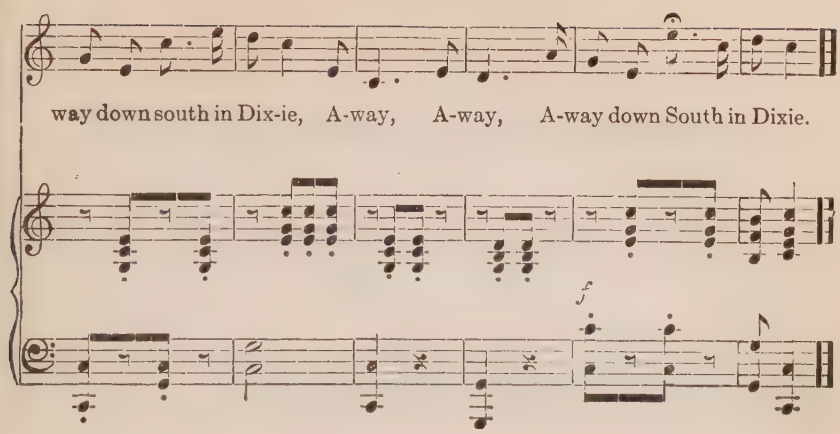

f Maestoso.
1. We praise Thee, Lord, with ear - liest morn - ing
2. Thy Chris - ten - dom is sing - ing night and
3. Thy Name su - preme, Thy king - dom in us
f
ray; We praise Thee with the glow - ing
day "Glo - ry to Him, the migh - y
dwell, Thy will con - strain and feed and

mf
light of day. All things that live and
God for aye, By whom, thro' whom, in
guide us well: Guard us, re - deem us
mf
cresc. . .
cresc.
ff
move, by sea and land, For - ev - er....
whom all be - ings are!" Grant us to....
in the e - vil hour; For Thine the...
ff
read - y at Thy serv - ice stand.
ech - o on the song a - far.
glo - ry, Lord, and Thine the power.

DIXIE'S LAND

DAN D. EMMETT


Allegro.
1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry "Wil - de - wea - ber," Wil - lium, was a
p
not for - got-ten; Look a - way, Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie
gay de ceab er; Look a - way, Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie
Land. In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one
Land. But when he put his arm a-round 'er, He smiled as fierce as a
p


frost - y morn-in', Look a-way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix- ie Land.
for - ty-pounder, Look a-way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix- ie Land.
Chorus.
Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix ie Land I'll
mf
mf
take my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A -



3

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Old Missus acted the foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

4

Now here's a health to de next old Missus,
And all de girls dat want to kiss us;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow
Come and hear dis song tomorrow,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

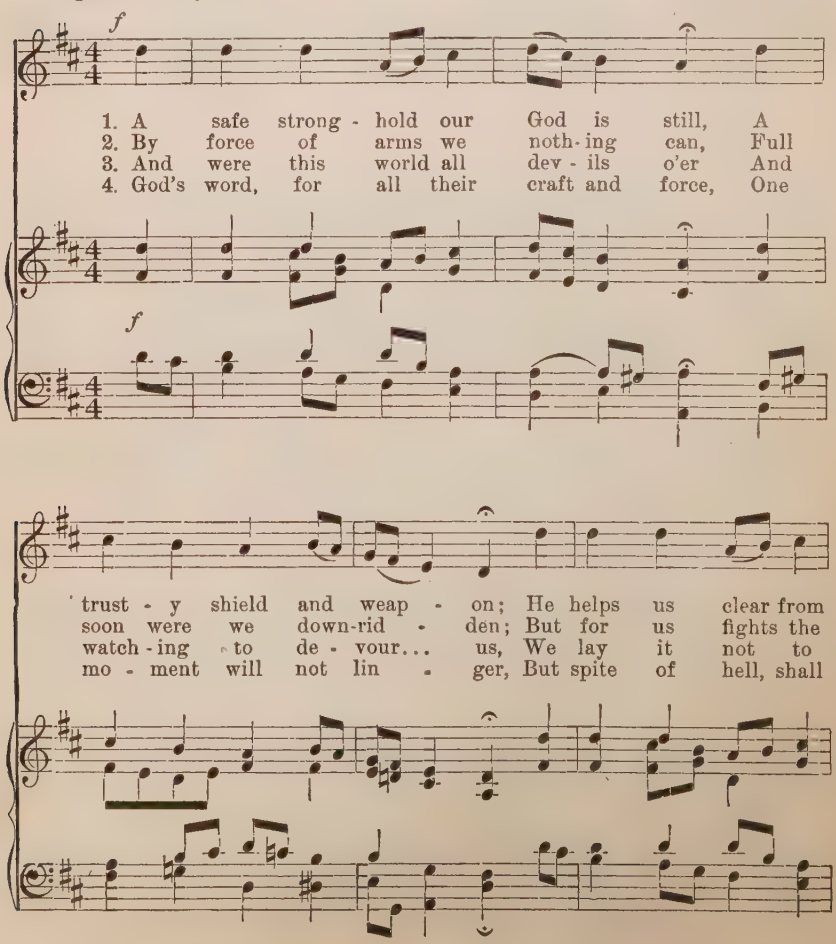
5

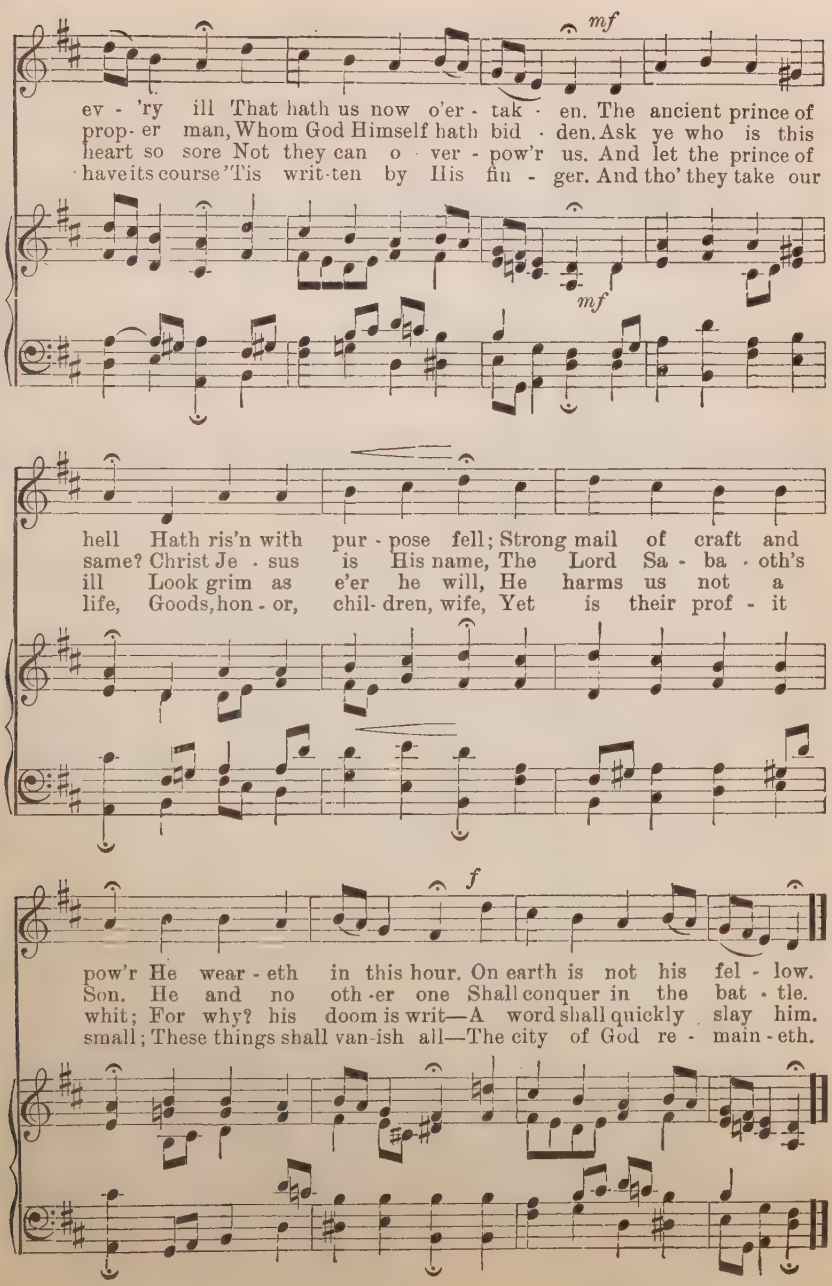
Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

A SAFE STRONGHOLD

(EIN' FESTE BURG)

English version by THOMAS CARLYLE — MARTIN LUTHER

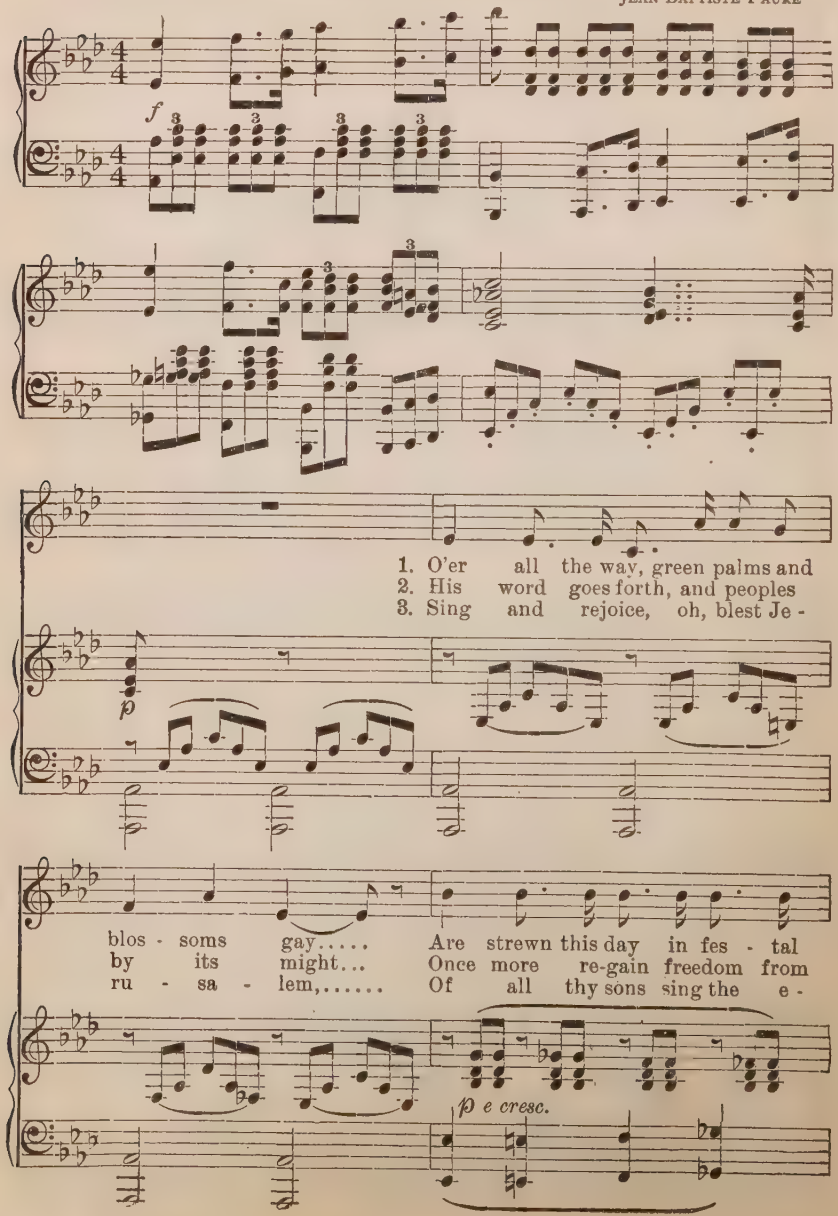
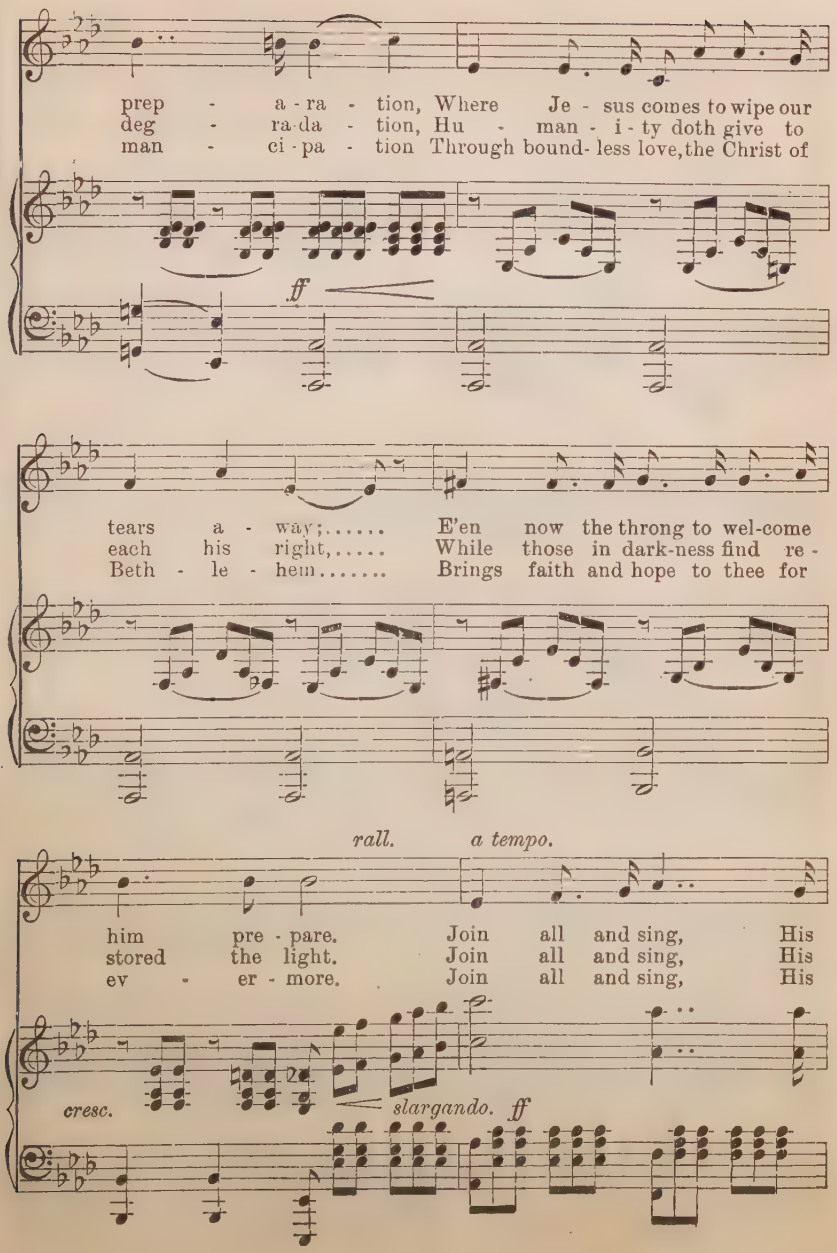

f
1. A safe strong - hold our God is still, A
2. By force of arms we noth - ing can, Full
3. And were this world all dev - ils o'er And
4. God's word, for all their craft and force, One
f
trust - y shield and weap - on; He helps us clear from
soon were we down-rid - den; But for us fights the
watch - ing to de - vour... us, We lay it not to
mo - ment will not lin - ger, But spite of hell, shall

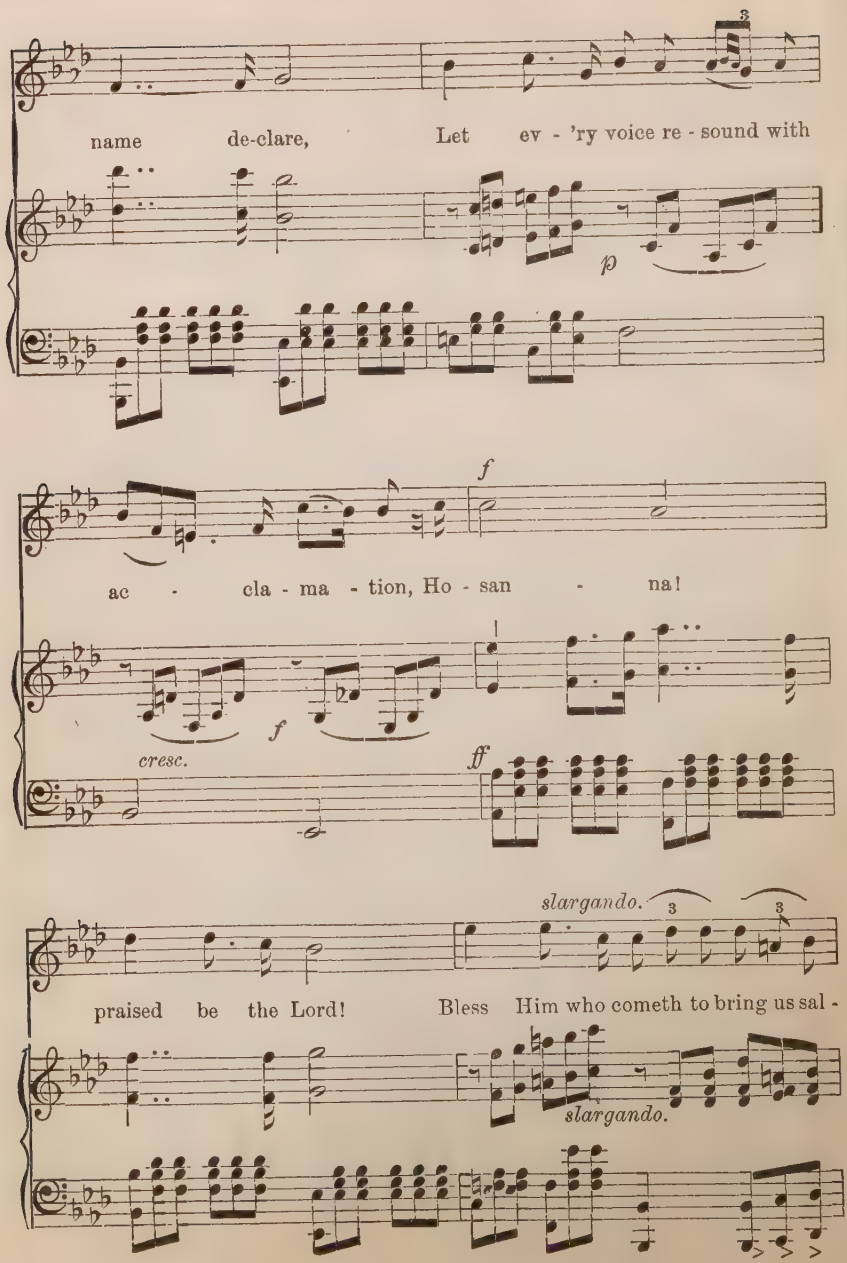

mf
ev - 'ry ill That hath us now o'er - tak - en. The ancient prince of
prop - er man, Whom God Himself hath bid - den. Ask ye who is this
heart so sore Not they can o - ver - pow'r us. And let the prince of
have its course 'Tis writ - ten by His fin - ger. And tho' they take our
mf
hell Hath ris'n with pur - pose fell; Strong mail of craft and
same? Christ Je - sus is His name, The Lord Sa - ba - oth's
ill Look grim as e'er he will, He harms us not a
life, Goods, hon - or, chil - dren, wife, Yet is their prof - it
f
pow'r He wear - eth in this hour. On earth is not his fel - low.
Son. He and no oth - er one Shall conquer in the bat - tle.
whit; For why? his doom is writ—A word shall quickly slay him.
small; These things shall van - ish all—The city of God re - main - eth.

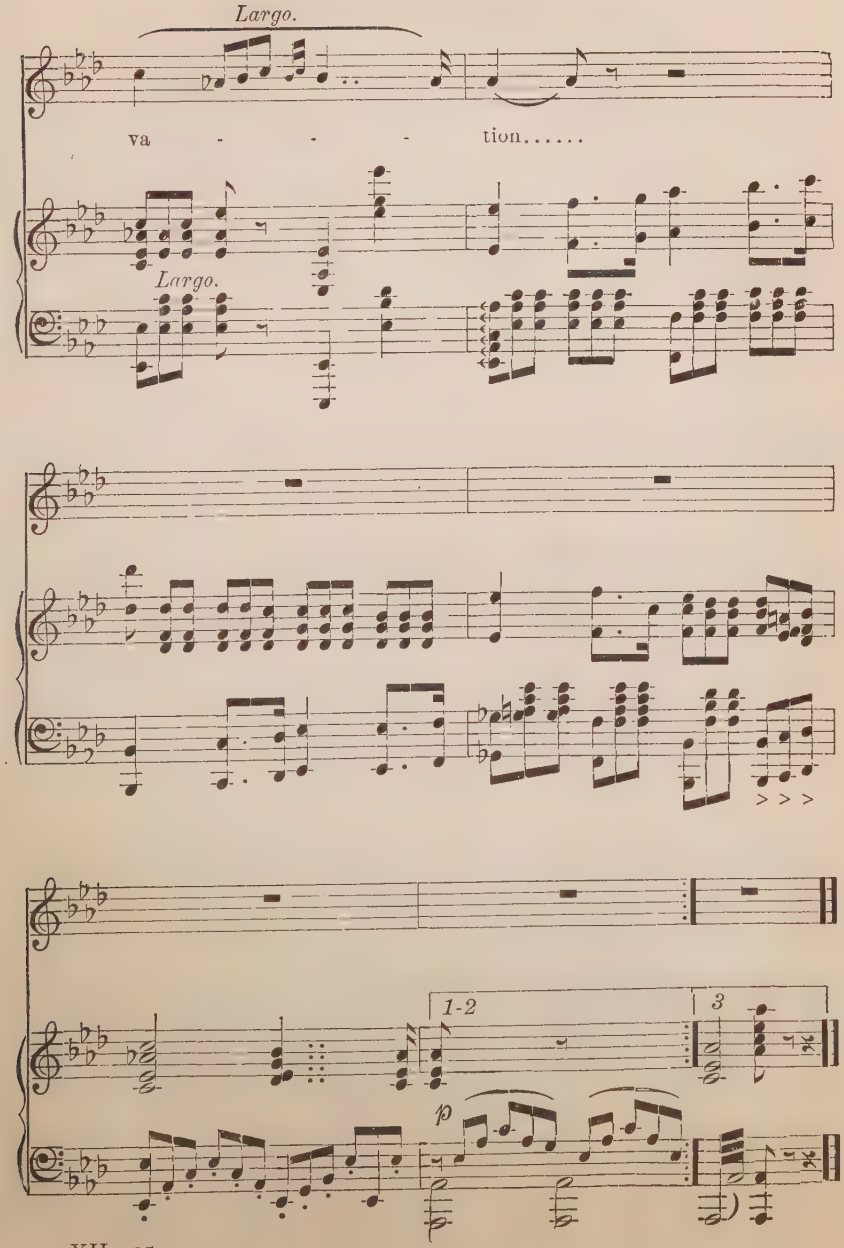
PALM BRANCHES

Andante Maestoso.

JEAN BAPTISTE FAURE


f
1. O'er all the way, green palms and
2. His word goes forth, and peoples
3. Sing and rejoice, oh, blest Je -
p
blos - soms gay..... Are strewn this day in fes - tal
by its might... Once more re-gain freedom from
ru - sa - lem,..... Of all thy sons sing the e -
p e cresc.

prep - a - ra - tion, Where Je - sus comes to wipe our
deg - ra - da - tion, Hu - man - i - ty doth give to
man - ci - pa - tion Through bound - less love, the Christ of
ff
tears a - way;..... E'en now the throng to wel-come
each his right,..... While those in dark-ness find re -
Beth - le - hem..... Brings faith and hope to thee for
rall.
a tempo.
him pre - pare. Join all and sing, His
stored the light. Join all and sing, His
ev - er - more. Join all and sing, His
cresc.
slargando.
ff


name de-clare, Let ev - 'ry voice re - sound with
p
f
ac - cla - ma - tion, Ho - san - na!
cresc.
f
ff
slargando.
praised be the Lord! Bless Him who cometh to bring us sal -
slargando.

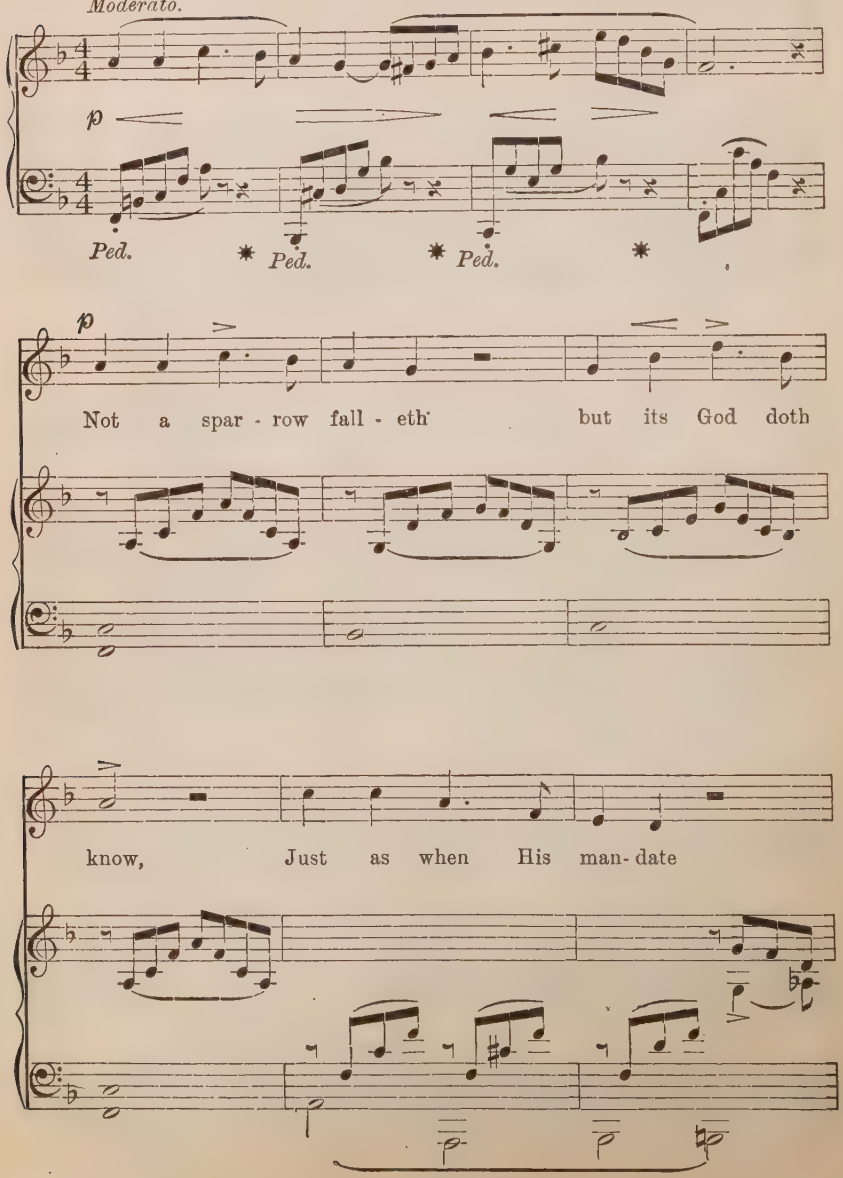
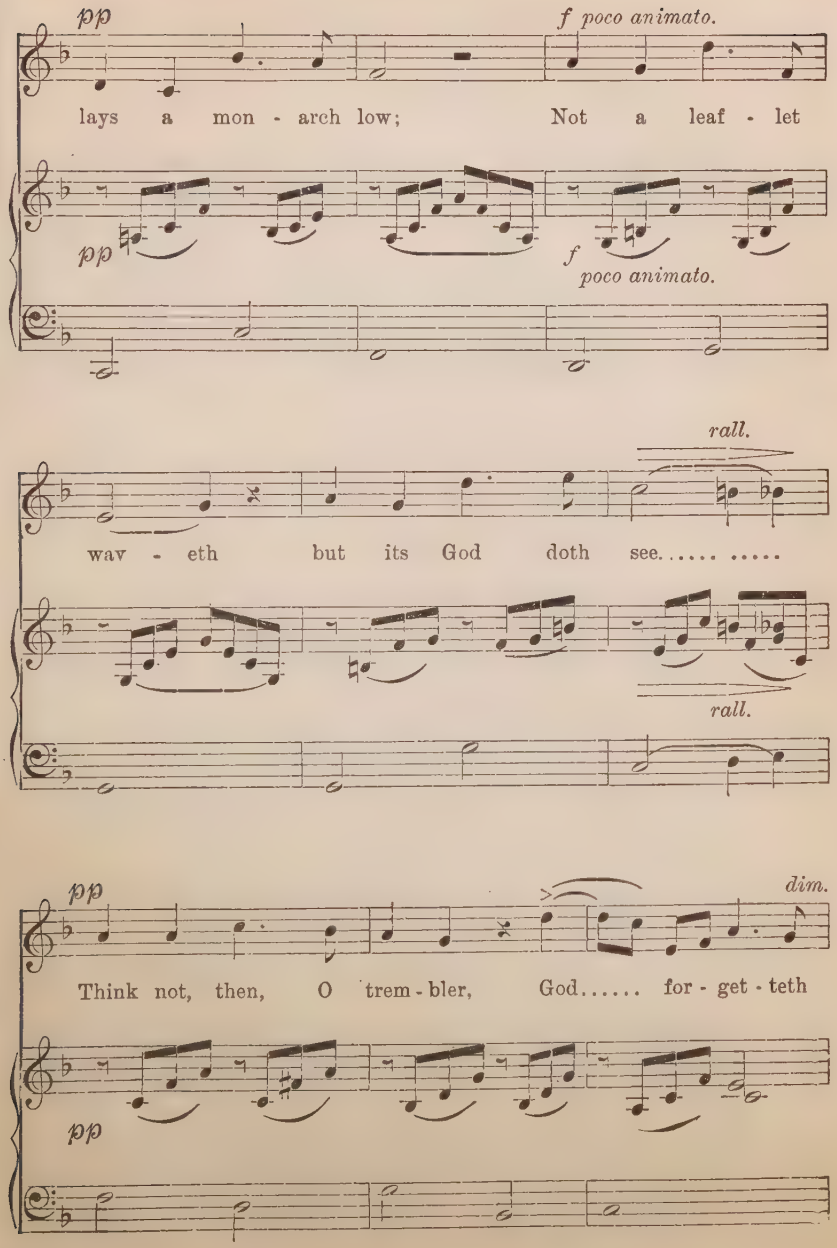

Largo.
va - - - tion.....
Largo.
1-2
3
p

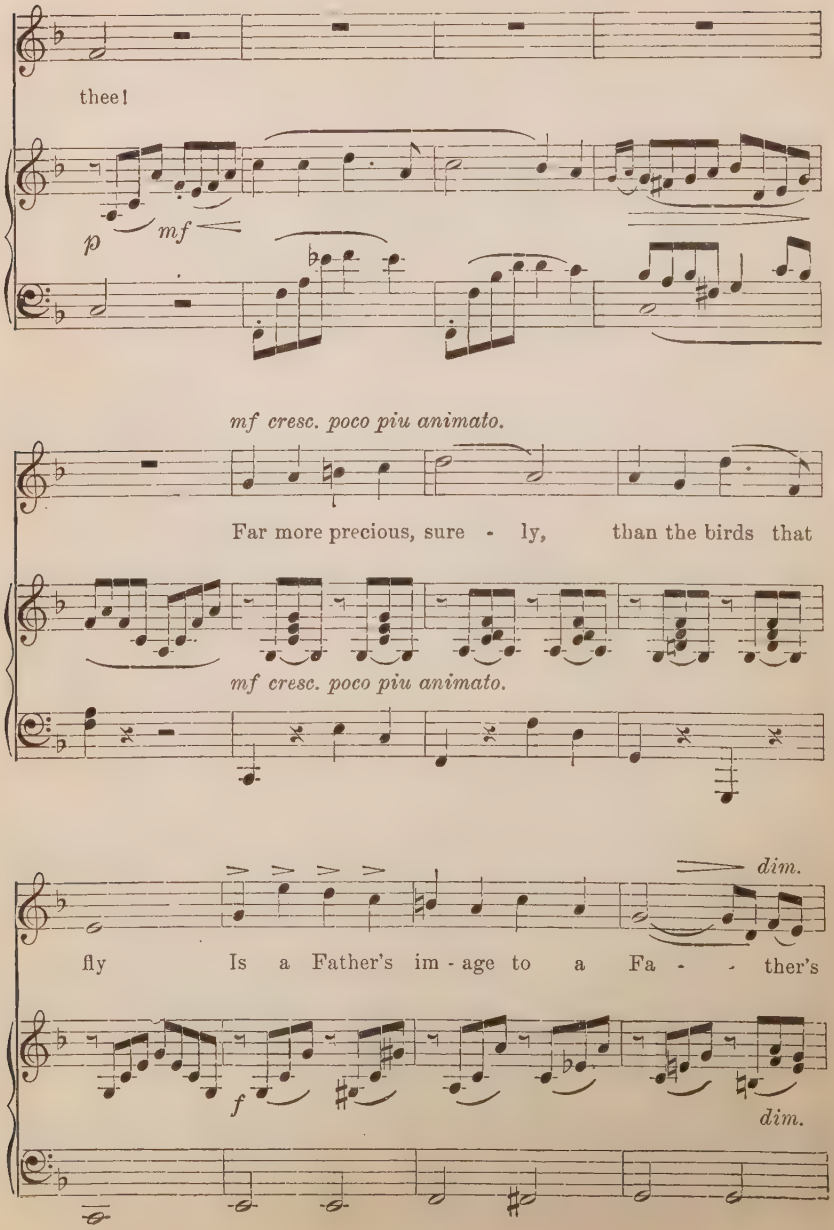
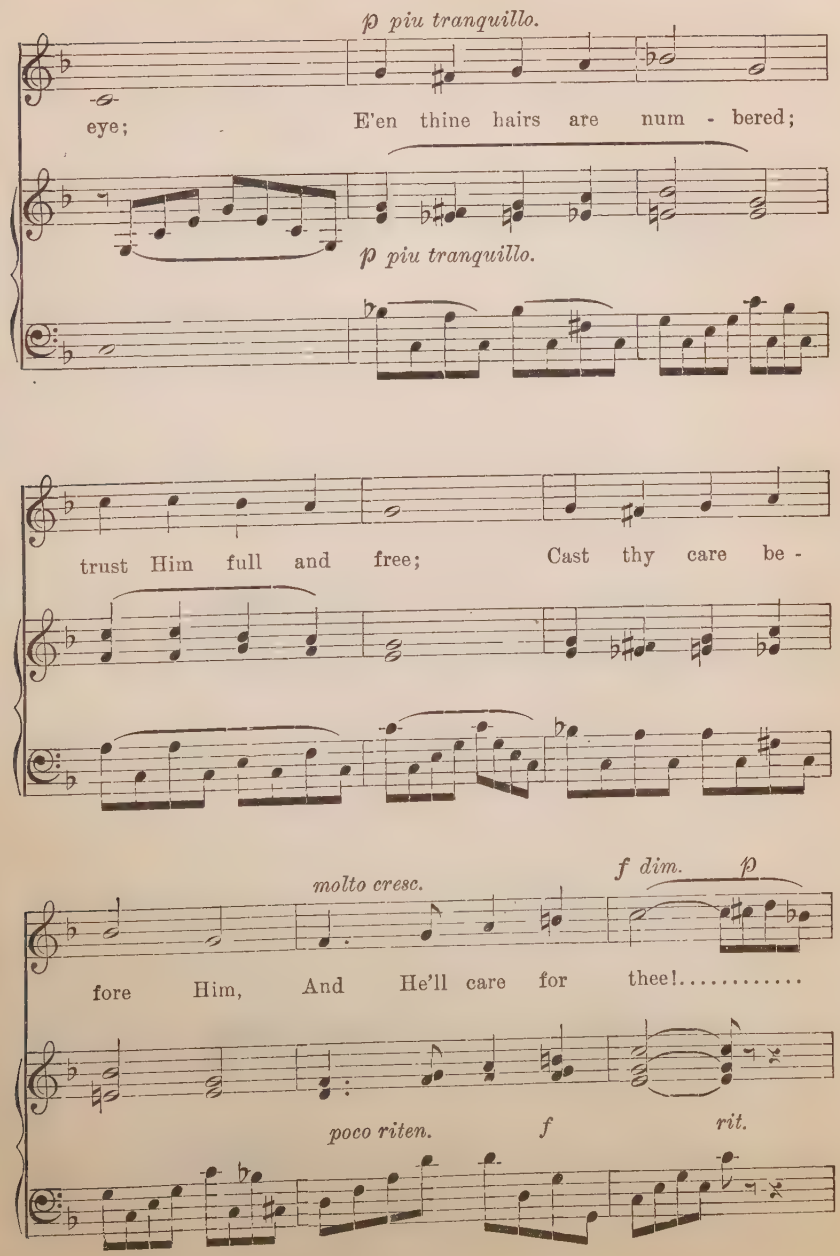
NOT A SPARROW FALLETH

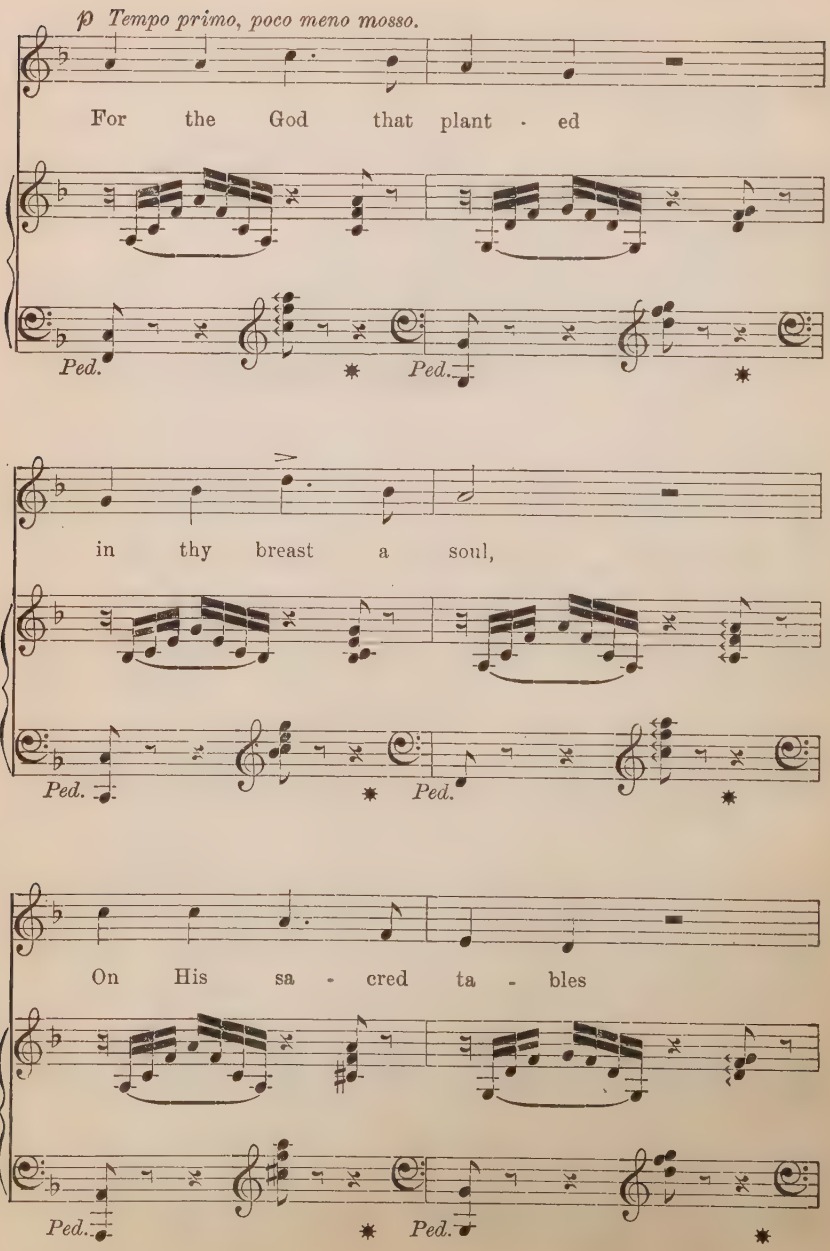
W. S. PASSMORE

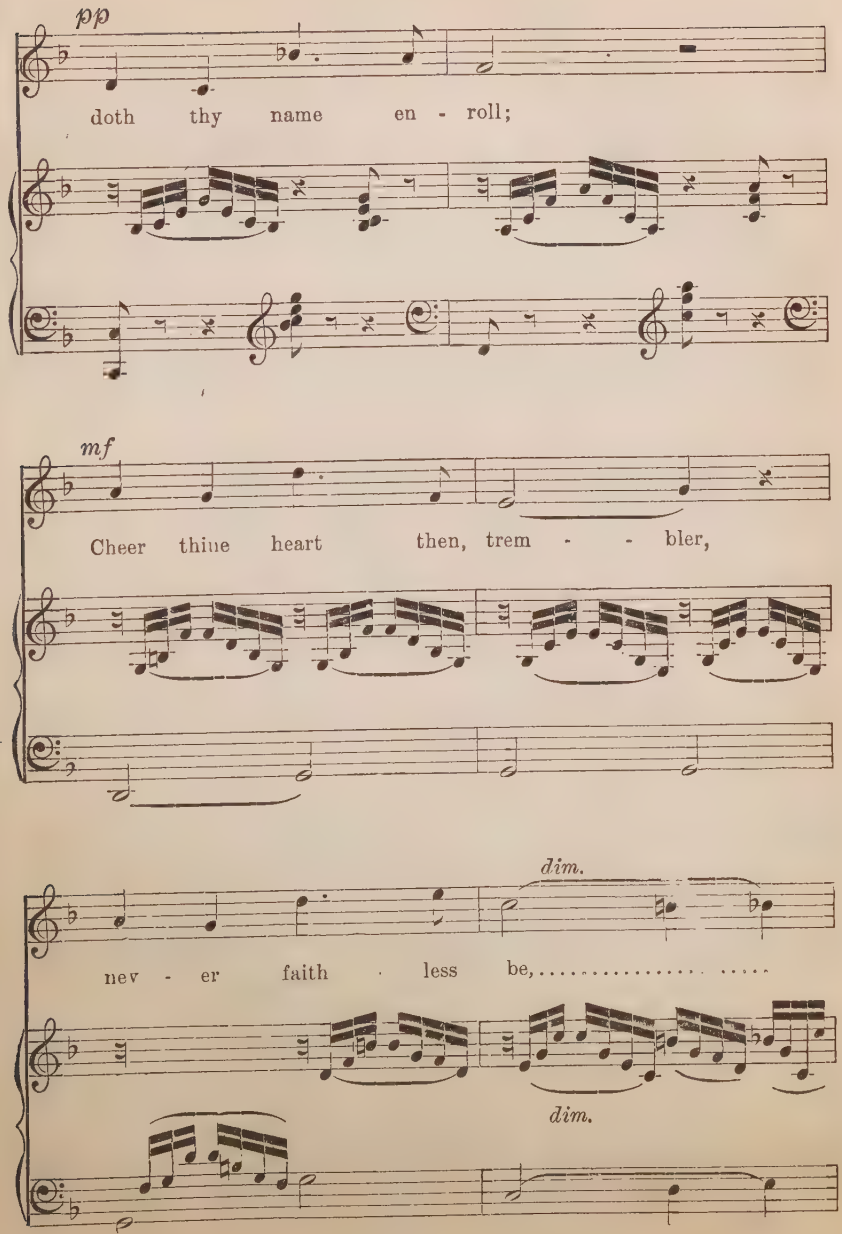
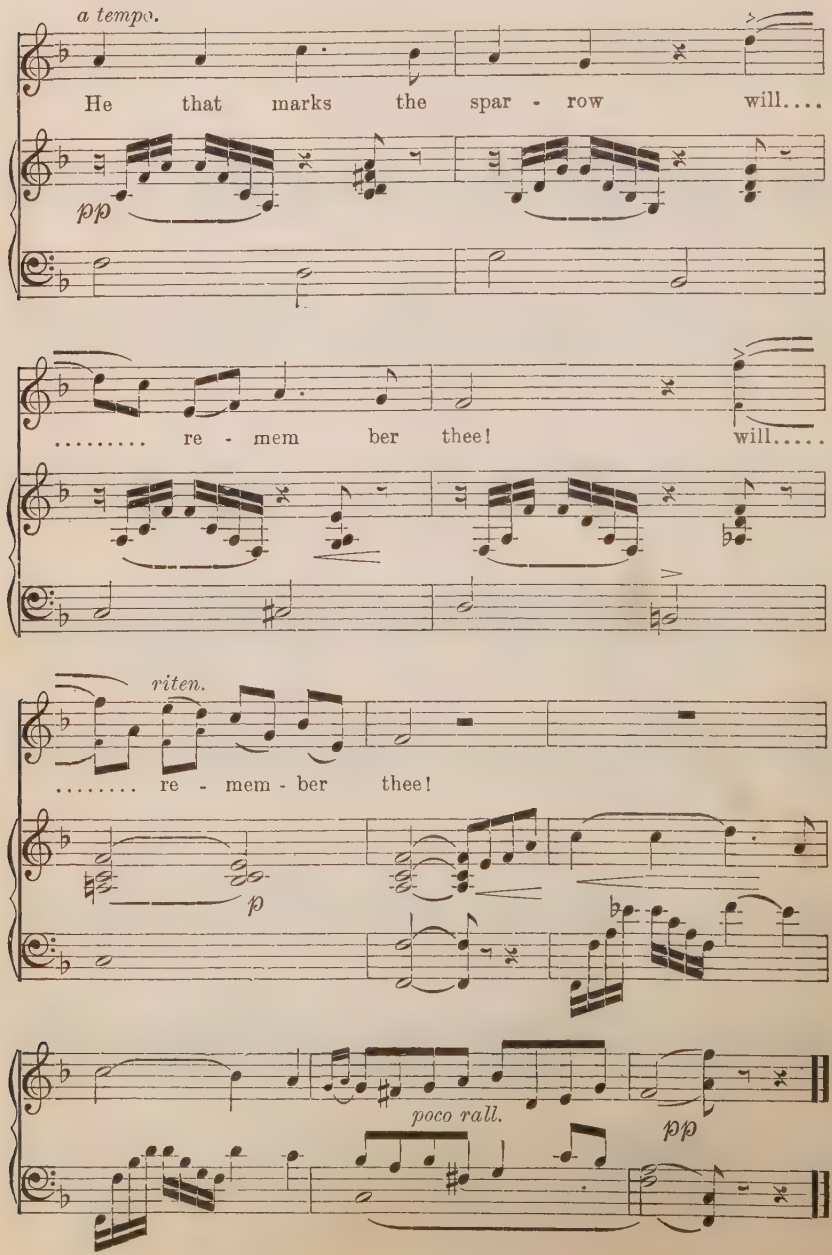
FRANZ ABT

Moderato.



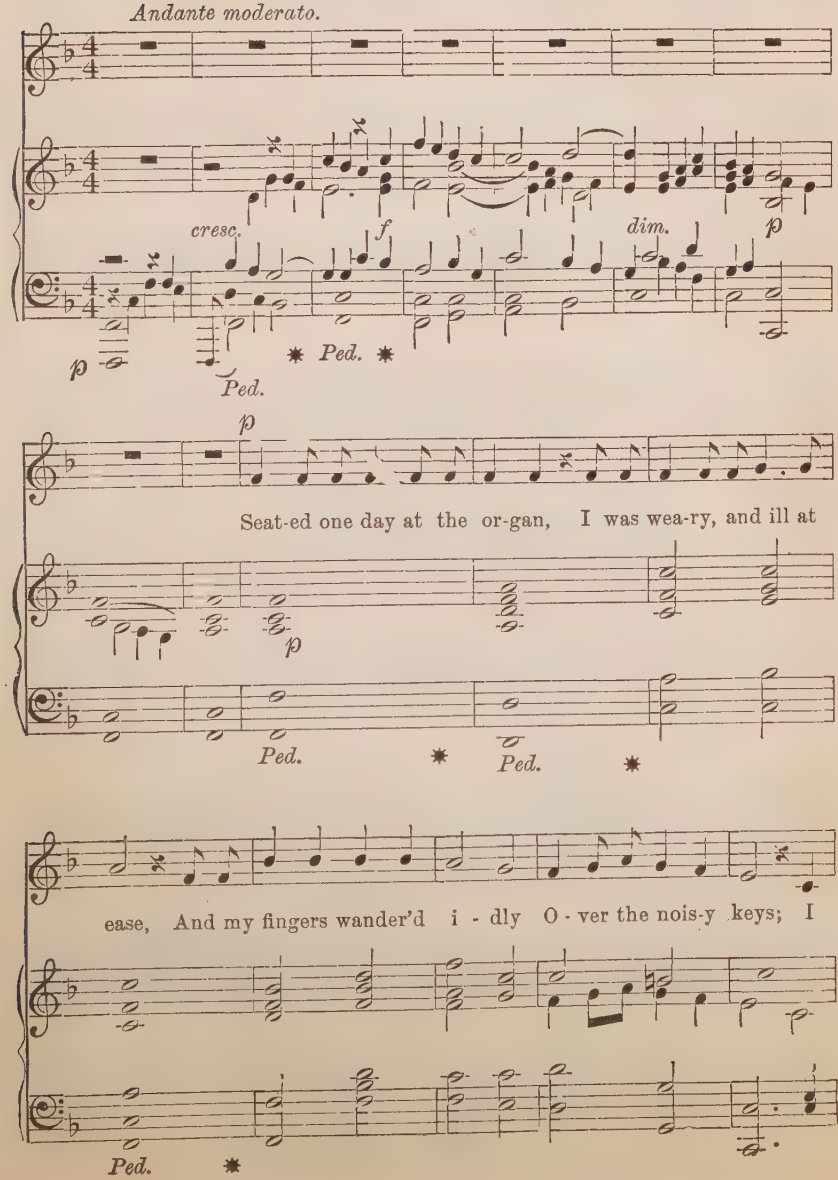
pp
f poco animato.
lays a mon - arch low; Not a leaf - let
pp
f
poco animato.
rall.
wav - eth but its God doth see..... .....
rall.
pp
dim.
Think not, then, O trem - bler, God..... for - get - teth
pp

thee!
p
mf
mf cresc. poco piu animato.
Far more precious, sure - ly, than the birds that
mf cresc. poco piu animato.
dim.
fly Is a Father's im - age to a Fa - - ther's
f
dim.

p piu tranquillo.
eye;
E'en thine hairs are num - bered;
p piu tranquillo.
trust Him full and free;
Cast thy care be -
molto cresc.
f dim.
p
fore Him, And He'll care for thee!.....
poco riten.
f
rit.

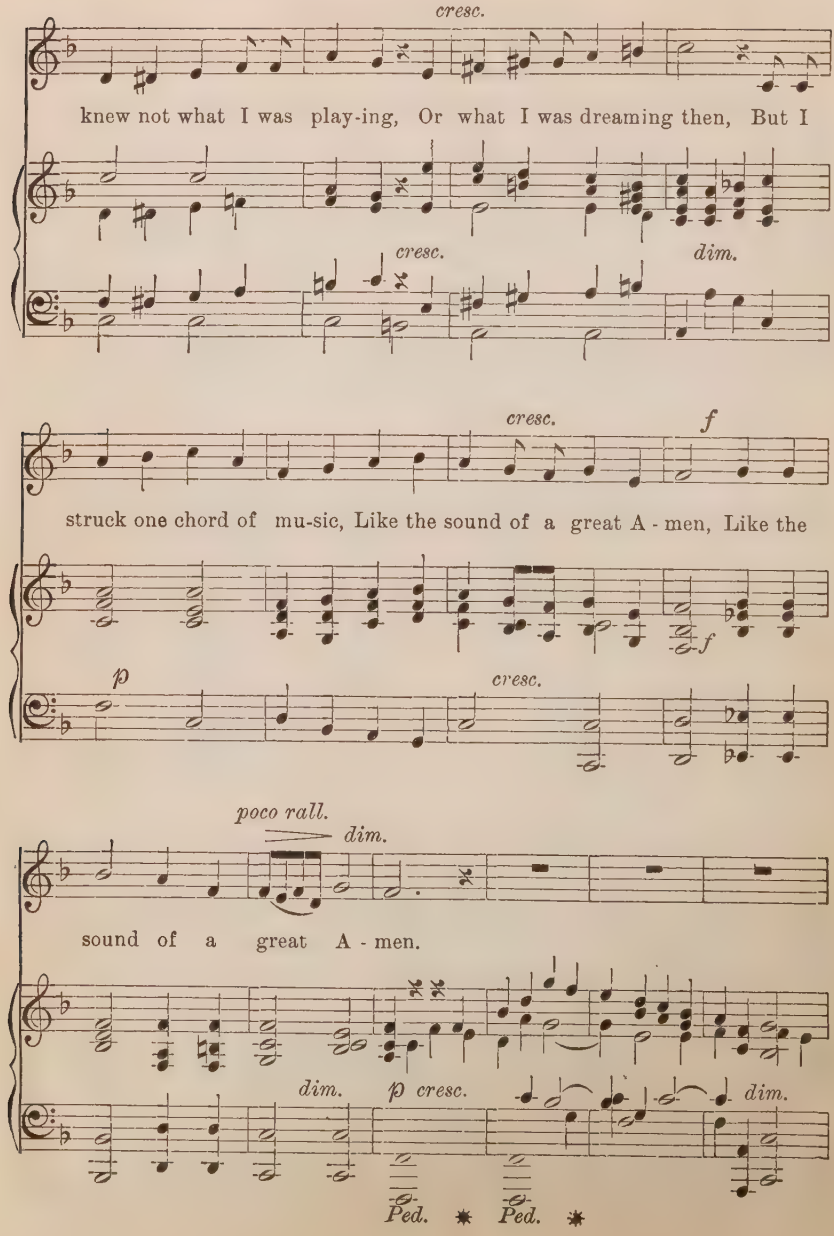

p Tempo primo, poco meno mosso.
For the God that plant - ed
Ped.
Ped.
in thy breast a soul,
Ped.
Ped.
On His sa - cred ta - bles
Ped.
Ped.

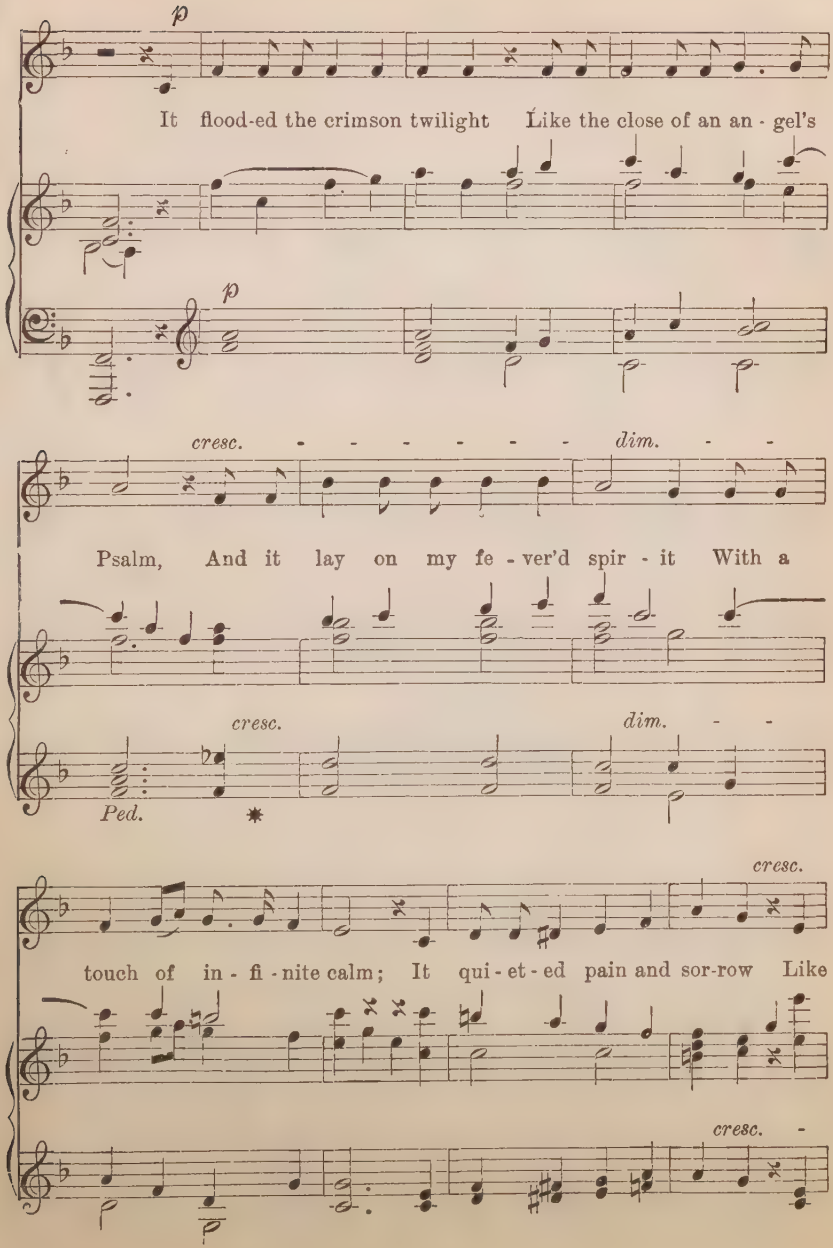

pp
doth thy name en - roll;
mf
Cheer thine heart then, trem - - bler,
dim.
nev - er faith less be,
dim.

a tempo.
He that marks the spar - row will....
pp
..... re - mem ber thee! will.....
riten.
..... re - mem - ber thee!
p
poco rall.
pp

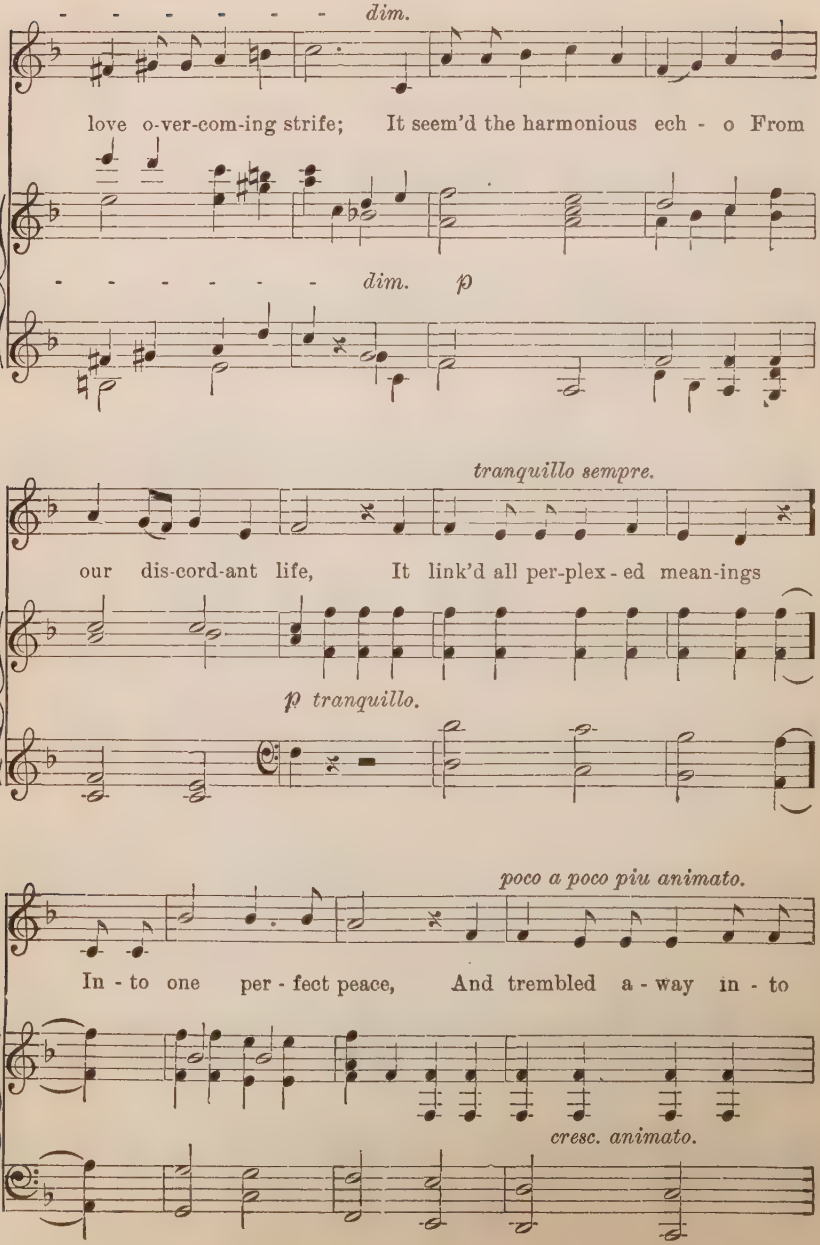
THE LOST CHORD

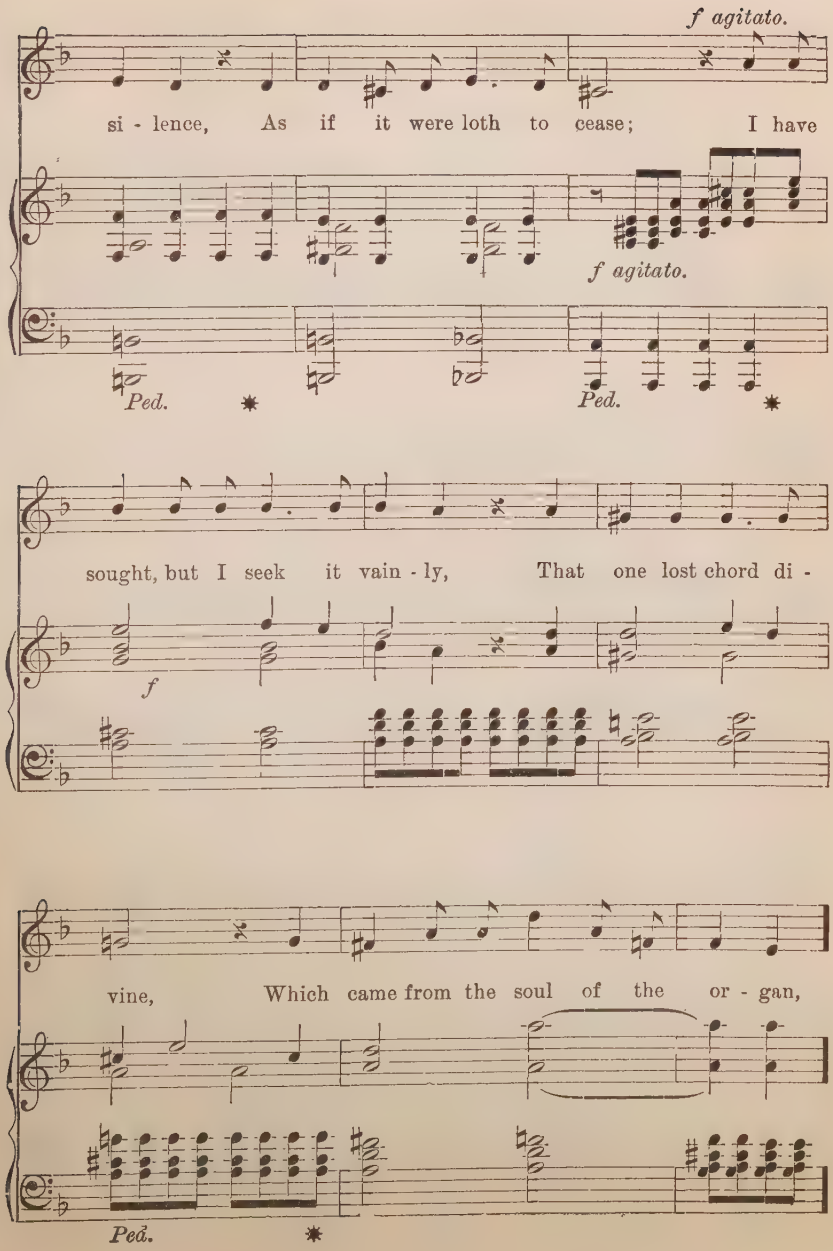
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

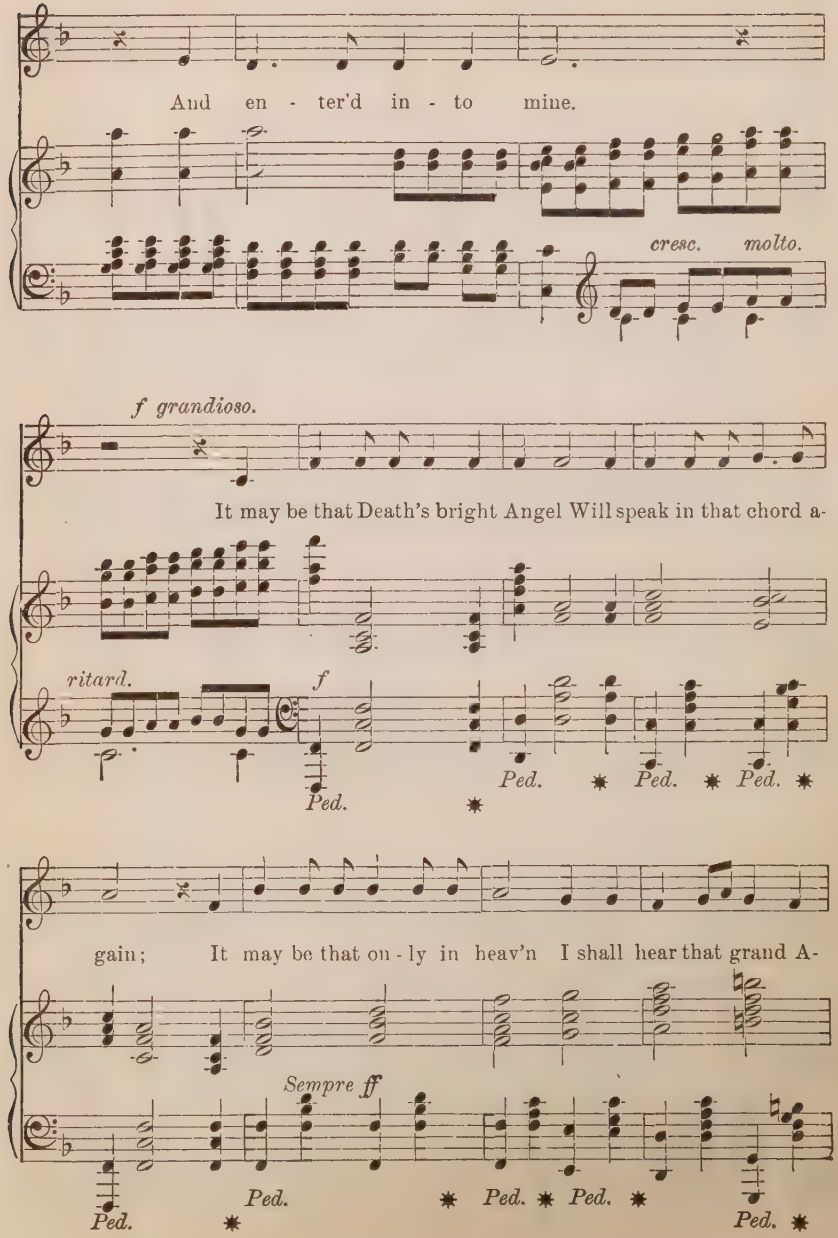


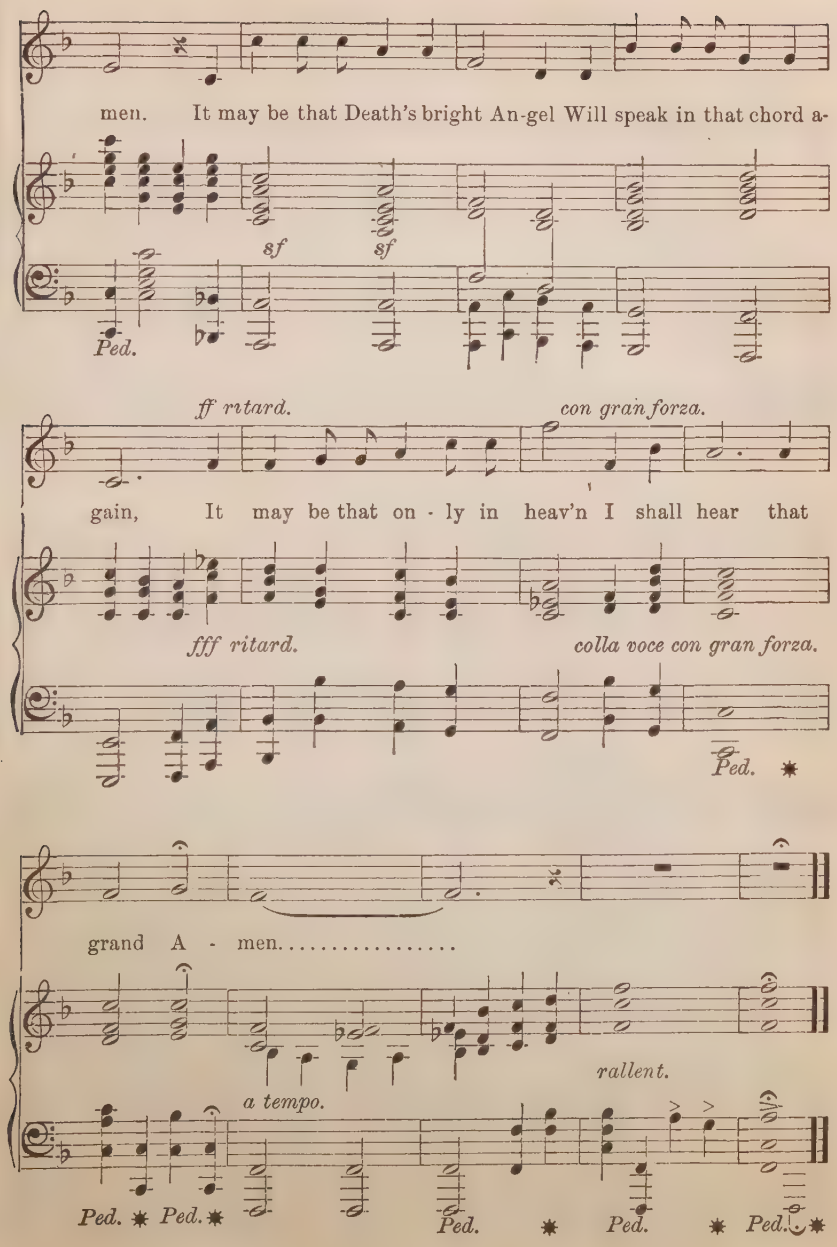

cresc.
knew not what I was play-ing, Or what I was dreaming then, But I
cresc.
dim.
cresc.
f
struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the sound of a great A - men, Like the
p
cresc.
f
poco rall.
dim.
sound of a great A - men.
dim.
p cresc.
dim.
Ped. * Ped. *


p
It flood-ed the crimson twilight Like the close of an an - gel's
p
cresc. - - - - - - - dim. - -
Psalm, And it lay on my fe - ver'd spir - it With a
cresc. dim. - -
Ped.
cresc.
touch of in - fi - nite calm; It qui - et - ed pain and sor-row Like
cresc. -


dim.
love o-ver-com-ing strife; It seem'd the harmonious ech - o From
dim. p
tranquillo sempre.
our dis-cord-ant life, It link'd all per-plex-ed mean-ings
p tranquillo.
poco a poco piu animato.
In - to one per - fect peace, And trembled a - way in - to
cresc. animato.

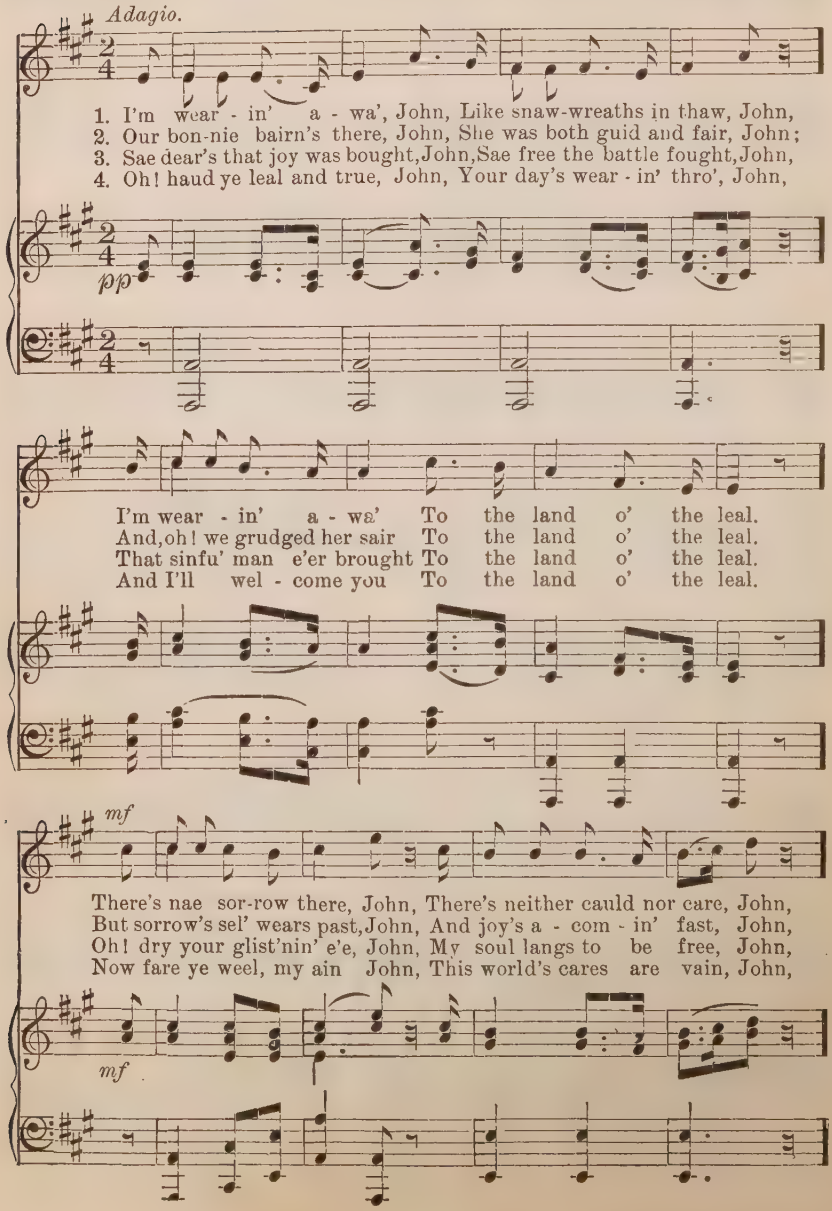

f agitato.
si - lence, As if it were loth to cease; I have
f agitato.
Ped.
Ped.
sought, but I seek it vain - ly, That one lost chord di -
f
vine, Which came from the soul of the or - gan,
Ped.

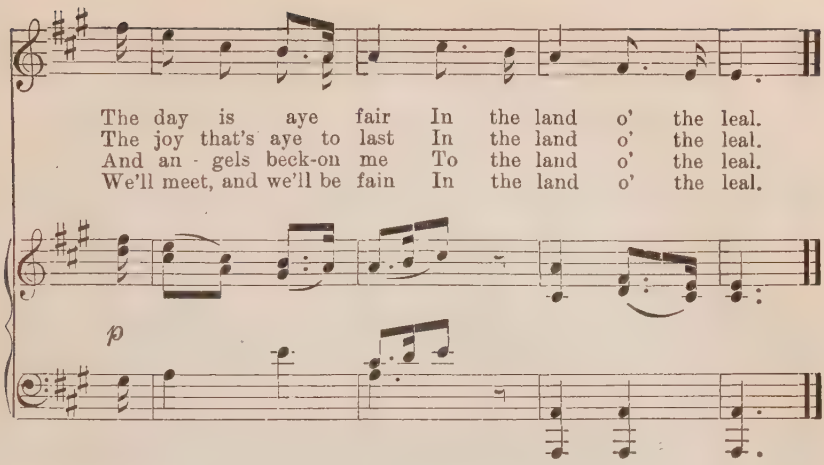

And en - ter'd in - to mine.
cresc. molto.
f grandioso.
It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord a-
ritard.
f
Ped.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
gain; It may be that on - ly in heav'n I shall hear that grand A-
Sempre ff
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.


men. It may be that Death's bright An-gel Will speak in that chord a-
sf sf
Ped.
ff ritard.
con gran forza.
gain, It may be that on - ly in heav'n I shall hear that
fff ritard.
colla voce con gran forza.
Ped.
grand A - men.....
rallent.
a tempo.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

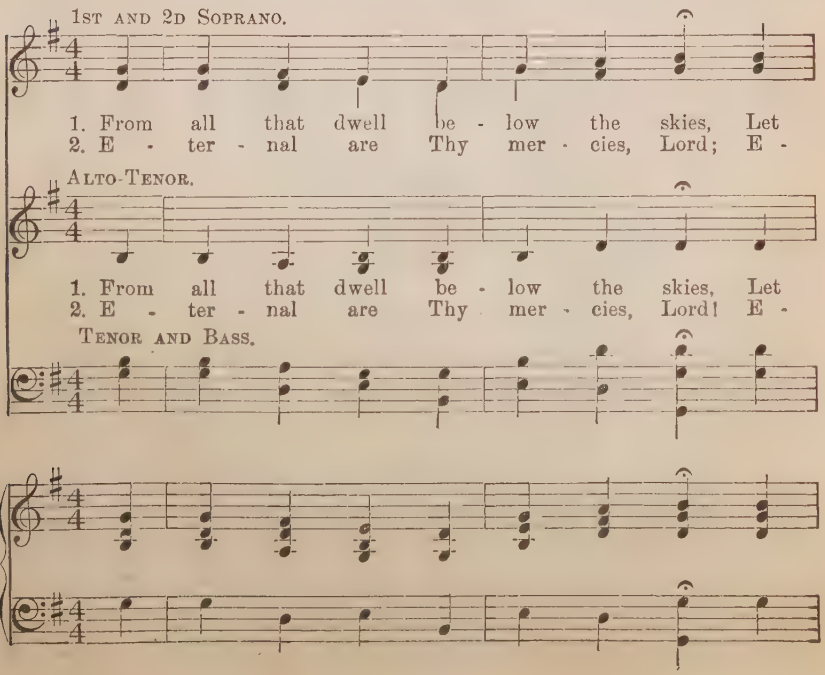
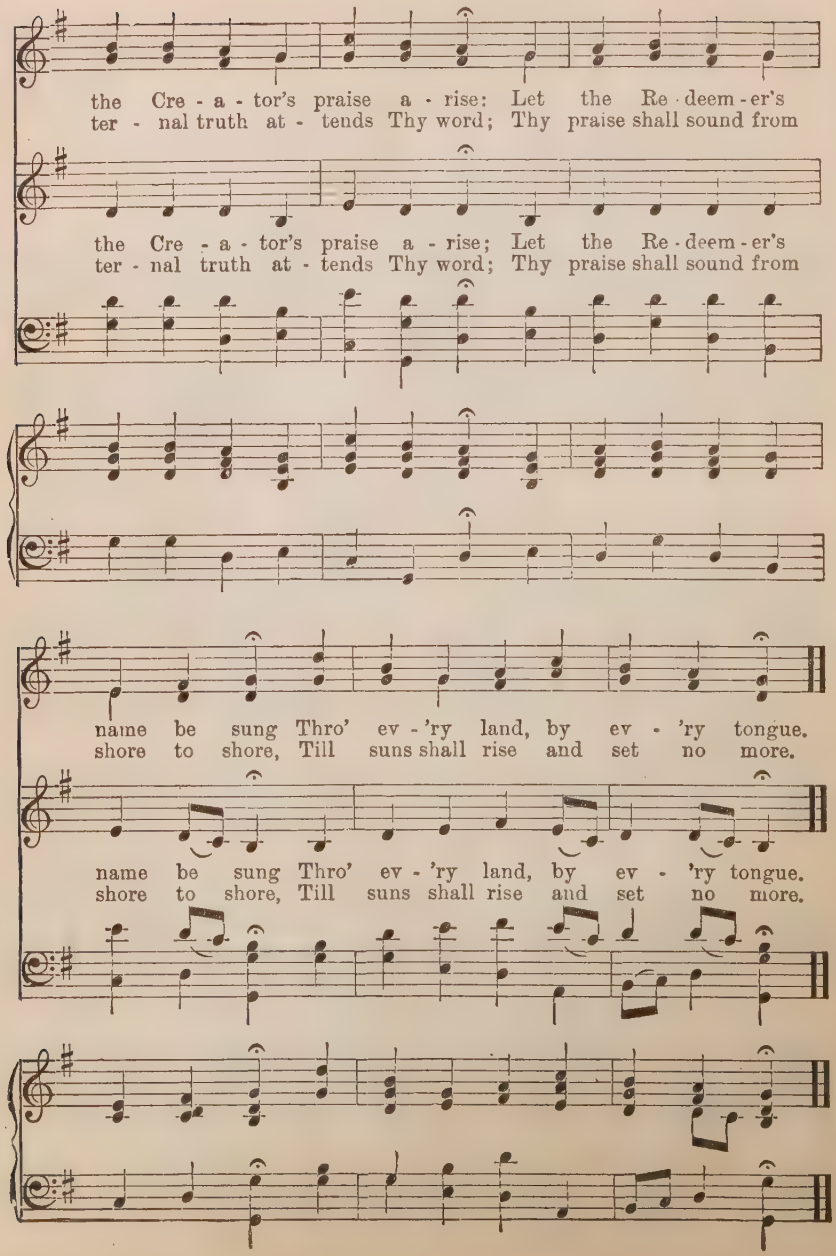
LADY NAIRNE — OLD AIR


Adagio.
1. I'm wear - in' a - wa', John, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
2. Our bon-nie bairn's there, John, She was both guid and fair, John;
3. Sae dear's that joy was bought, John, Sae free the battle fought, John,
4. Oh! haud ye leal and true, John, Your day's wear - in' thro', John,
pp
I'm wear - in' a - wa' To the land o' the leal.
And, oh! we grudged her sair To the land o' the leal.
That sinfu' man e'er brought To the land o' the leal.
And I'll wel - come you To the land o' the leal.
mf
There's nae sor-row there, John, There's neither cauld nor care, John,
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John, And joy's a - com - in' fast, John,
Oh! dry your glist'nin' e'e, John, My soul langs to be free, John,
Now fare ye weel, my ain John, This world's cares are vain, John,
mf


The day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.
The joy that's aye to last In the land o' the leal.
And an - gels beck-on me To the land o' the leal.
We'll meet, and we'll be fain In the land o' the leal.
p

OLD HUNDRED

ISAAC WATTS — L. BOURGEOIS, in the Genevan Psalter, 1551


1ST AND 2D SOPRANO.
1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E -
ALTO-TENOR.
1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord! E -
TENOR AND BASS.

the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise: Let the Re - deem - er's
ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from
the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re - deem - er's
ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from
name be sung Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
name be sung Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

THE PIANO AND HOW TO PLAY IT

By MARK HAMBOURG

Edited by L. J. de Bekker

WE are all so familiar with the modern pianoforte that the fact of its being an entirely modern instrument is apt to be overlooked. Yet, whereas musical instruments of one kind or another have existed from the very earliest times, the inventions that gradually led up to the piano as we know it to-day were not made until about 1720, and no very material advance was made till considerably later than that date.

The most familiar forms of early stringed instruments played with keys like the piano were the spinet and the harpsichord. The world's first pianoforte was invented and produced by Bartolommeo Cristofori, a Paduan harpsichord-maker. His invention of the escapement and check action early in the eighteenth century opened up such wonderful possibilities for the instrument that from that day harpsichord makers and inventors everywhere brought their attention to bear on the subject, and pianos of various kinds were manufactured with varying success by a number of different makers.

About the year 1800 John Isaac Hawkins, an English civil engineer living in Philadelphia, invented and produced the cottage piano, or upright grand. In his original instrument he anticipated almost every discovery that has since been introduced as "novel," and the whole history of pianoforte manufacture began to undergo a complete change from that time.

Having spoken of the development of the instrument, it may now be as well to speak shortly of the development of its players and the music that was written for it. From the time of Palestrina to that of Bach and Handel instrumental music was written chiefly for the organ. From then till the time of Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart, instrumental music quickly

developed; the piano took a predominant place, and there rapidly grew up a romantic school of musicians, among whom may be mentioned Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Chopin. The last named, I venture to say, represents the climax of the development of pianoforte literature; for while all the great musicians from Bach to Chopin contributed their best ideas and creative power, yet Chopin was undoubtedly the bard, the tone-poet, the soul of the instrument. In his music we find all that is best and most full of meaning, his works containing all those varying contrasts that make piano music so fascinating. Tragedy and romance, heroism and fanaticism, lyricism and dramaticism, grandeur and simplicity, brilliancy and restfulness, all are there, and his changing moods follow each other in such quick succession that his music exercises a peculiar charm upon every one who listens to it.

Clementi was the first of a school of virtuosi, among whom may be mentioned Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Field, Kalkbrenner, Hertz, and, more recently, Dreyschock, Schulhoff, etc., who were virtuosi of the dry order. Although some of them used their virtuosity in a powerful way and others in a delicate way, they all used it as an end instead of as a means to an end, and all of them played, as a general rule, compositions that gave them an opportunity to show off their brilliant technique and their ability to conquer the greatest difficulties.

Liszt and Anton Rubinstein were the giants who combined great virtuosity with intellect, feeling, and imagination, and it is through them and their followers that pianoforte-playing has reached the highest standard.

In just the same way that almost every one has a different voice, so has almost every one who plays the piano a different touch; and just as the voice can be improved by training and practice, so can the touch be altered. It is towards the matter of touch that the earliest lessons of the pianist should be directed; for the piano is such a sensitive instrument that the improper use of a single finger may alter the tone-color of a whole passage, and since tone-color is such an important factor in musical expression, it is of the utmost importance that the student should have perfect command of the keyboard in this respect.

BEETHOVEN AND MOZART

Of course, the first thing a student has to do is to acquire precision, equality, dexterity, and power. The capacity to modulate the tone will follow. The very name of "pianoforte" indicates that it is an instrument of contrasts, and contrasts are of just as much importance in music as they are in speech. Professor Leschetizky once said: "To make a beautiful composition sound dull and uninteresting is no hard matter, but to make a composition that is itself dull and uninteresting appear beautiful and full of meaning—that is the consummation of the pianist's art!"

Now it will be obvious that, in addition to the ordinary study and practice that are necessary for the acquisition of technical facility, study and practice of an entirely different kind are essential for the cultivation of what may be termed the musical ear, the possession of which is absolutely indispensable. The student must be able to distinguish intervals and chords with discrimination, as well as pitch and all the shades and qualities of sounds, and must train his ear until he can unhesitatingly distinguish every degree of power, beauty, meter, and rhythm. In very many cases it will be found that, while the ear can easily be trained to distinguish intervals and chords, it cannot be so easily trained in other ways; indeed those who have a perfect ear for pitch are frequently quite deaf to qualities of tone, and *vice versa*. The fact is that the ear is a delicate organ which has to be very carefully treated if it is to do its work to perfection. It is an interesting fact, for instance, that in cases where the ear has constantly to convey certain sounds to the brain, its use is liable to become impaired. It is no very rare thing for the player, say, of a piccolo eventually to become quite insensible, so far as the particular register of his own instrument is concerned, as to when he is playing in tune. He can readily appreciate any mistake made by the player of a double bass or some instrument with a lower register than his own, but, so far as his own register is concerned, his ear may become worn out, so to speak. In the same way the double bass player may be able to distinguish every difference of tone in the piccolo and be quite insensible to differences of tone in the register of his own instrument. It is thus with the ear just as it is with the

palate. which frequently becomes so familiar with certain tastes as to grow, after long and constant use, insensible to certain subtle differences once easily distinguishable. I have diverged to this extent simply to impress upon students the importance of carefully cultivating the ear in all departments equally, and I will now proceed to speak of various technical points which require special study.

I have already referred to the importance of touch. In no branch of piano-playing is this more emphasized than in staccato and legato passages. Good staccato and legato is very difficult to attain, and it therefore requires a great deal of study and attention on the part of the student. In legato-playing the wrist must be kept steady to such a degree that a coin balanced upon it remains in position throughout the playing of the passage. One finger must not be raised until the next descends.

In staccato-playing, the best is what is known as "finger-staccato," the fingers being made to spring up from the keys as quickly as possible, as though they were touching molten metal, or, in other words, "like a cat walking on hot bricks." There are various kinds of staccato-playing, wrist-staccato, wrist and finger staccato, etc., but special attention and work should be devoted to finger-staccato, since this is the kind most used, besides that it develops and strengthens the muscles of the hands and fingers to a very remarkable degree. In staccato as well as in legato-playing precision and equality are most important, and the equality must be not only in touch but also in time.

Speaking of equality in touch and time, I may here mention the great importance of devoting plenty of practice to the playing of chords. To obtain proper effect from a chord, all the notes of each chord must be struck with equality of touch, force, and pressure. When practising, in order to make sure that the best effect is being got, the notes of each chord may be divided up between the two hands. After striking a chord several times in this manner and listening carefully to the effect, it is easy to compare the result with the effect produced when the same chord is struck with one hand only. By practising in this way, a fulness and grandeur will be imparted to chord-passages which is very essential.

Before I leave the technical side of piano-playing I should like to call the attention of my readers to the enormous importance of the proper use of the pedals. Anton Rubinstein once explained to his pupils that pedal in pianoforte-playing was the soul and life of sound, since it beautified the tone of the instrument and created many effects which would otherwise be quite impossible. Artistic pedaling is in itself a very difficult art, and requires considerable knowledge of harmony and musical form as well as a highly developed musical taste. It would be easy to write at considerable length upon the subject, but for our present purpose it will suffice if I mention the following essential rules:

Never use the same pedal for different harmonies.
Never use the same pedal for two different phrases.
Do not use the pedal at the end of a phrase unless there is some special reason for it.
Use the pedal for long, melodic notes. In such cases I always use what is known as the "retired pedal," that is to say, depressing the pedal after striking the note.
All foundation-notes of chords require separate pedaling.
The use of the pedal is very important in climaxes.

Just as knowledge of grammar is necessary in order that a language may be properly spoken and understood, so is knowledge of harmony, counterpoint, and theory necessary to all who aspire to advanced piano-playing. Harmony, counterpoint, and theory are the grammar of music, upon a knowledge of which interpretation and phrasing largely depend. The connection between music and language is very much closer than people usually imagine; music being the expression of thought in sound of one kind, language the expression of thought in sound of another kind. For this reason it is very necessary that all musicians should study declamation. The great actor, when undertaking a new rôle, strains every nerve to make his interpretation of it impressive and attractive, taking advantage of contrasts, climaxes, pauses, emphases, and so on, in order to

play upon the emotions of his audience. The painist's is an exactly parallel case. He, too, must observe his contrasts, his climaxes, his pauses, and his emphases—in short, every movement must be rendered with the emotion that it calls up in him.

This explains the difference which is usually noticeable in the interpretation by different players of the same works. It accounts also for a pianist so seldom playing the same piece in exactly the same way. Pianists are not all equally emotional, consequently their interpretations vary in some degree; while no player is often swayed by his emotion to exactly the same extent every time he plays a particular piece, and as his performance is but an expression of his mood at the moment, it follows that his interpretations must always vary in some degree.

As to the question of phrasing in music, this forms a particularly important branch of study to which special attention should be given. If you have ever listened to a great speaker, you will have noticed that if he has occasion to make use of the same or similar phrases or sets of words more than once he uses a different tone of voice on each occasion. Were he to use the same tone of voice for each of similar phrases his speech would become monotonous, for although the words he utters are of the first initial importance, it is his tone of voice that brings out their full meaning and makes his delivery attractive.

With this end in view each new work that the student attempts should be carefully studied little by little, mastering its general division in the phrases and then obtaining a different effect for each. A musical illustration that I frequently refer to when writing or talking on this subject is Chopin's 20th Prelude. The theme of this Prelude may split up into three phrases. In the first phrase, a loud effect may be used; in the second the melody may be brought out by accentuating the top note of the chord, the whole phrase being played *piano*; in the third, which may be played *pp.*, the alto part can be brought out by accentuating the middle note of the chord. Many other differences may be employed in the rendering of these three phrases, each of which may itself be divided into two or four sub-phrases, so that there are literally scores of different ways of playing the Prelude, each of which may be

equally correct musically, even though some arrangements may not be so attractive as others. The pianist with originality and imagination will discover for himself methods of phrasing each work he attempts, without necessarily binding himself down to any hackneyed rendering.

In giving the above advice I do not wish it to be understood that I would recommend students to fly in the face of existing traditions regarding the interpretation of certain works. In a general way traditions should be accepted, since they are the result of the experience of the greatest virtuosi. But the student should be influenced and not enslaved by them, and when his mind and musical knowledge are properly developed they may receive the impress of his own individuality.

When once he has mastered the art of phrasing, the student will be in a position to introduce into his playing that "tone-color" without which music is cold and unconvincing. If one studies the works of the great composers one cannot help remarking upon the largely different methods that each employs for the introduction of color into his music. The student cannot do better than examine the works of Schumann if he wishes to acquire a knowledge of beautiful color-schemes. Indeed, I regard the study of that master's work as a very important factor in musical education, since the pupil will thenceforward be able to compare the color-schemes of other composers with those of one who was in this respect master of them all.

As regards what musical literature should be studied, while, of course, it is impossible for me in this article to deal with such a question fully, I may yet perhaps outline a rough course of work.

For beginners, I recommend the Études of Czerny, known as the Études de Vélocité, 40 Daily Studies, and the Études, op. 740 (4 books); also the Cramer Études, Hans von Bülow edition. For the higher development of technique, I recommend Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum," Tausig's edition; Chopin's Études, op. 10 and 25; the Schumann-Paganini Studies, and all the Liszt and Rubinstein Studies.

The compositions to be worked upon should be selected from the Sonatas of Haydn, Mozart. two and three voice

Inventions and Preludes and Fugues of Bach, Scarlatti, Dussek, Clementi, Reinecke, Hummel, Weber, and Beethoven; the Nocturnes of John Field, various compositions of Hiller, Moscheles, Thalberg, etc.

Of the romantic school careful study should be given to selected works from Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Rubinstein, Liszt, and, among quite modern composers, Brahms, Grieg, Tschaikowsky, César Cui, Rachmaninoff, Arenski, Saint-Säens, and César Franck.

I also strongly recommend all students to play, if possible, *ensemble* music, that is to say, with a trio or quartet of stringed instruments, or even with another piano part, since this helps to develop a knowledge of rhythm and the power to quickly interpret the meaning of a composer.

In conclusion, I would emphasize the great need there is for emotionalism and originality in music. Here, as nearly as I can remember, is something that Rubinstein once said: "The musician who only plays the music of a composer correctly will never move from the ranks of the mediocracy. Only when he learns to express the inmost thoughts of the composer and the breadth and greatness of a composition will he himself have a chance to become great. To be able to execute a musical composition one has to work hard to master the technique, but to interpret it well, much more than technique is required. What is wanted is the capacity for feeling, imagination, and analysis. The pianist who possesses these qualities is able to transform a poor composition into a beautiful one. Even in the works of great composers he will be able to discover and bring out effects which the composers themselves omitted to mark, or which did not occur to their minds. Mediocrities are afraid to be individual and original, though those who have no talent for originality or individuality may be very good executants."

ON THE TEACHING OF SINGING AND THE SINGER'S ART

By MADAME BLANCHE MARCHESI

Edited by L. J. de Bekker

WE may imagine the father and the mother having a talk—one example out of thousands: "I think our daughter is going to have a voice," says the father; "if that is so, I would like her to be a public singer; she might make a great name and earn a fortune, and all our friends would be jealous." "But what are we going to do?" asks the mother. Yes, what?

The girl is, say, fourteen years of age. Her parents are completely ignorant of anything connected with music or art; in fact, music has not hitherto been a subject of discussion between them.

A friend comes to tea in the afternoon; the parents confide to him their plans, and ask his advice. He knows of a piano-teacher whose brother gives singing-lessons. The real profession of this "teacher" is cabinet-making, but he used to sing in the chorus of an operatic traveling company, where he heard many of the great artists. He had also taken part in some local charity concerts, and, in consequence, is regarded as an authority in musical matters. The daughter of the house should be heard by this eminent expert: *he* will say at once if she has a voice worth cultivating.

Father, mother, daughter, and friend proceed the following day to the local authority aforesaid. The "authority" tries the girl's voice, and declares that *there* is an instrument of rarest quality. The girl, he says, should start having lessons at once. "Is she not perhaps too young?" ventures the mother timidly. "Oh no!" replies the teacher, anxious to inveigle a victim, "she is just the right age; the muscles are tender, and it is better to impart the right thing on a tender

muscle than on a ready-formed one!" The parents are overwhelmed at hearing a scientific explanation of such deep importance. The less they have understood, the more clever they think it!

The daughter starts lessons at once. Needless to say, the teacher is completely ignorant. The daily practices, the wrong production of the vocal tone, are followed by a complete breakdown of the girl's voice, after quite a short time. The voice has now become husky and unsteady, and the girl complains of intense pain after the lessons. The family are alarmed; they consult a specialist, who finds the throat in a very bad condition. He suggests an absolute rest. The parents are much distressed, but the idea that their child is to become a singer has firmly fixed itself in their minds and nothing will uproot it.

After the rest prescribed by the doctor, they bring their daughter back to the same teacher, and repeat to him the doctor's diagnosis. The teacher defends himself as best he can. "The girl has a delicate throat," he says; or "This is often the case at the beginning;" or "The child must have overworked at home;" or "The winter has been especially damp and cold."

The lessons are resumed. After a few weeks the girl has lost even her speaking voice. The teacher, becoming slightly alarmed, says it would be best to wait a year or two until she grows older. Then he proceeds to "explain," with more or less success, why the girl *has* lost her voice. Even now the parents do not believe that he is responsible for any of the harm done.

They decide that, while the girl is waiting, she shall be very well educated, to enable her to meet, later on, the demands of a great career; so they send her to a very superior boarding-school. At this school there are sight-reading and chorus-singing classes. The girl joins them, like every one else. These classes are held without regard to the age, capacity, or health of the girls. Notes are put before them, and they have to be sung, no matter whether they are too high or too low for the individual voices. In the case of this girl whose life we are now picturing, there very soon follows an acute attack of laryngitis; and coming home from school at the end of the term, she has to give up all

hopes of ever being able to do anything with her voice—at least for the present. However, several years of complete rest bring back a few notes of her voice; new hopes are formed, and the parents send their daughter to a large town. There she tries every available teacher, until nodules are formed on her vocal chords. A great authority in the medical world, to whom she is then taken, declares that she will never again as long as she lives be able to *speak* in a clear voice. So this story comes to an end. It is not the story of a girl who had to earn her own living.

What, however, about those who have nobody in this world to give them anything, and whose voices are their only fortune? The loss of the voice means the destruction of every hope of becoming famous or wealthy. Parents, if they have a gifted child, ought never to ask advice except from the highest authority in the profession chosen by or for that child.

To teach singing is more serious than to teach any other thing in this world. The singing-teacher can often give a voice, but he can more often take it away and break it for ever. Therefore, to teach singing aright is an infinitely important matter. When you teach a musical instrument you can also impart the wrong thing; but in that case the pupil can restart on a new line, and learn the right thing. With singing it is different. Either the voice has been spoilt and it will take years and years of tears and pain to regain the lost treasure by the aid of the greatest expert in teaching, or it will be gone forever!

The singing-teacher not only has to "place" the voice, but to cultivate it with love and patience; he has to observe the general health of his pupil; he must direct her steps, teach her to clothe and to protect herself against fatigue and cold; and all the while he must also train her soul. Even if the arrangement of her hair is in bad taste, it must be corrected. Often a small trifle overlooked in the appearance of an artist has ruined her career. A singer who stands on a platform bent forward and never lifting her eyes, or one opening a mouth like a cavern, is impossible, whatever voice she may possess. "Stage fright," that terrible malady of nervousness known to all who have to appear before the public—even that must not be too noticeable.

The public does not want a frightened artist; the public wants to enjoy itself; and a nervous artist makes the listeners nervous. A little nervousness at the beginning of a career is naturally allowed for, but it must not dominate the whole performance; if it does, it will spoil the whole effect. The soul of the pupil must be open to poetry, to love of beings and things; the thought must be wide-awake, else how can the singer understand the poem and the story which underlies every song or air? The horizon of her views must be widened.

The girl who follows the ordinary school course without specializing in anything is the least educated of all the daughters of the great nations. I always question my pupils about their studies; and my experience is that they have never learnt the things which they ought to have learnt. How can they get on without a knowledge of mythology? How can they understand paintings, sculptures, even literature? They do not learn the story of art, nor the literature of all the countries.

The consequence of this limited education is that the fields of girls' imaginations have not been enlarged. Their moral eyesight is dim and limited; their conversation touches only a few subjects, and in life only a few things interest them. The most stupid love-stories, with an *olla podrida* of railway "literature," are the only things they are familiar with. A girl who is not trained to appreciate serious and instructive literature will always lack depth and thoroughness. It is inevitable that this should be reflected in her art, if she chooses one, or if it chooses her.

To make a girl sing oratorio when she is fitted for opera; to try to make a serious ballad-singer out of one whose forte is light opera, are fatal mistakes on the part of a teacher. *Knowledge* and *inspiration* form the base of the art of teaching, and it is most necessary to understand the pupil's capacity. We are all human beings; every one of us has moments of fatigue; but the teacher who, instead of giving the necessary explanation, becomes annoyed when the pupil asks an important question, is either ignorant or quite unfit. The teacher is there to impart, the pupil to take in; and if the pupil has difficulties in learning,

it is the task of the teacher to overcome them. In a case where the teacher recognizes the utter impossibility of imparting his art to a pupil, because of the latter's want of the essential qualifications for an artist, he must have the courage to state the fact.

You wish to sing? Why? Because you are longing to become celebrated, or because you love money? Or do you really love art itself? One thing is certain: whatever you undertake without love—I mean love in the best sense of the word, not love of worldly matters—cannot be accomplished. It was love—love for God, for nature and art—which made the ancient painters and sculptors so great; and it is the lack of this love which makes some modern artists so hopelessly small, the old idea being replaced by the desire of making money to procure luxury. One must live, of course, and if an artist makes money by his art, well and good: it is perfectly legitimate. But to regard an art solely from the point of being able to make money out of it is absolutely to be condemned.

You must first of all form your character; without that you can gain nothing, least of all a career. You must be able to dominate your passions and desires, if you wish to sing. All physical effort, any moral or physical strain, reflects back upon the voice, for the voice is produced by a group of muscles which form a part of the body. The first condition towards becoming a singer is to have general good health. Only moderate walking exercise should be taken; a little swimming, riding, or cycling will not hurt the voice, but I say a *little*. Colds are naturally to be avoided. The skin must be kept free, or bad circulation is the result; but to keep up a good circulation, massage and exercise are the two best things that one can recommend. For a singer, good meals and proper clothing are absolutely necessary. Exciting drinks have to be avoided; wines are not only ruinous for the body, but they produce gout and rheumatism; alcohol in every form weakens the muscles. It has destroyed more singers' voices than the public is aware of. A singer's heart must not be weak or over-excited; the heart being the most necessary factor of the body, its condition has the greatest influence on the voice. All violent exercise is to be avoided. I

have met many girls who have had to give up singing because their hearts had been strained by violent games. Even too much walking may strain the heart.

The greatest sacrifice, and perhaps the hardest, to a singing-student is that she may only work her voice a little. There is a human instrument to be considered, and *that* will not stand over-practice. A girl should never begin singing before the age of sixteen; indeed, many girls are too young to start even at seventeen and eighteen. All depends upon the general development. The practices have to be timed, and they may only be increased by minutes. It is the teacher's duty to regulate this important feature in the studies of his pupil. The work that the pupil is anxious to get through may be learned by *thinking about it:* she can study it for hours with her brain, and she will find that this will advance her considerably in her progress. The real practices with the vocal instrument itself should not last for more than *minutes* to begin with; and only much later on can they be stretched out to half-hours. I must add that forcing the voice by shouting is very dangerous. Singing with what is commonly called "half-voice," or humming with open or closed mouth are equally dangerous. All these bring on the same evil result, namely, complete relaxation of the muscles of the throat.

One thing that has always struck me as incomprehensible, is the patience exercised by the average singing-pupil with the "teacher" who has either imparted nothing to her, or has ruined her voice forever. In ordinary life I generally find people revengeful, easily upset, having no memory for past benefits, but a splendid one for ill-treatment or unkindness. The singing-student is different. She certainly forgets the good things received (there are a few exceptions), but she as certainly forgets the bad things too. A proof of the right method is that from the day the lessons begin (in a more or less rapid way, according to the special or general condition of the pupil's voice), the progress must be constant, never decreasing. One of the greatest drawbacks in the education of singing-pupils is that they do not give the necessary time to their chosen art. Many want to sing songs after a few lessons; and very few will

understand that, even if the right method is being imparted, everything cannot come at once.

Another very tiresome drawback for a student is the persistency of the student's friends. I know of nothing more dangerous than these so-called friends. They simply persecute a singing-student, making her sing for their own pleasure, either before or after dinner, whether she has the permission of the teacher or not.

The public creates kings in art, and destroys them later with the same smile. It makes those who have reached the highest realms of fame sink into the dark night of oblivion; while, on the other hand, it elevates creatures of obscure birth to the rank of heroes. Nevertheless, in spite of everything, artists crave for it, work for it, and suffer for it. They offer this Moloch their heart's blood, they tremble before it, and adore it. Why? Because the public is to the singer what the light is to the painter. Without eyes to see and sun to shine, where and what would the painter be? Without ears to hear, what would music be? The one cannot exist without the other. I will say more: a considerable part of the artist's talents depends upon her hearers. You may be the greatest living artist, but if you stand before an uneducated, indifferent or ironical public, you will be unable to impart or develop your art. You will lose your talent instantaneously if you begin to feel that cold waves of indifference are flying towards you across the space. On the other hand, you will be inspired and double your talent if you have sympathy, love, enthusiasm, and praise from your audience.

The public can unfortunately direct an artist's taste, force him to perform what it likes best, what seems a pleasure to it, because pleasure is the principal benefit it wishes to derive from art. The public wants to be pleased, to amuse itself; if it must work or struggle to understand what is offered to it, the singing will no longer be a pleasure. Therefore the public likes things known to it, as in listening to them it enjoys itself. The serious artist who wishes to educate the public remains very poor indeed, and advances very slowly. I only speak of the singer, as she stands in front of the public in an especially

difficult position, which is unknown to instrumentalists. The classics of music for the violin and pianoforte are known by every concert-goer all over the world; and the artists play them over and over again, until the public is thoroughly familiar with them. The singer's repertoire is, so to say, unexploited as yet. The singer, wishing always to please instantaneously, and especially having to consider that she *must* please so as to be able to earn her own living, has to give up searching for unknown or forgotten novelties; she gives the public what it knows and therefore does not add to its education.

When some artists venture to give unknown works, they can only count on the appreciation of a circle, a very small circle, of people, and not on the general public. This circle is formed of highly cultured persons, who look out for intellectual feasts, and are happy to stroll with the artist through unknown fields. Therefore, it is the public who could, *if* it would, educate the artist, because it is the public which pays. So, naturally, the artist who has to make her own living cannot afford to teach the public, as she is the one who receives.

THE STORY OF ART

PICTURES
LITTLE CHILDREN LIKE

THE BABY (Spooner)

By THE EDITORS

(See the Illustration in Volume XI.)

SEE! The baby has just awakened, and mother is turning down the bedclothes to take him. He is already reaching out his little hands, because he wants his dinner.

Isn't it a pretty cradle? It sets in a corner of the baby's nursery, against a screen with birds on it, and upon a bright rug. It is made of walnut, all handsomely carved. Do you see the angel that bends over the baby's bed? Perhaps you know the verse:

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
Bless the bed that I lie on;
Angels four to guard my bed,
Two at the foot and two at the head."

Maybe that is why the mother had this angel carved to look down as if he were taking care of her baby.

There is another mother and baby in the picture. See the cat and her kitten on the rug.

What is mother talking about? Ask your own mother to read the verses that go with the picture. They tell us that the mother is asking the baby where he came from, and the baby is supposed to be telling her.

"But how did you come to us, baby dear?
God thought of *you,* and so I am here."

FEEDING HER BIRDS (Millet)

By THE EDITORS

MOTHER sits on her low wooden stool in the sun feeding her children. The painter of this picture said: "I wanted to suggest a nest of birds with their mother giving them food." Just like a mother-bird this mother feeds her birdlings turn and turn about. Instead of the worms and bugs that real birdies like, she has some porridge in a wooden bowl in her lap and she feeds it to her children with a wooden spoon.

There is no pushing and crowding and clamoring for an extra turn, because the little sisters and brothers love each other. How lovingly Marie holds the hand of little Jean! She will never let anything hurt him.

Vines overhang the wall. The father can be faintly seen in the distance, digging in the garden, working to get food for all his family. These are pictures of the painter's own children. But he had nine to feed—not three. Millet was a poor man, the son of poor people. See the neat little caps that the sisters wear, and the heavy wooden shoes on the feet of all the children. This is the way Millet's own children were dressed, and they lived all together in a little house like this one. This was the picture of his own dooryard.

FEEDING HER BIRDS

From a Painting by Jean François Millet.

THE HOLY NIGHT (Feurstein)

By THE EDITORS

(See the Illustration in Volume XI.)

"WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night," so the verses tell us that follow this picture, the good news came to them about the baby Jesus. They have walked to Bethlehem to find out more about Him, and here they see Him in the stable.

There are three of them. One is an old man who has been waiting for Him for many years. One is a young man, who has taken his hat off in surprise. Perhaps he cannot believe that One who is to be so good and do so much good could be born in a place that is a home for cattle. One is a boy who has come with his mother and who has brought his own pet lamb that follows him everywhere.

How brightly the light shines about the tiny form! How lovingly and proudly the mother holds him up. How protectingly the father puts his arm around the mother and child.

We like to think of Him as a child, because He loved little children.

"GRANDMOTHER'S TREASURE" (Israels)

By RICHARD MUTHER

JOSEF ISRAELS wanted to be a rabbi. But his parents sent him to lodge with a pious Jewish family who lived in the Ghetto of Amsterdam. He was enchanted with the narrow street where the people could shake hands from one window to another. He roamed about the out-of-the-way alleys, noted the fishwives, the fruit-shops with apples and oranges, the pretty and picturesque Jewesses, all this life in such a little space, without at first thinking of drawing the figures which he saw around him.

As with Millet it was an accident, a severe trial, which decided the future of Israels.

Some time after he settled in Amsterdam he became exceedingly ill and went to Zandvoort, a small fishing village near Haarlem, for his health. In this spot, hidden among the dunes, he lived alone, far from the bustle. He lodged with a ship's carpenter. Here he began to see that the sorrows of the poor are as beautiful as the deeds of ancient heroes, that everyday life is poetic, and that nothing suggests richer feeling than the interior of a fisher's hut, bathed in tender light and harmonious in color. This led him to discover his calling. For the first time he was carried away by the intimate beauty of simple things steeped in everlasting poetry. Here he became the artist whom the world has delighted to honor.

In a quiet street beside the canal his house was situated. The canal is lined by trees that cast a reflection on the water. . . . In Israels's house, quietude prevails without a sound. Noble Gobelins subdue the voice, and thick carpets the footsteps. . . . Behind the dwelling there lies a garden with a large glass house. The man who works here is very small in stature, and has a high treble voice, a puckered face, a

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

GRANDMOTHER'S TREASURE

From a Painting by Josef Israels.

white beard, and two sparkling eyes which flash out upon you from behind a large pair of spectacles. Everything about him has a nervous mobility like quicksilver. Always talking and gesticulating, he fetches out old pictures when a visitor comes, and looks at them, inclining his head to the right and then to the left; then he puts himself into the attitudes of his net-venders or his potato-gatherers, draws great landscapes in the air with his arms, sits down so that he may get up again immediately, searches for something or another, and at the same time recalls a remark which he has read in the newspaper. Even when he is painting, he paces thoughtfully between whiles up and down the studio with great hasty strides, bending forward with his hands clasped behind his back.*

This is one of Israel's indoor pictures.

Notice how beautifully the light falls upon the two heads in the center of the picture. This not only makes the room bright and homelike, but it calls our attention to the two faces, the sweet face of the grandmother and the lovely countenance of the little girl. Everything about this room is homelike, from the crockery on the mantel-shelf to the mending that lies on the window sill. Notice the tiles on the front of the fireplace. They are full of pictures, probably from the Bible. Grandmother has often told stories from these pictures to the little girl. The hands in the picture are almost as expressive as the faces. Those of the grandmother are worn with patient service. Those of the little girl are strong and willing and loving. The child is fond of running outdoors with her playmates, but after all grandmother is the best playmate of all, for she knows songs and stories that are prettier than any the child ever hears at school or play. And more wonderful still, she knows all about the land of make-believe.

* Israels was born in 1824 and died in 1911.

"THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR"

(Raphael)

By ELLA MATTHEWS BANGS

AMONG the sunny, vine-clad hills,
'Neath Italy's blue sky,
Long years ago a hermit dwelt,
Nor kith nor kin was nigh,
Yet two dear daughters—so he claimed—
Oft kept him company.

One was the good vine-dresser's child,
A little brown-eyed maid,
Who gladly left her younger friends,
And by the old man played;
The other was a stout oak-tree
Which gave them of its shade.

There came a winter wild with storm,
And freshets swollen deep;
Father Bernardo watched with dread
The waters' ruthless sweep,
Until the oak-tree beckoned him
Within her arms to creep.

The tree stood firm, the simple hut
Was swept away from sight.
Mary, the little brown-eyed maid,
Came with the dawning light,
Urging her father on to learn
The hermit's direful plight.

THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

From a Painting by Raphael.

And thus from peril he was brought
To safety once again,
Calling on heaven, with lavish hand,
To bless his daughters twain,
And praying they together might
Some lasting honor gain.

The years rolled on. The hermit died,
And passed from earth away;
And Mary held o'er two fair boys
A mother's loving sway;
The oak-tree into wine casks made
Fulfilled its destiny.

It chanced one day, as Mary clasped
Her baby to her breast,
The older boy came running near
Upon some childish quest,
Just as a young man wandered by
Dreamy with sad unrest.

A glorious picture haunted him,
Elusive day and night,
But yet his fancy drew no form
Clear to the outward sight,
When lo! this living picture rose
Before him fair and bright.

Quick as it came, his artist soul
The inspiration caught.
Pencils were ever near his hand,
Paper in vain he sought;
A wine-cask head was lying near,
On that his work he wrought.

And thus it was an answer came
To the old hermit's prayer,
For Raphael was the artist sad
Who chanced to wander there,
The picture that he painted—
The Madonna of the Chair.

"THE SISTINE MADONNA" (Raphael)

By THE EDITORS

THERE was once a good priest who took faithful care of his people. He lived close to them every day, he rejoiced with their joys, he stayed with them in their sicknesses. He was by and by made pope at Rome. In thankfulness because the pestilence had been taken away, the people asked the great painter Raphael to paint a picture for the altar in the village church where the pope had been a humble priest. And the Sistine Madonna is the picture he painted.

The people have prayed to God for health, and their prayer has been answered. Through the parted curtains we look up into heaven, where dimly you can see the child-angels in the sky. The Mother of Jesus comes, with her Son, to the rescue. She comes swiftly, for you can see the wind blowing back her veil and the folds of her skirt. But there is such a blessed calm in her features, so modest, so astonished at her own glory, so strong and so kind. She is not looking at us, nor at anything belonging to this world, but through and through the universe.

The Child rests naturally, but not listlessly in her arms, not so much supported as enthroned. He, too, is strong, with all the strength of his heavenly Father.

Since it is a picture of children, and for children, here are two cherubs, out of the choir above, that lean on the parapet of earth below, in innocence and rapture and wonder. They all remind us that, when the people prayed during their pestilence, it was chiefly that their children might be saved.

On the left the good pope, his triple crown at his feet, kneels with reverence to pray for men, for us, here below. On the other side, St. Barbara, the protector of fortresses, womanly and motherly, looks tenderly down upon men.

"THE GUARDIAN ANGEL" (Guercino)

By ROBERT BROWNING

DEAR and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
Shall find performed thy special ministry,
And time come for departure, thou suspending
Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,
Another still to quiet and retrieve.

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,
From where thou standest now, to where I gaze.
—And suddenly my head is covered o'er
With those wings, white above the child who prays
Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding
Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door.

. . . . . .

If this were ever granted, I would rest
My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
Pressing the brain which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And lay all quiet, happy, and suppressed.

. . . . . .

We were at Fano, and three times we went
To sit and see him in his chapel there,
And drink his beauty to our soul's content,

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

From a Painting by Guercino.

—My angel with me, too: and since I care
For dear Guercino's fame (to which in power
And glory comes this picture for a dower,
Fraught with a pathos so magnificent)

And since he did not work thus earnestly
At all times, and has else endured some wrong—
I took one thought his picture struck from me,
And spread it out, translating it to song.

THE FAIRIES SING TITANIA TO SLEEP

(Price)

By THE EDITORS

(See the Illustration in Volume III.)

THERE is a pretty fairy dream-story, part of which I must tell you.

Oberon, the king of the fairies, and Titania, the fairy queen, had quarreled. It was all about a little boy, who had no mother. The fairy king wanted to have him for a page in his court, but the fairy queen teased Oberon by taking him away to the greenwood, and she would not give him up. So the fairy king told her that he would do something to make her sorry.

One evening the fairy queen went into the greenwood to go to sleep for the night. There was a soft bank, all covered with pleasant flowers, that was her bed, and over it hung many blossoming shrubs. Before she covered herself with her tiny mantle, she called the fairies and told them what to do, for the nighttime is when the fairies do their work. Some of them were to kill the bugs that hurt the roses, and some were to keep the owls from disturbing her sleep. Then, as you see in the picture, the little elves placed their torches near her so that she would not be frightened if she should awake, and they scattered sweet-smelling flower-petals over her coverlet, and the fairies began to sing her to sleep.

Meanwhile Oberon had sent a mischievous little fellow, named Puck, to play a trick on her. He found where she was lying, and just as soon as she was asleep he stole up so softly that nobody saw him and dropped some love-juice in her eyes. This was magic, because just as soon as she woke up, the first

person she should see she would think the most lovable person in the world, no matter who he might be.

Then Oberon came close and finding a silly clown near by who had lost his way he clapped an ass's head over the clown's so that it looked as if it belonged there. He awoke but did not know what had happened to him and went stumbling along until he drew near the place where Titania was lying, where he dropped down and fell asleep.

When the queen woke up she was enchanted, and thought the soft head was the loveliest she had ever seen. She called her fairies and told one to dance for him and another to give him food and all of them to make him happy. She herself played with his hairy cheeks and kissed his large ears.

By and by Oberon came again, and he took away the enchantment, and when she saw that she had been so tender to a sleeping clown the fairy king had a good chance to tease her. And after he had laughed at her he asked her once more for the servant boy, and Titania was so ashamed of the foolish thing she had done that she could not refuse him.

So they were happy together again, and they went hand in hand into the greenwood to make some human people happy who loved each other, but who had lost their way.

It was all a moonlit dream, so ever since the story was told we have called it "The Midsummer Night's Dream." Some day you will wish to hear the whole story.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE (Spooner)

By THE EDITORS

(See the Illustration in Volume I.)

ONCE there was a little boy named Robert Louis Stevenson, who was not as strong and well as most boys and girls are. He used to be feverish at night, and he did not sleep well. Sometimes his father would come in and tell him stories, so that he would not be afraid because of his bad dreams. And sometimes his nurse, "Cummie," as he called her, when he coughed would lift him out of bed and carry him to the window and show him other lighted windows across the gardens, and comfort him by telling him that perhaps there might be other sick little boys with their nurses there, like them, waiting for the morning.

Some days he would have to lie in bed all the time. Then he would ask his nurse to bring him his Noah's ark and all his toy animals and his soldiers. "I used to play," he says, "that

> "I was the giant, great and still
> That sits upon the pillow-hill,
> And sees before him, dale and plain,
> The pleasant land of counterpane."

Mother will read you the whole poem, opposite the picture, that describes the fairyland that he built up among the bedclothes.

He had a lovely mother and a loving nurse, and he was a patient little boy. He could always make himself happy with picture-books and play, even when he could not run about.

When he became a man he was never strong, but he still kept his happy, boylike heart. There was a small boy in his

home, named Lloyd, and he taught him how to play soldiers up and down the stairs, just as he did himself when he was little.

He has written many other songs for children, and some fine stories for big boys, which you will read some day. Robert Louis Stevenson will always be loved, because he did not think about himself, but tried to help other people to find out how to be happy.

"MOTHER AND CHILD" (Le Brun)

By THE EDITORS

SHE was a brave mother as well as a pretty one. She was left an orphan at twelve, but at fifteen she was already an excellent portrait painter, and at twenty-eight she was made a member of the Royal Academy. She was married when she was very young, to a worthless husband, from whom she was obliged to separate, taking with her her beautiful daughter. A Frenchman told her life in the form of the legend of the Sleeping Beauty, representing all the fairies as gathering about her cradle:

"One gave her beauty, one intellect, and one offered her a pencil and palette. The fairy of marriages, who had not been called, said, 'It is true you will unfortunately marry M. Le Brun, the expert in pictures,' but the fairy of travel to console her, promised that she should carry from court to court, from academy to academy, from Paris to Petrograd, and from Rome to London, her gayety, her talent, and her easel, before which were to pose all the sovereigns of Europe, and all the heads crowned by genius."

And this came true, because she painted more great people than anybody of her time.

How loving the little girl; how sparkling and protecting the mother!

MOTHER AND CHILD

Madame Le Brun and Daughter.

UNDINE (Rackham)

By THE EDITORS

(See the Illustration in Volume IV.)

ONCE there was a little water-spirit named Undine. She lived down in the depths of the ocean among the fishes and the corals and the pearls in a lovely palace, for she was the daughter of the Lord of the Ocean.

One dark night a fisherman and his wife who lived beside the sea found a little lost child at their door. And they took her in kindly and brought her up as their own. She was a beautiful little creature, but very frolicsome and thoughtless. And she was not careful to help the good people who had done so much for her. On wild and windy nights she would run away out of doors, and they would be frightened for fear she was lost. They did not know that the little mermaid dove down into the bottom of the sea to play with the fishes and the fairies there. But this she did even when she had grown up, so that she lived part of the time among men and part of the time in the water.

Once there came a brave knight to the fisherman's hut, and Undine loved him and he loved her, and they were married. At the wedding they put on each other's finger two beautiful gold rings that Undine gave her lover.

Then she took him over to the island that was near the hut, and told him her story. "I am the daughter of the Sea King," she said, "and I have no soul, and I cannot suffer. So my father sent me to live among men, because if I could learn to love I could learn to suffer and be kind. And he gave me these two rings that we wear to-day, to give to the one who should come to love me. Now I have told you my story, and if you cannot love me because I am a water-

spirit I shall leap into the sea again, and there I shall live, always sorrowful, alone."

"Of course I love you, my dear Undine," he said, and the knight took her up in his arms and carried her back with him to the cottage. And now she had a soul, and could suffer and could be kind, and she was never thoughtless or cruel again. And she did not long to be back in the palace in the sea. But that night the candle light in the cottage seemed to her brighter than all the lights in her father's palace.

And they lived in the cottage together, and were forever happy.

PICTURES
SCHOOL CHILDREN LIKE

THE BROKEN PITCHER *

By DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN

"TO-DAY I am a Princess," said Gabrielle to her image in the mirror. "I wish that I had a string of pearls to wind in my hair." She looked at herself critically. Her dark-brown hair was parted smoothly and tied in a knot on her neck, whereas, of course, a real princess should have long, golden curls that touched the ground. Her dress was an old-fashioned white muslin that had once belonged to her sister. The skirt was patched, and there were none of the ruffles and ribbons that Gabrielle loved. A Princess would never have worn such an ugly dress. Gabrielle tried to pretend that it was made of purple velvet, and had a gold sash round it, and diamond buttons, but try as she might she could not make it look that way.

"It's the kind of a dress a beggar maid would wear," frowned Gabrielle, looking down at the patch, "and I hate to be a beggar maid! But I can be a Princess in disguise. Yes, that is it. My cruel uncles have stolen my throne and are hunting for me to kill me, but I shall escape them in this dress."

She hunted in the glass-covered box where she kept her treasures, and found a narrow, blue velvet ribbon and a broad, white scarf. Around the smooth, brown hair went the ribbon, around the bare throat went the scarf; then Gabrielle peeped again into the mirror. This time she saw a Princess quite plainly. She was just making a low bow to her, and the Princess was just bowing back very gravely and very graciously, when a voice called from the floor below, "Gabrielle! Gabrielle!"

"Yes, mother."

* From "Little Folks in Art," by Dorothy Donnell Calhoun, published by the Abington Press, Cincinnati. Used by permission of the author.

If Gabrielle scowled, only the Princess in the glass saw her. She was a little French girl, and French children are taught to obey their parents without asking any questions.

"Gabrielle, what are you doing? You are taking a long time to dress to-day, and there is much to be done!"

"Yes, mother, I am coming."

Gabrielle took one last peep at the Princess and ran down the steep, narrow stairs into the room below. Usually she hated this big room with its heavy dark furniture and ugly brick floor and the rows of hams and strings of dried onions hanging from the beams. But this morning the sun shone in brightly, making the copper pans and brass candlesticks glitter like real gold, and the doves were flying about the door, like white flowers on wings.

"The reapers are already at work, child," said her mother, kindly. "The hens have laid their morning eggs, and the windmill has turned for two hours grinding the corn. It's a pity that little maids should be lazy when everything else is so hard at work."

"Yes, mother," said Gabrielle, meekly. To herself she thought: "She does not know that I am a great Princess in disguise. How surprised she would be if she could guess who she was ordering around!"

Morning Chores

There was a great deal to be done. The breakfast dishes and pans were piled up on the table waiting to be washed. The floor must be swept and sprinkled with clean, white sand, and the loaves of rye bread set to baking on the hearth. Gabrielle thought it was a very disagreeable task to wash dishes and sweep floors, so she pretended that the brown earthenware pots and jars were all made of solid gold, and that the red tiles of the hearth were studded with jewels. After that, of course, it was much easier! The coarse, dark rye loaves became cakes full of fruit and nuts and covered with thick frosting. Gabrielle supposed that was what princesses probably ate.

THE BROKEN PITCHER

From a painting by Jean Baptiste Greuze

"Like the cake mother bakes on Twelfth Night," she thought, "with the silver piece and the bean inside."

After the house was set in order Gabrielle must gather the eggs from the stable and scatter the corn for the doves.

"I am hunting for the secret treasure of the witch who lived here on the edge of the forest," she said to herself, as she pushed aside the sweet-smelling hay in search of the eggs. "Each one is a silver coin. When I have fifty of them I can buy a white palfrey and ride away to find the Prince who will rescue me."

But, hunt as she might, she could only find fifteen.

"Never mind," she said, bravely, to the Princess in disguise. "Some day the Prince will find you himself. He is coming now beyond the edge of the woods yonder, across deserts and seas, with his trusty sword in his hands and your favor on his sleeve. He will not delay until he finds you. He is very tall, your Prince, and wears bright armor that shines in the sunshine. And his eyes are the color of the sky. He wears rings on his fingers, each one of a different color, and ten gold chains around his neck. He is very brave. Princes are always brave, just as Princesses are always beautiful. He will not be afraid of cross old Bruno, or of the big red bull in the pasture who roars so whenever you come near."

"Gabrielle, where are you? Bring the eggs at once, troublesome child!"

"Yes, mother."

Gabrielle went across the farmyard obediently. Over the field a flash of yellow sunlight flickered. She thought that perhaps it was the Prince riding away. Even a Prince might be a little afraid of mother when she spoke so sharply. Mother took the eggs from the little girl's apron rather impatiently.

The Pitcher

"Where are your wits to-day, child?" she asked. "It does not take *me* all the morning to find a few eggs. Now take the blue pitcher, yonder, and go down to the well and draw me

some water for the soup pot. And keep your mind on what you are doing, for I would not have that pitcher broken for the world."

Gabrielle took the pitcher very carefully and started out. She was glad that her mother needed water, for she loved the walk to the roadside well. Golden butter-and-eggs gleamed by the side of the path; purple asters and red poppies shone among the wheat. Larks and humming-birds flew overhead, and big purple and pink butterflies brushed against her hair and lighted on her sleeve.

"I think that a butterfly must be a fairy at night," said Gabrielle aloud, "and the bees are the brownies, I suppose. How I wish I could see a real fairy and have three wishes! Let me see, I'd wish first of all for all the money I wanted; and, second, I would wish for all the pretty clothes I could wear——"

She mused on happily, forgetting in her interest to walk carefully. On the very edge of the well itself she stumbled against the curbing and the blue pitcher fell crashing from her hands!

Gabrielle looked down at it, her heart beating wildly. She hardly dared stoop over and pick it up. What if it should be broken! Her mother would be very angry. Perhaps she would tell Gabrielle that she could not go to the feast in the fields on Saint Catherine's Day! Gabrielle had been looking ahead to that feast for weeks. She even had a new dress to wear. In a panic of haste she stooped and picked up the pitcher. Sure enough, there was a great hole in one side!

"Now is the time for the Prince to come and help me," thought the little girl, miserably. "Prince! Prince! Where are you? Your Princess in disguise needs you, here by the wayside well!"

But, of course, no Prince came. Gabrielle considered.

"I could tell her that Bruno knocked it out of my hands," she thought, naughtily. "She could not blame me then, and I could go to the feast."

A tiny golden butterfly paused to flutter his wings on the edge of the broken pitcher. Somewhere a lark sang a joyful

song over the tasseled wheat. Gabrielle suddenly felt ashamed, although she did not know just why.

"No, I will tell her I did it," she said, sadly. "I am sure the Prince would not wish me to tell a lie. Besides, I am a Princess, even if I have a ragged dress, and Princesses are too noble to deceive."

So, lifting the broken pitcher to her arm, Gabrielle turned bravely homeward across the bloomy, flower-colored fields.

And although that is really the end of the story, I am happy to tell you that her mother forgave her honest little daughter, and Gabrielle went to the feast after all, looking like a real little Princess in her pretty new gown.

"THE HORSE FAIR" (Bonheur)

By THE EDITORS

ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair" is the largest painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and it has always been a favorite. It was given to the Museum by Cornelius Vanderbilt. The English and the Americans think it is this woman-painter's masterpiece. The French think her "Ploughing" is better—perhaps because they own it!

"It is," says Stranahan, "a group of twenty or more strong Percheron horses; they are white, dappled, black, and splendid in the energy of action and draught power. Some are ridden, some led by sporting, tricky grooms, whom, notwithstanding their frequent jests at her expense, she has as faithfully painted as exultant in the mastery of the noble brutes." The reason the jockeys joked at Mlle. Bonheur was because, so as not to attract attention, she dressed in male costume while frequenting the fair to do her work. The painting occupied a year and a half. "The scene is a familiar spot of Paris, with the dome of the Invalides and an avenue of trees seen in the background.

"Solid and firm modeling; accuracy of action rendered with spirit; fidelity to patient observation; the representation of space above, before and behind her figures; fine rendering of the spirit of the animals, are the qualities of the picture, and, with the landscape added, represent her style."

Rosa Bonheur made her *début* at the Paris *Salon* of 1841, to which she sent two small pictures of sheep, goats, and rabbits. In 1853 she exhibited her masterpiece, the now famous "Horse Fair." The subsequent history of this painting is given in the following extract from a letter written to Mr. S. P. Avery by Mr. Ernest Gambart, the original purchaser of the picture:

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE HORSE FAIR

From a painting by Rosa Bonheur

"I will give you the real story of the 'Horse Fair,' now in New York. It was painted in 1852 by Rosa Bonheur, then in her thirtieth year, and exhibited in the next Salon. Though much admired, it did not find a purchaser. It was soon after exhibited at Ghent, meeting again with much appreciation, but was not sold, as art did not flourish at the time. In 1855 the picture was sent by Rosa Bonheur to her native town of Bordeaux, and exhibited there. She offered to sell it to the town at the very low price of 12,000 francs ($2,400). While there I asked her if she would sell it to me, and allow me to take it to England and have it engraved. She said: 'I wish my picture to remain in France. I will once more impress on my countrymen my wish to sell it to them for 12,000 francs. If they refuse, you can have it, but if you take it abroad, you must pay me 40,000 francs.' The town failing to make the purchase, I at once accepted these terms, and Rosa Bonheur then placed the picture at my disposal. I tendered her the 40,000 francs, and she said: 'I am much gratified at your giving me such a noble price, but I do not like to feel that I have taken advantage of your liberality. Let us see how we can combine in the matter. You will not be able to have an engraving made from so large a canvas. Suppose I paint you a small one of the same subject, of which I will make you a present.' Of course I accepted the gift, and thus it happened that the large work went traveling over the kingdom on the exhibition, while Thomas Landseer was making an engraving from the quarter-size replica.

"After some time—in 1857 (I think)—I sold the original picture to Mr. William P. Wright, New York (whose picture gallery and residence were at Weehawken, N. J.), for the sum of 30,000 francs, but as he claimed a share of the profits of its exhibition in New York and other cities, he really paid me only 22,000 francs for it. I offered to repurchase the picture in 1870 for 50,000 francs, but ultimately I understood that Mr. Stewart paid a much larger price for it on the dispersion of Mr. Wright's gallery. The quarter-size replica, from which the engraving was made, I finally sold to Mr. Jacob Bell, who bequeathed it, in 1859, to the nation, and it is now in

the National Gallery in London. A second, still smaller, replica was painted a few years later, and was resold some time ago in London for £4,000 ($20,000). There is also a smaller water-color drawing, which was sold to Mr. Bolckow for 2,500 guineas ($12,000), and is now an heirloom belonging to the town of Middlesborough. That is the whole history of this grand work. The Stewart canvas is the real and true original, and only large-size 'Horse Fair.'

"Once in Mr. Stewart's possession, it never left his gallery until the auction sale of his collection, March 25, 1887, when it was purchased by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for the sum of $55,500, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Hamerton calls Rosa Bonheur 'the most accomplished female painter who ever lived,' and adds: 'She is a pure and generous woman as well, and can hardly be too much admired, whether we regard her as a woman or artist. She is simple in her tastes and habits of life, and many stories are told of her generosity to others.'"

ANGELS IN THE KITCHEN (Murillo)

By W. M. LETTS

"It is the angel-aim and standard in an act that consecrates it."
—William C. Gannett.

NO angel is so high
But serveth clowns and kings
And doeth lowly things.
He in this serviceable love can see
The symbol of a heavenly mystery, —
So labor grows white wings.

No angel bravely drest
In larkspur-colored gown
But he will kneel him down
And sweep with careful art the meanest floor,
Singing the while he sweeps and toiling more
Because he wears a crown.

Set water on to boil,
An angel helps thee straight,
Kneeling beside the grate
With pursed mouth he bloweth up the flame,
Chiding the tardy kettle that for shame
It makes an angel wait.

Make thou conserves, the while
Two little cherubs stand
Tiptoe at either hand.
And one would help thee stir, and one would skim
The golden juice that foams about the brim,
So serveth thy command.

Lady, thou art a queen,
Thy kitchen an estate,
Within its wall be great,
Rule prudently. With faces kind and bland,
Crowned heads and folded wings, for thy command
And service angels wait.

Of this same picture William C. Gannett says: "In one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre he shows us the interior of a convent kitchen; but doing the work there are, not mortals in old dresses, but beautiful white-winged angels. One serenely puts the kettle on the fire to boil, and one is lifting up a pail of water with heavenly grace, and one is at the kitchen-dresser reaching up for plates; and I believe there is a little cherub running about and getting in the way, trying to help. What the old monkish legend that it represented is, I do not know. But as the painter puts it to you on his canvas, all are so busy, and working with such a will, and so refining the work as they do it, that somehow you forget that pans are pans and pots pots, and only think of the angels, and how very natural and beautiful kitchen-work is."

THE EVENING HOUR (Ekwall)

By THE EDITORS

(See the Illustration in Volume X.)

THE day is over and supper is ended. Amy, the maid, is clearing away the dishes. The baby, whose name is the same as yours, is just going to bed. Mother is teaching him how to eat out of a spoon, and little sister on one side and little brother on the other are watching his first lesson. Father, who is just going to read the paper aloud, is very proud of his littlest child.

Over on the chair is Jenny, the doll. Pretty soon Mother will take the baby up to his crib, and little sister will bring her the doll to put in her arms, and baby will go to sleep until morning.

Here is one more member of the family, the dog Shep. Big brother Robert is giving him just a bite toward his supper, and he will call him with a merry whistle and take him out to his kennel in the yard, where his evening dish is waiting.

Then all the people will sleep, and Shep will lie in his kennel door, and he will sleep, too. But he knows his duty, and he is a faithful watchman, and if anybody comes into the yard during the night, or even walks by the gate, he will be on his feet in a moment and bark until they go about their own business.

THE FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE (Hunt)

By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON

HOLMAN HUNT encountered innumerable difficulties when he attempted to paint the picture of "The Finding of Christ in the Temple."

It was almost impossible at one time to get the Jewish men, whom he desired to introduce as the Rabbis, to sit to him, and he had all the way through his progress to keep secret from them the actual subject of the painting.

It was reported that the painter had come "to traffic with the souls of the faithful." He was forbidden to have any Jews in his studio, and only half the work was completed in the City of Zion, and the picture brought back incomplete to London.

There, by the help of models, whom he obtained in the Jewish schools, the picture was finished, the figures of the Blessed Virgin and Christ being left till the last, and then done "from a lady of the ancient race, distinguished alike for her amiability and beauty, and a lad in one of the Jewish schools, to which the husband of the lady furnished a friendly introduction."

The Distinguishing Character

The distinguishing character of the picture which strikes the eye at first is its luminous depth and intensity of color, "the perfect truth of the chiaroscuro that gives relief and roundness to every part."

In more detailed examination, one is struck by the delight and tenderness of that countenance which reveals the yearning anxiety, the result of three long days of searching with ever-increasing fear.

Then the wistful, thoughtful, radiant look of the Christ and His heedfulness of His mission, which prevent His giving full attention to the embrace of His mother, should be realized, and the diversified countenances of the Rabbis studied, one by one.

The picture is crowded with thought. The scene is presented as a true one, in actual Oriental garb, with all the accessories that doubtless surrounded it in actual life, and the trembling, anxious mother, finding her devoted Son in the midst of those venerable men, whom He had been astonishing by His learning and His questions, is vividly depicted before our eyes.

In technique this is one of the artist's best pictures.

It is not overdone with detail, albeit every attention is given to the accuracy of each accessory. Its color is full and glorious, golden with sunlight and glowing with gemlike radiance, and all the grand colors and the gold and marble that appear in it are united in dexterous manner into one harmonious whole.

Symbolism is not lacking in the painting. There are moneychangers, lads with lambs for sale, others driving out the intruding doves, women, and beggars, all having their part to take in the scene of the picture and in the lesson that it has to convey.

It is the hour of the evening sacrifice. The temple doors are open. Birds are flying by, who find a shelter in God's house. A blind beggar is seated in the doorway, symbol of needy humanity that comes close to, but does not find its way into, communion with God. Scaffolding outside shows that the temple is unfinished, for human faith is not yet made perfect. In the furthest room some parents are bringing their babe to consecration, and above the lamps have just been lighted. They suggest the support but futility of forms, circumcision being of the flesh, not of the heart, and the lamps but pallid in the light of God's sunset. A semi-circle of doctors is seated in the center. The one who holds the scroll of the law is blind and his aged companion is deaf. Such were the custodians of truth in the days of Jesus. Others

are cynical, incredulous, or irreverent. Many young people are in the picture—the babe in the distance, the choir boys and attendants—and another. In the high lights within the doorway stands the young Jesus. His mother enclasps him, the father surrounds the mother with his protecting arm—symbol of perfect family life. The family in the center suggests its central place in the religion of a nation. On the mystic circle emblazoned upon the open door we read: "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple."

Who Will Welcome Him?

The Lord has indeed come suddenly, but not noisily, and not as He has been expected. Who will be the first to welcome Him? The mother, of course, even if she does not seem to understand Him, even if she must again lose Him to the great world. But not those blind old wise men, with the unfathomed prophets in their aged grasp. The beggar at the doorway perhaps brooding over his unfinished life; the bright-eyed temple boys; the baby who may some day become his disciple.

To-day the Lord has come to learn. Some day He will come to bring. Some day from this sacred place He will go forth to do—and die.

He represents ourselves, we who are young people, standing by the passed threshold of the years of "you must"; standing by the open portal of the solemn "I musts" of to-morrow.

FINDING CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

From a Painting by Holman Hunt.

"ROMAN GIRL AT A FOUNTAIN"
(Bonnat)

By THE EDITORS

THE fountains of Rome are famous. They are so numerous and beautiful and their pure water comes from the cascades of Tivoli in the mountains twenty miles away. There is one of the largest of which, if you drink and at the same time throw in a penny, the story is that you will be sure to return to Rome.

In this picture by Bonnat is a humbler drinking-place. It is not in one of the big squares, but against the wall of a narrow street, perhaps down by the Rag Fair. The little girl, barefoot, dressed in bright colors, has stopped a moment in her play to quench her thirst. In a moment she will be flying off again to join her companions. Perhaps they will be chasing each other among the broken pillars of the Forum or playing in the shadows among the flowers in the gardens where once stood the palaces of the Cæsars. It must be fine to live in the Eternal City.

How graceful is the little figure, and how pretty her upturned face!

ANDROMACHE IN CAPTIVITY (Leighton)

By THE EDITORS

(See the illustration in Volume III.)

ANDROMACHE was the wife of Hector, the bravest man in Troy. Part of his story is told in the third volume, beginning at page 107.

They had a little boy, named Astyanax, "the City King," he was called, because his father had saved the city. When it seemed that the Greeks were likely to enter Troy, after their long siege, Hector flung himself into its defense, and, armed for the battle, went to say good-by to his wife and boy.

"Your courage will bring you death," cried the sobbing Andromache. "Have you no pity for your wife and baby?"

"Indeed, I feel that Troy must fall and I fall with it, but I must go forth and fight for her, or else be known hereafter as a coward."

The great Achilles brought Hector down to death, and alone before the walls of Troy he fell and died. The little Astyanax was flung from the walls of the city and never became king of Troy. Andromache was taken in captivity to far-off Greece by the son of Achilles.

In the illustration she is pictured going to the city fountain with the serving-women. The graceful figures, the bright sunshine, the rich summer, the peaceful happiness bring no gladness to her. She sees a workingman and his wife playing with their baby, and her mind and heart go back to Troy and her hero-husband and her own lost boy. "A sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things."

But Andromache had serener days. By and by she was restored to her own country, and the good brother of Hector took her as his wife, and she had once more a home.

"JOAN OF ARC" (Bastien-Lepage)

From *The Portfolio*

BEFORE beginning this picture, Bastien-Lepage paid a visit to Domrémy accompanied by his faithful mother, and saw the birthplace of the heroic maid, and the cottage where she had lived.

"Joan of Arc," he began by saying to himself, "was a simple and devout maiden, of a thoughtful and contemplative nature. Often she was to be seen on her knees in the village church, praying to the virgin saints, Catherine and Margaret, and the great archangel Michael, whose carved images adorned the altar of Domrémy. Often as she knelt there, she thought of the distracted state of her poor country and of the misery which she saw around her. And as she prayed to God and the saints for help, it seemed to her that a voice from heaven called her to go forth and save her unhappy land." Accordingly, the artist's first idea was to represent Joan on her knees before the altar of the village church, and he made a beautiful drawing of the kneeling maid with her hands clasped in prayer and her head raised in a listening attitude.

But then his love for open-air subjects got the better of his first resolve. He remembered how Joan of Arc had said that the mysterious voices followed her everywhere, and haunted her both at work and in her sleep. So he drew a colored sketch on the walls of his studio, in which he represented his heroine, in the gray homespun bodice and brown skirt of the Lorraine peasants, spinning under the fruit trees of her father's orchard. That orchard was the garden of Damvillers, with the rose-bushes and the flowers and vegetables growing together under the pear trees and apple trees, and wild flowers in the long grass of the meadow beyond.

And in the background he painted the white walls and red roofs of the cottage at Domrémy.

Still he was not satisfied. He altered Joan's attitude and represented her standing under an apple tree, with her right arm hanging down and her left hand grasping the leaves of a bush at her side. She has started to her feet, overturning the spinning-wheel in her agitation, and listens with a rapt look on her face to the voices that are calling her by name. But it was some time before the artist could find the exact head that he wanted for his Joan of Arc. The type of face was to be that of the ordinary Meuse peasant-girl, with low brow, high cheekbones, and square chin. But the right expression was hard to get, and he drew a dozen different heads before he could satisfy himself. When at length he succeeded, he wrote joyfully to his friend, Charles Baude: "I really think I have found the head of my Joan of Arc, and every one agrees that the resolve to start on her mission is well expressed on her face, while the simple charm of the peasant is retained. Her attitude is, I think, very pure and gentle, as it ought to be. . . . But I shall see you soon, and I had rather leave you the pleasure of the surprise, which you will receive from the first sight of the picture. You will judge of it all the better and be better able to tell me what you think of it."

Unseen Voices

But another difficulty remained to be solved. How were unseen voices to be represented? The painter's friends were all of the opinion that the saints whose call she hears should be invisible. . . . But this idea did not content Bastien-Lepage . . . the saints must be present if the mystic meaning of Joan of Arc's story was to be fully realized. At one time he thought of representing the gilt and painted images of the patron saints of Domrémy, as hidden among the fruit trees of the orchard. But by degrees a happier inspiration prevailed. In the pure dreams of Joan, he reflected, the "blessed saints" would appear in a glorified form, with the light of paradise on their brows. And so he painted the

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

JOAN OF ARC

From a Painting by Jules Bastien-Lepage.

great Archangel in his shining armor, and the white-robed virgins, dimly seen through the luminous mist that streams from heaven.

. . . The strangeness of the composition repelled the public, and many of the painter's warmer admirers were puzzled. The representation of the voices was condemned on all sides, and the critics complained of a certain confusion of form and want of atmosphere and perspective in the picture, in his anxiety to be perfectly true to nature. The details of the background were too elaborately painted. The mass of tangled leaves and thorns had been allowed to come too far forward, and interfered with the effect of the central figure. And yet, in spite of these defects, Bastien-Lepage's "Joan of Arc" remains a great and noble picture. No one can look at that wonderful face and form without feeling how completely the artist has realized his own idea. His "Joan" is the true peasant-maid of Domrémy, pure and good and simple, and wholly rapt in thoughts of the unseen. The figure itself is a masterpiece of drawing. The attitude of passionate attention, the upraised head, and wide-open blue eyes all tell the same tale.

Joan has no girlish beauty, such as belongs to the "teens." Her square jaw, her ugly hands and arms, her shapeless body and careless dress, give the esthetic sense very little satisfaction. But when we look at her eyes, we see why this picture is counted a masterpiece. The real Joan we see looking out through those great eyes as through windows in a wall. It would have been easier to give us a beautiful girl in armor, riding a galloping horse to glory. But Lepage chose to paint a great soul.—*M. S. Emery.*

"THE BOYHOOD OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH" (Millais)

By THE EDITORS

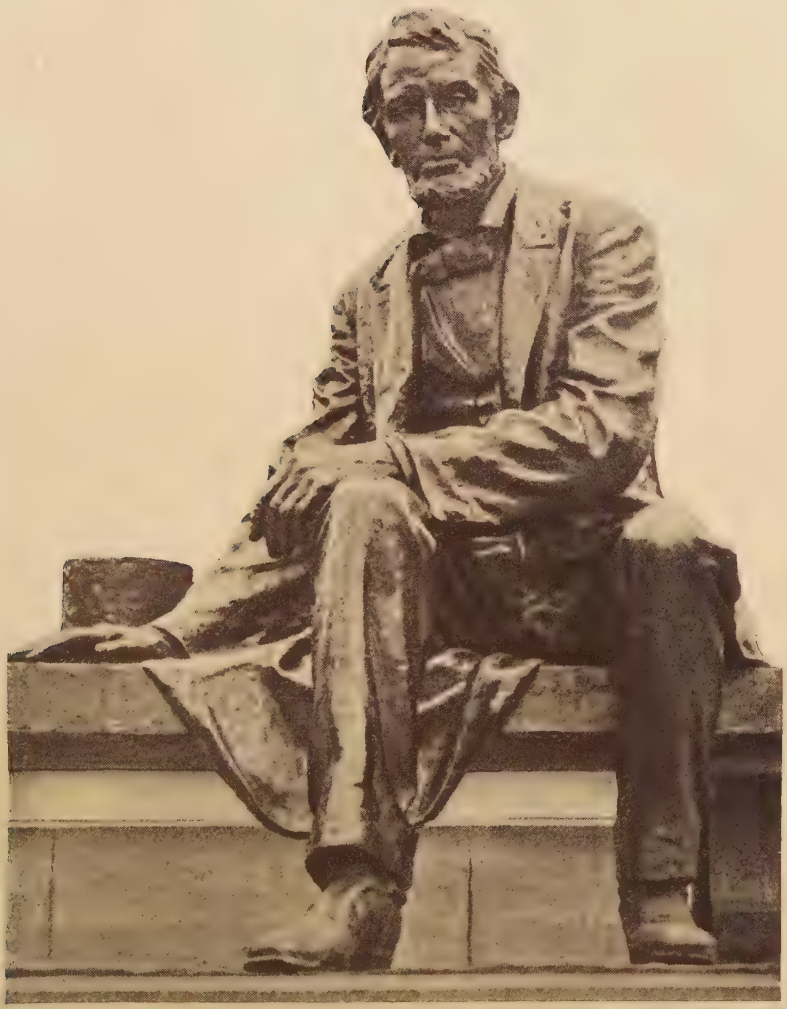
THE scene glows in the warm light of a Devonshire sun. A sunburned, stalwart Genoese sailor, with loose ruddy trousers, is seated with his brawny, bronzed shoulders toward us on a sea wall, while before him, and at ease upon the floor are Raleigh and his brother (some say, the youthful Milton), listening eagerly and with rapt ears to the narration of wonders beyond the seas, where the forefinger of the adventurer is pointing. A toy ship stands near the boys, showing that even in their play they are sailors. At the feet of the group lie a star-fish, seaweed, a rusty anchor, with some stuffed birds of outlandish sort and bright plumage and dried flowers. The sea, shimmering and barred with delicate hues of blue and green, reflects a sunny sky.

One of the boys looks quietly at the sailor, the other is already in person in the Land of Gold. One needs not guess which is Walter.

The painter used his two sons, Everett and George, as models for the boys in this picture. It is one of the most popular he ever painted.

After you have enjoyed this picture you will want to read the sketch of Sir Walter's later life in Volume VII. Of him might truly have been written these lines:

"We that greet you, worn of time,
Wave-racked and tempest-rent,
By sun and star, in every clime,
Have searched for Heart's Content
In every clime the world around,
The waste of waters o'er;
And El Dorado have we found,
That ne'er was found before."



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN (Borglum)

This statue of the Great Emancipator stands in front of the Court House, Newark, N. J.

"LINCOLN" (Borglum)

By WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

IN the city of Newark, in a central square, they have erected an unusual memorial. It is a statue, but is the only one in the world, so far as I know, that represents a man sitting down on a bench.

It is a most lifelike statue. The figure is not much larger than life. The man has just sat down as if he were tired from walking, and his hat is on the bench beside him. And it is a real bench. The figure is at one end so that there is room beside him for another, and the man is represented with his arm somewhat outstretched, as though he were asking one to come and sit down. Many do so, and it is a resting-place as well as a memorial. Not only do the birds light upon the kindly face, but children clamber over it and look curiously up into the eyes.

Of course you all know who this man was. And I think you will agree with me that this is the most appropriate memorial ever made for Abraham Lincoln. Out in Kentucky, at his birthplace, his log cabin has been enclosed in a Grecian temple. In Washington they are proposing to set his statue high above the people, in the midst of a circular marble colonnade. But here he is as he used to be when he was President, sitting, when he could snatch time, on a stool in front of a soldier's tent or on a bench in a public park.

He was one of the kind of men who, when he sat down, made people want to sit beside him. It seems as if that long arm was always extended to somebody. You may recall how he stretched it out once to a little girl who was standing in a dooryard beside a trunk, crying because she was going to lose her train. He caught up the trunk with one arm and the girl with the other and ran to the station in time to deposit

both on a rear platform. Scared children who came to call on him were likely to be taken within the crook of that arm and comforted. He knew how to come alongside. The people felt so close to him that they regarded him as the father of them all.

What saved the Union, Lowell tells us, was that Lincoln "kept step with the drum-beat of the nation." It seems somehow appropriate that his death should have occurred in a poor man's home, in a lodging-house. I was in that house a few weeks ago, and to me the most impressive thing there, was a letter from a young man who gave up his room so that Lincoln might rest there after he was shot, and who wrote home to tell how he slept a few nights later, not only in the same bed, but under the same coverlet where the President died.

Lincoln had plenty of enemies to keep him humble, but he had success enough to make almost anyone proud. He could not have failed to remember that his cabinet and general officers of the army were mostly men of greater education and social standing than he, and yet that it was he rather than they who won the victory that saved the Union. But he did not leave his bench for a throne or even for a platform, and when men last heard him speak it was in the glad but humble tones of an older brother, and when they last saw him alive it was seated among the people sharing in a common pleasure.

THE DIVINE APPRENTICE

From a Painting by Virginie Demont-Breton

THE DIVINE APPRENTICE

(Demont-Breton)

THIS is a picture of the interior of the home of the carpenter of Nazareth. The house was a small one, and in those days it was not uncommon for poor people to do their work and to live in the same room. Father and Mother and Child worked cheerily together.

The Mother is young and slender and graceful, and has a sweet, though serious, and loving face. The carpenter is old. You can see a little of his white beard, and his form is bent with hard labor. His hands and arms show the effects of work in the sun, because he was not only a carpenter, but also a mason.

How sturdy the little Boy is. Notice, in comparison with the long, thin arms of his mother, how sturdy are his boyish arms and hands. He holds the spokeshave firmly, and leans back as if he were enjoying seeing the sparks fly. He is held in tender grasp, and the carpenter seems proud to think that he has such a fine child growing up to care for the family.

Light always gives meaning to a picture. In this case it not only makes the room cheerful, but it falls across the boy's hair and face, so that we feel at once that He is the most important person in the picture.

SWIFT AND STELLA (Dicksee)

By THE EDITORS

(See the Illustration in Volume IX.)

SWIFT was a poor young man, though a clergyman, who lived as a secretary in a rich man's house in Ireland, and Stella was the little daughter of the housekeeper.

He had a dark, bitter face, for he was unhappy. He knew that he was able to do great things in this world, and yet he was obliged to do another's bidding. He was always lonely and he had no friends—except little Stella.

He taught her how to read and write, he told her stories about foreign lands, and he made up stories for her, fairylike stories about countries where the grownup people are only as tall as your hand, and about other countries where they are all giants, and about another where the horses are the masters and the people must serve them.

In the picture you see Swift and Stella in the library of the great mansion where they both lived. The light comes in across the lawn and past the irises in the window and falls upon the black hair and the sweet face of the little girl. Swift's stern face grows gentle as he turns from his own big books. She is trying so hard to write straight lines with her quill pen. In a corner is the large globe where she has followed his stories with her tiny fingers and tried to find the lands where the Struldbrugs and the man-horses live.

By and by Swift became a famous man in London. Stella stayed behind in Dublin. But every day he used to write her a letter, full of his bright jokes and verses. He used to talk to her in what he called his "little language," and he used to speak to her as "M. D.," which means "My Dearest." He would keep her letters to him under his pillow, and sometimes he would sit up in bed in the morning and answer hers.

PICTURES YOUNG FOLKS LIKE

"THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE TOWED TO HER LAST BERTH" * (Turner)

By M. S. EMERY

THE glory of the sunset is something that many and many an artist has tried to capture and immortalize.

One of the most famous picture-sunsets is that of Turner's "Fighting Téméraire." It takes for its text the towing of a famous warship, condemned as unseaworthy, to her last anchorage after long and eventful service. The name of the vessel means, "The one that dares." She was captured by the English from the French in the battle of the Nile in 1798, and used in the British navy until 1838, when she was pronounced past her usefulness.

Although our reproduction is only in half-tone, the impression received is one of gorgeous color. We feel that the sky is ablaze with sunset light, and that the waters reflect the glow of the clouds in every ripple. The important little steam vessel towing the warship emphasizes by contrast with its own dark shape and belching smoke the vivid hues of the sky and the surrounding water. The distant shore, behind which the sun is about sinking, is veiled in a fiery haze through which walls and towers loom with the indistinctness of a dream. We can see how the whole surface of the broad stream is alive with rippling color, and yet our eyes do not rest long on the water. The two vessels draw our gaze to themselves, and, as soon as our glance reaches the group with its long reflection in the still water, we find ourselves involuntarily tracing the height of the dark smoke-stack, of the

* This splendid description, which illustrates how to find the most in a painting, is from "How to Enjoy Pictures," by M. S. Emery, published by the Prang Company, Chicago, and used by permission of the publishers.

flag-pole, of the tall, slender, bare masts of the old ship, leading up once more into that wonderful sky.

See how the bustling, business-like little convoy and the dignified battleship emphasize each other's character by contrast. The low, broad hull of the smaller boat is heavy and common-place; the high set of the "Téméraire" in the water (she is of old-fashioned build, empty and viewed from the water-level besides) gives her the stately effect of one whose head is held uplifted with conscious pride of birth and of worth. Yet there is an element of desolation and sadness mingled with this pride. We instinctively feel that we see the end of a great career as well as the end of a day. We find ourselves almost resenting as a cruel touch of impertinence the cloud of black smoke which the little convoy so nonchalantly puffs into the face of her queenly superior. "The old order changeth, giving place to new." The first war vessel to be propelled by steam was built almost a quarter of a century later than the capture of the "Téméraire" from the French. The ancient battleship had her day—a glorious day. Now it is all over!

The Effects

The effect of forward motion in the two vessels is something beautiful to be enjoyed, and, if we like, something interesting to be studied. The plash of the water, churned into foam by the paddle-wheels of the forward boat, and the faint wake left behind the larger boat, give us definite testimony that both are sweeping slowly, steadily forward; yet we have a sense of their forward motion almost without looking at these particular details. But how are we aware of it? Perhaps the long, sloping lines, or rather the diagonal directions followed by the eye, help give us that impression. See how the tops of the two nearer masts of the "Téméraire," the top of the flag-staff, and the upper lines of the ghostly white sails in the distance make us feel a diagonal line reaching down toward the foreground in the lower right-hand portion of the picture. The streaming cloud of smoke gives us another line, leading in the direction of the lower right corner of the picture.

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE

From a Painting by Turner.

There is even a faint, echo-like hint of the same direction in the slanting lines of light streaming from the clouds down toward the water, far in the background beyond the white-sailed boats; and, complementing all this, there is the buoy in the right foreground, answering, with its upward slant, all these forward-reaching lines. Consciously or unconsciously, we feel the pull of these lines toward the water-level in the foreground, and we instinctively translate it into forward motion in the vessels,—motion steady and confident, motion proud and reluctant, motion slow and sad, with the gorgeous sunset flooding the whole scene and lending the spectacle the mournful magnificence of a military funeral.

See how the buoy and the row-boat and the white sails, all at different distances from us, help strengthen the effect of breadth in the water spaces. We involuntarily measure the horizontal distances according to the variations of these details in size and distinctness, and come to realize that it is a wide expanse over which we look. The noble old vessel has a lonely journey for this, her last, with none grateful enough to do her honor as she passes to her end. The careless city seems dozing in its remote and dream-like haze, unaware of the passing of a vessel that has brought honor to the whole nation. If the men in the little row-boat give a thought to the solemn sight in mid-stream, their interest only emphasizes the absence and neglect of the rest, as a few scattered spectators in a scantily filled audience room inevitably make it seem lonelier than if it were quite empty. There is evidently little thought among men about the fate of the worn-out vessel; in a certain sense there is a grimly cynical suggestiveness about the picture's composition. Yet, when we look once more at that marvelous sky, as the artist makes us look again and again,—that sky which fills nearly three-quarters of the whole picture space, and into which all the lofty vertical lines of the vessels lead our eyes and our feelings,—as we look into that sky we realize that the essential spirit of the picture, over and above its inherent beauties of line and color and light and dark, is not cynical after all. The feeling comes to us that the painter, besides delighting our

eyes, has said here in his chosen language of form and color something akin to what his great countryman once said in verse, of the ultimate measure of all earthly greatness:

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove.
As He pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

And, again, this picture of the old ship, led away to a prosaic and humiliating end, reminds us of Holmes's "Old Ironsides," written when it was proposed to allot a like ignoble fate to the American frigate "Constitution":

"Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar,—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

"Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

"Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!"

From a Thistle-print.

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THE SONG OF THE LARK

From a Painting by Jules Adolphe Breton.

"THE SONG OF THE LARK" * (Breton)

By FRANKLIN B. SAWVEL

A MASTERPIECE that will live. It is not likely to satisfy the fancy at once, but it bears acquaintance. In fact, as we grow toward it, it grows toward us. Like a good book or a true, responsive friend, we must live with a picture, under its daily influence and in its atmosphere for a season, to know its charm.

It represents a well-proportioned, rugged peasant maid with a sickle resolutely grasped in her right hand, going forth to garner the sheaves of life. You feel the energy and animation from the muscular tension of her forehead to the uncovered feet that seem to grasp the ground. Nor can you avoid the feeling that there is a vital connection between the animated body and her earnest mind. Her face beams with eagerness and her eyes look hopefully up and away. An equally vigorous landscape stretches back to a broken row of low trees and farm buildings.

There is no bevy of French meadow-larks rising and singing as they rise. It is the human lark singing life's sweet, glad morning song within her throbbing breast that we hear. It echoes through every vein and swelling muscle as it pours from her simple peasant heart out and away on the morning, like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

Another interpretation is that the solitary lark, seen clearly in the sky is singing, and the song of the maiden, "within her breast," it is true, as the writer says, yet rises not to her lips, as she listens in ecstacy.

* From "How to Interpret Pictures," by Franklin B. Sawvel. Published by The Round Table Press, Greenville, Pa. Used by permission of the publishers.

"THE GLEANERS" (Millet)

By JULIA CARTWRIGHT

MILLET was the first to attempt the prosaic theme of a laborer at his work. Born himself of a long race of yeomen, and familiar with every detail of rustic toil, he was admirably fitted both by nature and education for the task. He saw the dignity of labor and knew by bitter experience the secrets of the poor. And the pathetic side of human life had for him an especial attraction. "The gay side of life," he had said in a letter to Sensier, "never shows itself to me; I know not if it exists, but I have never seen it." The sight of the struggling masses of toiling humanity filled him with sympathy; the hardship and monotony of the laborer's daily lot, the patient endurance that comes of long habit, touched his inmost soul. In his eyes this was true humanity and great poetry.

And more than this, he looked on the peasant with the eye not only of the poet, but of the artist. He realized from the first the close relation that exists between the familiar sights of everyday life and the noblest works of art; saw that there might be action as heroic, and beauty as true, in the attitude and gesture of a peasant sowing or a woman gleaning as in the immortal forms of Greek sculpture. That natural instinct for beauty of line, that keen appreciation of form which revealed itself in the boy's charcoal drawing of the old man bent double with age, led him to note every gesture and movement in the people about him, just as it made him find such keen delight in the drawings of Michael Angelo. When, in his struggling Paris days, he proposed to make drawings of reapers at work, "in fine attitudes," his friend shrugged his shoulders and shook his head at this strange suggestion. But in the end this was exactly what Millet did, and the world to-day no longer laughs

at "The Sower," or "The Gleaners." He knew, as few masters have ever known, how to put a whole world of thought into an individual action, how to express the lives and character of bygone generations in a single gesture; and with true poetic insight he makes us realize the deeper meaning that lies hidden below the eternal destiny of the human race, the age-long struggle of man with Nature, which will endure while seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, follow each other upon the face of the earth.

Peasant-Subjects

But his choice of peasant-subjects no doubt gave rise to the impression that he was actuated by political motives, and increased the hostile attitude of the fashionable world in the days of the Second Empire. Many years passed by before this unfortunate impression was removed, and in the meantime the painter had to suffer. The Court and the public looked upon him as a dangerous character. The critics spoke of him as a painter who deliberately preferred ugliness, and had no sense of beauty. His admirers remained limited to a small circle of artists and men of taste, and his pictures would not sell.

The first allusion we find to "The Gleaners" occurs in a sorrowful letter to Rousseau: "How much trouble I give you, my poor Rousseau! You are a living instance of the saying that 'kind hearts are condemned to become the victims of others.'

"I am working like a slave to get my picture of 'The Gleaners' done in time. I really do not know what will be the result of all the trouble that I have taken. There are days when I feel as if this unhappy picture had no meaning. In any case, I mean to devote a quiet month's work to it. If only it does not turn out too disgraceful! . . . Headaches, big and little, have attacked me during the last month with such violence that I have scarcely been able to work for a quarter of an hour at a time. I assure you that both physically and morally I am in a state of collapse. You are right;

life is very sad. There are few cities of refuge; and in the end you understand those who sighed after a place of refreshment, of light and peace. Ah, well! let us hold out as long as we can."

When Millet wrote these words he was in the act of finishing one of the noblest works of modern art—that great picture which now, by the generous request of Madame Pommery, belongs to the Louvre. The fact deserves to be remembered for the consolation of toiling and suffering genius. But to the end of time it will be the same, and the greatest work will be produced under the same burden of sorrow, and at the same heavy cost.

The Picture's Story

The motive of this picture had long been in Millet's thoughts. A pen-and-ink sketch of a woman stooping to pick up an ear of wheat is to be found in one of his early notebooks. In a second study we have two women gleaning corn in a harvest-field: one walks erect, carrying a sheaf in her arms, the other bends down over her work, and in the background are the loaded wagon and horses, and the farmer and his men stacking the sheaves. A third drawing gives us the three figures of the picture: two women are seen, each holding a sheaf in one hand, and stooping to pick up an ear of corn with the other, while a third and older woman bends slowly, and with evident difficulty to imitate their action. This third figure afterward underwent many alterations, and was the subject of a variety of different studies. But in the end the right attitude was discovered, the exact gesture caught, and the painter's thought found perfect expression. In point of grandeur and completeness, Millet seldom equaled this picture. That solemn moment, the end of the harvest, has never been as finely represented. In the background we see the cornfield, with its groups of reapers and loaded wagons and horses bringing the sheaves to the ricks, the farmer himself on horseback among his men, and the homestead among the trees. The transparent atmosphere of the summer day, the burning rays of the sun, and the short stalks of yellow stubble

are all exactly rendered. And in the foreground are the three gleaners—heroic types of labor fulfilling its task until "the night cometh when no man can work."

The Picture Is Finished

"The Gleaners" was first exhibited in the Salon of 1857, and was at once recognized by the majority of artists and connoisseurs as the finest thing that Millet had yet done. The beauty of the landscape, the rich tones of the coloring, and the pathetic dignity of the figures, made a general and profound impression. Edmond About said its grandeur and serenity moved him as deeply as some great religious painting of old. But, on the other hand, it was fiercely attacked by another section of critics, who, with Saint-Victor at their head, scoffed at the "gigantic and pretentious ugliness of the gleaners," and called them the Parcæ of Poverty. Some journalists saw in these faces the mute appeal of the wretched and miserable; others described the three poor women as dangerous beasts of prey whose angry gestures threatened the very existence of society.

These hostile criticisms annoyed Millet, and hampered the sale of his works. But they did not make him alter his practice or swerve a step out of his path.

Sometimes Sensier would urge him to make his peasants more attractive, and remind him that even village-maidens had pretty faces, and that some laborers were handsome fellows.

"Yes, yes," Millet would reply, not without a touch of impatience, "that is all very fine, but you must remember beauty does not consist merely in the shape or coloring of a face. It lies in the general effect of the form, in suitable and appropriate action. Your pretty peasant-girls are not fit to pick up fagots, to glean under the August sun, or draw water from the well. When I paint a mother, I shall try and make her beautiful, simply by the look which she bends upon her child. Beauty is expression."

"THE SOWER" (Millet)

By THEOPHILE GAUTIER

NIGHT is coming on, spreading its gray wings over the brown earth; the sower walks with a rhythmic step, casting the grain into the furrow; he is followed by a cloud of picking birds; dark rags cover him; his head is covered by a curious kind of cap; he is bony, swarthy, and spare under this livery of poverty; yet it is life itself which he dispenses with his large hand and his superb gesture—he, who has nothing, plants in the earth what shall one day be bread. On the other side of the slope a yoke of oxen—strong and gentle companions of man—stand in a last ray of sunlight at the end of the furrow, whose reward will one day be the shambles. This glimmer of sunset is the only light in the picture, bathed in somber shadow and presenting to the eye newly plowed black earth under a cloudy sky. . . . There is something grand in this man with his violent gesture, his proudly rugged outlines, which seem to be painted with the earth which he is planting.

"THE SOWER" (Millet)

By JULES SENSIER

PLOWING, manuring, and harrowing are duties which can be done, if not with indifference, at any rate without heroic fervor; but when a man takes the white grain-bag, rolls it around his left arm, fills it with seed—the hope of the coming year—he performs a kind of sacred ministry. He says nothing, he looks right in front of him, gauges the furrow, and, with a movement governed as it were by the rhythm of a mysterious chant, he casts the grain, which falls to earth,

soon to be covered by the harrow. The action of the sower and his rhythmic step are truly superb. The importance of the deed is real. The sower feels the weight of his responsibility. He sows skillfully; he will gauge by the action of his hand the quantity of seed which he takes from the bag. With each throw he will fertilize the productive forces of mother earth. He will be in truth the generator of the germ of life. I have seen sowers who would not set foot on the plowed ground without having made the sign of the cross in the air with a handful of seed, and pronouncing in a low voice some incomprehensible words, which seemed to be a prayer.

"THE ANGELUS" (Millet)

By JULES SENSIER

THIS "Angelus" was one of his works for which Millet had a strong liking. In looking at it he lived over again the feelings of his youth. He saw in it a religious man, superstitious perhaps, with his life of labor, humiliation, and hope.

As daylight fades, two peasants, a man and a woman, catch the sound of the Angelus; they rise, stay their work, and stand with heads bare; with eyes cast down they mutter the traditional words, *"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria."*

The man, a true peasant of the countryside, his head protected by dense short hair, like a felt, prays in silence. The woman is bent in self-abasement. The country is girt with the light of a setting sun; it is the kind of evening when the earth and sky are flooded with purple. The tone is blended in one powerful harmony. Millet has put into it all the resources of his palette. When I saw this picture for the first time it was almost completed, and Millet said, "What do you think of it?" My answer was simply, "It is the Angelus; yes, that is it. You can hear the bells." My words satisfied him. "Then I am content; you have understood. That is all I wanted."

THE GOLDEN STAIRS

From a Painting by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

"THE GOLDEN STAIRS"* (Burne-Jones)

By HENRY TURNER BAILEY

I FELL in love with "The Golden Stairs" at first sight, and in photograph, where nothing appeared golden except the silence of those graceful maidens. For months the print hung in my study where I could see it every time I looked up. I was told that the picture was designed in 1872, actually begun in 1876, and finished in 1880. Eight years of brooding! Thrice was it named—"The King's Wedding," "Music on the Stairs," "The Golden Stairs." After all, what matters life history or name? The thing is beautiful. Isn't that sufficient excuse for being? But I could not resist its invitation. The picture challenged me perpetually to discover a meaning in those orderly arrangements of line and austerities of composition. Burne-Jones, bred in the atmosphere of learning and religion, dedicated to the church, a poet in thought and a symbolist by nature, could not have spent eight years on a meaningless design! It must carry a message of some sort from his heart to mine.

The Details

I searched every square inch of its surface. I found a procession without beginning and without end, coming from above, descending, careless of perspective, a narrow unguarded stairway of marble, and disappearing within a darkened room. In the upper part of the picture doves are making love to one another in the sunshine, two swallows have found a home for themselves beneath the eaves, and roses bloom on the wall. In the lower part a laurel stands by an open door. At first the maidens look forward, at last they all look back-

*From "Twelve Great Paintings," by Henry Turner Bailey, published by the Prang Company, Chicago. Used by permission of author and publisher.

ward. Some are pensive, some are anxious, some dream, some are sad; only one is joyous, and her joy swims upon the top of fear. Some are crowned with flowers, some wear mourning, sprays of cypress have fallen on the stairs. Many have musical instruments—perhaps all—but only two or three are playing, and these with the spirit far away. One maiden listens to sounds from the darkened room, two maidens talk together pleasantly, three whisper to one another fearfully. All look alike, and yet are different; each seems free, but is held fast in the severe lines of the design. Turn the picture and see how sharply defined those lines are. The curve of the stairs is completed by the edges of the robes. This curve is echoed by another, which binds the upper maidens to those below, and then, to make assurance doubly sure, a third great curve binds these two together. Not a feature is out of place; every spot and line, every fold and surface helps define the harmony of pattern. The King's Wedding? then a most solemn one! Music on the Stairs? then most inadequate music! The Golden Stairs? One cannot think of stairs while the mysterious procession is descending! No; the picture has a deeper meaning. It is a symbol of something vast and rich. What is its message?

One red-letter day on an express train in Montana I heard Dr. William T. Harris interpret Emerson's "Days":

> "Daughters of time, the hypocritic Days,
> Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
> And marching single in an endless file,
> Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
> To each they offer gifts after his will;
> Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
> I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
> Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
> Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
> Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
> Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

The Interpretation

Since that time "The Golden Stairs" has been to me another poem on the "Days," divinely beautiful. In Emerson's vision the "Days" offer gifts to man and pass judgments on

his choices; in the vision of Burne-Jones the "Days" are a procession of Memories.

How true to my own experiences the poem-picture is! As I review my life I see its Days, daughters of Father Time, marching single in an endless file, coming, I know not whence, except from God above, and going, I know not whither, except through the dark portal of the tomb. In youth I looked forward. Those were the days when the blue sky brought heaven near, and the gay flowers bloomed, and I made love like the doves, and furnished my nest like the swallow. Then came a day when I was conscious that shades of the prison house were closing about my spirit, and I heard a voice,

> Just heard,
> From some far shore,
> The final chorus sounding.

I remember the day of my first bereavement, when my arm seemed bound with crêpe. I remember the day when at last I dropped the cypress spray of a great sorrow and my spirit sang again. I have had my days of joy, of doubt, of fear, of dream; I remember days that stand apart from all others. I remember one group of days so crowded with happy experiences that I cannot now assign to each day its due. I know that now I am beginning to look backward; my thoughts are too ready to fall into the formulas with which age begins to preach: "When I was young—ah, in those days—we used to do so differently!" The days of my youth seem as near and as real to me as yesterday; in fact, the early days loom larger than to-day, as Burne-Jones suggests. I know, too, that there will come a day when my head shall wear the laurel wreath of the victor, or go crownless through the narrow portal of the grave. I see now that while each day I felt free to play or to keep silent as seemed good to me at the moment, I was not wholly free. Each day formed a part of a whole I did not plan and could not know. I realize that any day I might have met with accident through carelessness or willfulness, but that I have been kept from falling by some gracious Providence that will continue to guide my steps to the end. I admit

that I have been an unprofitable servant. Many a day, with the fair gift of God in my hand, I have made no music; many a day I have communed with my own sad heart when I should have cheered my neighbor in his grief. But on the whole, life has been good—the stair has been golden.

After twenty years with this picture in photograph only, I saw the original painting. The stairs are golden indeed! The whole canvas burns with the soft, subdued radiance of an Indian summer afternoon, when all the earth seems waiting for a revelation. As I sat long before it, something of the peace that passes understanding stole upon my spirit, a peace that glowed with joy when I discovered that the lowly portal did not give entrance to a darkened room, as I had thought, but to a hall whose golden roof was upheld by polished shafts of precious marble. Perhaps, at last, what seemed to me like the iron grating of a tomb may prove to be the pillars in the temple of my God.

THE HUGUENOT LOVER

From a Painting by Sir John E. Millais.

"THE HUGUENOT LOVER" (Millais)

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

YOUR fav'rite picture rises up before me,
Whene'er you play that tune,
I see two figures standing in a garden,
In the still August noon.

One is a girl's with pleading face turned upward,
Wild with a great alarm;
Trembling with haste, she binds her broidered kerchief
About the other's arm,

Whose gaze is bent on her with tender pity,
Whose eyes look into hers
With a deep meaning, though she cannot read it,
Hers are so dim with tears.

What are they saying in the sunny garden,
With summer flowers ablow?
What gives the woman's voice its passionate pleading?
What makes the man's so low?

"See, love!" she murmurs; "you shall wear my kerchief,
It is the badge, I know;
And it will bear you safely through the conflict,
If—if, indeed, you go!

"You will not wear it? Will not wear my kerchief?
Nay! Do not tell me why.
I will not listen! If you go without it,
You will go hence to die.

"Hush! Do not answer! It is death, I tell you,
Indeed, I speak the truth,
You, standing there, so warm with life and vigor,
So bright with health and youth;

"You would go hence, out of the glowing sunshine,
Out of the garden's bloom,
Out of the living, thinking, feeling present,
Into the unknown gloom!"

Then he makes answer: "Hush! oh, hush, my darling!
Life is so sweet to me,
So full of hope, you need not bid me guard it,
If such a thing might be.

"If such a thing might be—but not through falsehood,
I could not come to you;
I dare not stand here in your pure, sweet presence,
Knowing myself untrue."

"It is no sin!" the wild voice interrupts him,
"This is no open strife.
Have you not often dreamt a nobler warfare
In which to spend your life?

"Oh! for my sake—though but for my sake—wear it!
Think what my life would be
If you, who gave it first true worth and meaning,
Were taken now from me.

"Think of the long, long days, so slowly passing!
Think of the endless years!
I am so young! Must I live out my lifetime
With neither hopes nor fears?"

He speaks again in mournful tones and tender,
But with unswerving faith:
"Should not love make us braver, aye, and stronger,
Either for life or death?

"And life is hardest. Oh, my love! my treasure!
If I could bear your part
Of this great sorrow, I would go to meet it
With an unshrinking heart.

"Child! child! I little dreamt in that bright summer,
When first your love I sought,
Of all the future store of woe and anguish
Which I, unknowing, wrought;

"But you'll forgive me! Yes, you will forgive me,
I know, when I am dead!
I would have loved you—but words have scant meaning,
God love you more instead!"

Then there is silence in the sunny garden,
Until, with faltering tone,
She sobs, the while still clinging closer to him,
"Forgive me—go—my own!"

So human love, and faith by death unshaken,
Mingle their glorious psalm,
Albeit low, until the passionate pleading
Is hushed in deepest calm.

THE BASHFUL SUITOR (Israels)

By THE EDITORS

A YOUTH and a young girl are walking toward the left across flat meadows. In the fields beyond is a herd of black and white cattle. Above are flickering silvery clouds filling the evening sky.

You can tell from the attitude of the hands which is the bashful one of the two. The nervous manner in which the boy holds the branch in his fingers shows that he is almost too timid to speak. Goodness shines from the pleasant face of the girl. Somehow or other we feel confidence in both these young people, and cannot help hoping that in the years to come they may have a happy life together.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE BASHFUL SUITOR

From a painting by Josef Israels

"MORNING" (Corot)

By J. B. C. COROT

A LANDSCAPE PAINTER'S day is delightful. He gets up early at three in the morning before sunrise; he goes to sit under a tree and watches and waits. There is not much to be seen at first. Nature is like a white veil, upon which some masses are vaguely sketched in profile. Everything smells sweet, everything trembles under the freshening breeze of the dawn. *Bing!* The sun gets clearer; he has not yet torn the veil of gauze behind which hide the meadow, the valley, the hills on the horizon. The nocturnal vapors still hang like silvery tufts upon the cold green grass.

Bing! Bing! The first ray of the sun—another ray. The small flowerets seem to awake joyously; each of them has its trembling drop of dew. The chilly leaves are moved by the morning air. One sees nothing; everything is there. The landscape lies entirely behind the transparent gauze of the ascending mist, gradually sucked by the sun, and permits us to see, as it ascends, the silver-striped river, the meadow, the cottages, the far-receding distance. At last you can see what you imagined at first.

Bam! The sun has risen. *Bam!* The peasant passes at the bottom of the field, with his cart and oxen. *Ding! Ding!* It is the bell of the ram, which leads the flock. *Bam!* Everything sparkles, shines; everything is in full light, light soft and caressing as yet. The backgrounds with their simple contour and harmonious tone are lost in the infinite sky through an atmosphere of azure and mist. The flowers lift up their heads; the birds fly here and there. A rustic, mounted on a white horse, disappears in the narrowing path. The rounded willows seem to turn like wheels on the river edge. And the artist paints away . . . paints away! Ah! the beautiful bay

cow, chest deep in the wet grasses; I will paint her! *Crac!* there she is! Famous! Capital! what a good likeness she is!

Boum! Boum! The sun scorches the earth. *Boum!* All becomes heavy and grave. The flowers hang down their heads, the birds are silent, the noises of the village reach us. These are the heavy works; the blacksmith, whose hammer sounds on the anvil.

Boum! Let us go back. All is visible, there is no longer anything. Let us get some breakfast at the farm. A good slice of homemade bread, with butter newly churned; some eggs, cream and ham! *Boum!* Work away, my friends; I rest myself. I enjoy my siesta, and dream about my morning landscape. I dream my picture, later I shall paint my dream.

MORNING

From a Painting by Corot.

"HOPE" * (Watts)

By HENRY E. JACKSON

THE figure in Watts's picture of "Hope" represents the soul of the age. She is sitting on the globe, having attained much knowledge, and made many achievements, and yet she is unspeakably sad. The figure is bowed and stricken with the burden and pressure of life, straining to make in the dim twilight what music she can from the last remaining string of her lyre.

The picture says that, in spite of the world's weariness, something still remains. Watts calls this thing "Hope." It may be called faith, or will to live, or the religion of to-morrow morning, as Chesterton calls it. It is that delicate indestructible last refuge of the spirit, a something that always seems ready to disappear, yet abides, a string stretched to snapping, yet still holding. This trick or trait of hope is represented in the picture. It is the hope which always threatens to desert men, but one string is left, however empty and desolate may be the lyre of life. The fact that hope is a universal human grace is suggested in the picture by placing the figure of Hope on the summit of the globe. All normal men hope. If their plans are frustrated they grieve and hope again.

Hope and Despair

Ought not Watts to have called his picture "Despair" rather than "Hope"? It seems so. In fact, great doubt or despair is what the figure does represent, but the chief point to be noted is that it is a despair that hopes. Of course this

* From "Great Paintings as Moral Teachers," by Henry E. Jackson, published by John C. Winston and Co., Philadelphia. Used by permission of the publishers.

is paradoxical; the picture itself is a paradox. This is its merit. It seems contradictory to say that despair hopes. But what our painter means to say is that hope is not a virtue—does not exist at all indeed, apart from doubt, despondency, or despair. Only in the presence of this downcast attitude does hope reveal its true meaning and acquire value. The function of hope is to create a prospective joy when as yet no joy exists or seems likely to exist. When the joy is realized, hope for it ceases. Hope is the evidence of things not seen. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, with his natural love of a paradox, has expressed in words the same paradoxical truths about hope which Watts expressed on canvas. Hope, he says, means hoping when things are hopeless, or it is no virtue at all. Hope is the power of being cheerful in circumstances which we know to be desperate. The virtue of hope exists only in earthquake or eclipse. For practical purposes it is at the hopeless moment that we require the hopeful man, and the virtue either does not exist at all or begins to exist at that moment.

This, then, is the truth which is strikingly embodied in the picture. When every other prop has broken down hope remains to stay the soul. It has been said that exiles live on hope because nothing else remains on which they can live.

In Pandora's box, full of the ills of life, hope lay at the bottom. In Bunyan's allegory, when Faithful is killed, Hopeful becomes his successor and remains a fellow pilgrim of Christian to the end. Watts's picture, then, emphasizes the important but neglected truth about hope, that it forever nestles in the human heart, and when the future is blackest it sheds its greatest light. It is for this reason that Paul says, "We are saved by hope." For this reason also, there can be no such thing as a pessimist. When a man says that this is the worst of all possible worlds, and that if he could have made it, he would have made it better, he testifies to the high standard in his own heart. The world cannot be all bad, for his own heart has light and hope in it.

HOPE

From a Painting by G. F. Watts.

The Bandaged Eyes

The bandaged eyes in the picture mean much. The hands of the figure are free. Why does she not pluck the napkin away? It is because she cannot safely look at the only things she can see with her eyes. Her exalted position and worldly success have not brought peace. Her hope now lies in shutting her eyes to them and looking within her own heart, listening to the still small voice from the one string that is left:

> "If thou would'st taste each dear surprise
> Tear not the bandage from thine eyes,
> Within the heart love's vision lies."

This hope in the heart, the picture says, is no mere dream. There is an answering reality outside. There falls on the figure the light of a dawn not seen. Its source is outside the picture. Heaven responds to the instinct in the soul. There is one star in the sky, a morning star. Hope's note in the human heart is answered by hope's star in the sky. By this the artist says that man's hope for a future has some other answer besides the delusive echo of his heart. Hope is no blind-alley. Men on the sea would not have longings for land, if no land existed. The practical message of Watts's picture is, that there is always a best thing left to do, and to do that, is virtue. Its message is that of Dickens's life motto—"Don't stand and cry, but press forward and help relieve the difficulty."

BEACHING THE BOAT (Sorolla)

By THE EDITORS

THREE yoke of brown oxen standing in the surf are being guided by three men, one of whom holds the chain and hook attached to the foremost pair. Beyond is a boat with a large breeze-filled sail in strong sunlight. A sailor at the gunwale sits and directs the work. There is a deep-blue sea with white surf.

Did you ever see a picture so full of wind and sun as this? The strong figures in active motion add to the effect of vigor which makes this one of the most vital pictures that has been painted in our time.

When Sorolla was a child of three his parents were taken away by the cholera, and he was brought up by his uncle and aunt, whose name in gratitude he added to his own. He used to fill his school-books with sketches and figures, but he did not get his lessons. His uncle apprenticed him to a locksmith, but he spent his evenings at the local art school in Valencia, his native town. At the end of the first year he carried off all the prizes.

By the time he was fifteen he was able to take care of himself by his art without working at the forge. Then he went to Madrid to study. His warm admirer, who later became his father-in-law, gave him a small pension to enable him to complete his studies. Now he spends his days between Madrid and Valencia, but his happiest days are in his own home, where they are so proud that they have named a street for him.

Whatever else we remember of Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida, let us recall this: that he is the greatest living painter of sunlight.

Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America and of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

BEACHING THE BOAT; VALENCIA

From a painting by Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida

"THE ASSUMPTION" (Titian)

By FRANZ KUGLER

THE Madonna here stands, full front—a splendid type of woman—enlarged to greater conspicuousness by the grand flutter of her blue mantle, as she is borne straight and rapidly upward. To her at once the eye is directed, not only from her central position, but from the gestures of the Apostles below, who, with uplifted heads and arms, carry the eye irresistibly to the object of their gaze. The little Amorini who accompany her on each side are the *ne plus ultra* of infantine beauty in form and action, while the little floating creatures under her feet are too few to interfere with the sense of the divine agency that impels her upward. Above is an angel, already of a different sphere—a creature suspended like a floating pennon, eagerly darting forward, as if by an act of volition, with a crown; while the figure of the Almighty, to which it brings the crown, about to cincture the Madonna's head, though ample in idea and boundless in self-sustaining power, is reduced by the aid of perspective to little more than a narrow line, in which all the difficulties of celestial forms and features are lost.

"THE ASSUMPTION" (Titian)

By HENRY TURNER BAILEY

THE picture deals with three realms: the realm of the earth, the realm of the air, and the realm of heaven, and these three are so related that the picture is a unit. The central realm is in touch with the lower through its cherubs and the upward-reaching men, and with the upper through the

encircling cherubs, the ascending Virgin, and the condescending Father.

Below, the perplexed disciples yearn and pray and argue, in their darkness. Only one, John the beloved, who had cared for Mary since the crucifixion, is at peace and understands. In the realm of air, illuminated, the ascending Mary stands. In the face of Mary only is there a trace of anything but pure delight. In the upper part, the Almighty, a cherub and a seraph, float in the glory that excelleth, as serene as a cloud in the white east at dawn.

Mary rises because her spirit responds again to the divine voice. There is for her but one supreme attraction, to us invisible. That which was a light is becoming a face—the face of her own beloved Son. Who else but her Son of all the hosts of heaven could give her perfect welcome to the Father's house?

THE ITALIAN MASTERS

MICHAEL ANGELO

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

ON a rocky ledge overlooking Caprese, in northern Italy, there stands to-day a ruined castle. On a tablet in one of the rooms we read that in the year 1475 Michael Angelo was born here. How little the parents could have known that their baby was destined to become famous!

Now over four hundred years have passed, and we look back to Michael Angelo as a great master—world-renowned as an architect, sculptor, and painter—all three!

His father had held some office in Caprese, and when his work there was accomplished, the family returned to their Florentine home. The child, however, was left with his nurse, who was the wife of a stone-mason. As soon as the little fellow was old enough he played in the quarries, watching the stone-cutters with their chisels; for he loved both the sight and the sound.

A little later he was taken back to Florence to be educated, and he went most unwillingly; but he must have masters now and study from books. He did not enjoy his lessons, however, and hurried through his daily task so that he might have time to draw and to chisel. He had a boy friend Granacci, who helped him by lending him brushes and paints; for Granacci was studying art, in the workshop of the fine painter Ghirlandajo.

One happy day, which Michael Angelo always loved to remember, Granacci took him to the workshop, and showed his work to Ghirlandajo. The master was much interested and said to Michael Angelo, "You must give up your other studies and become my pupil."

The father did not easily consent, but at last he was forced

to yield; for Michael Angelo was now a very determined boy of thirteen years. He was clever in the workshop, making original designs that none of the other boys dared attempt. One day Ghirlandajo said, "The boy understands more art than I do!" and he actually became jealous of his young pupil.

The Friendship of Lorenzo

At this time Italian cities were governed by wealthy families. The most powerful family that ever governed any city was the Medici, and it devoted great wealth to the giving of beautiful works of art to Florence.

Lorenzo de' Medici was the most art-loving of these princes. One day he sent to Ghirlandajo, inviting him to send two of his best pupils to study in his gardens, which were full of old Greek statues. Michael Angelo and Granacci were chosen to accept the invitation.

How delighted Michael Angelo was to see the wonderful sculptures! Really, as he walked through the garden, a whole world of art opened before him! Rough marble was there, too, that with their chisels the lads might copy anything they chose.

A story is told of Michael Angelo that one day he was intently working upon his first sculpture—the head of an old faun. The great Lorenzo, walking through the garden, paused to watch the boy at work, and finally said to him, "You have made your faun old, yet you have left all the teeth; at such an age, generally teeth are wanting."

Michael Angelo made no reply and Lorenzo passed on. The next time he came that way he looked again at the faun, and discovered that one tooth had been carefully broken off. Lorenzo was pleased that the boy had taken his advice; and besides, he had heard many good things about him. So what did the great prince do but invite him to come and live in his palace. The father objected. He thought that art was only for peasants, and his son was of noble birth. Besides, he had a large family and little money; and he wished his son to be a silk and woolen merchant and to bring home his earnings.

MOSES

By Michael Angelo.

But the prince insisted, and for the second time, the father had to consent.

Now we find the young sculptor living in a palace and dressed in fine clothes, sitting daily at the table with princes, and enjoying a monthly allowance. Here he remained for several years, and then his noble patron died.

Michael Angelo was very grateful and very full of grief, as he returned to his father's house and arranged his studio there.

Pietro de' Medici succeeded Lorenzo, but he was weak and silly. The only thing which he ever ordered Michael Angelo to make for him was a great snow-image, which melted in a single night.

In our brief story of Michael Angelo's life we may not follow him from city to city, or describe many of the things which he did; but only speak briefly of some of his principal works. For he was always working and usually either in Rome or Florence.

When he was twenty-four years old he carved a statue in Rome, considered by many to be his finest. It is called the "Pietà," and it represents the dead Christ in his mother's arms. This statue gave him great reputation, and the Florentines, knowing of it, said that he must now return and make an artwork for their city.

"David"

There had been long lying idle in Florence an immense block of marble. One hundred years before a sculptor had tried to carve something from it, but had failed. This was now given to Michael Angelo. He was to be paid twelve dollars a month, and to be allowed two years in which to carve a statue.

He made his design in wax; and then built a tower around the block, so that he might work inside without being seen. Then, inspired by the great idea, he attacked the marble furiously with his chisel, making the chips fly very fast. He seemed to see the imprisoned statue in the rough block, and

he *must* bring it out! What skill of the sculptor to change a rough stone into an object of beauty!

Presently there appeared a great white "David," eighteen feet high, and so heavy that it took forty men four days to roll it from the workshop to a central square of the city. There it stood until the year 1874, when, on account of wind and weather, it was placed in the Academy, where we may see it to-day.

The youthful David stands erect—his face full of purpose; for Michael Angelo had chosen the moment when he is about to strike Goliath.

The Florentines were very fond of this statue. Its appearance was such an event that they used to reckon time from the date of its removal to the square.

"Moses"

About this time Julius II, the warrior and art-loving Pope, wished to raise to himself the most magnificent tomb in Europe; and as Michael Angelo was now the greatest sculptor in the world, he was summoned from Florence to Rome to build the tomb. It was to be three stories high and to be adorned with forty statues. It was to stand in old St. Peter's Church, if that was large enough to hold it; if not, a larger church should be built.

Michael Angelo was delighted with the grand idea. He went to the marble quarry at Carrara, and spent eight months in selecting suitable blocks. When they were brought to Rome they nearly filled the square or "piazza" in front of St. Peter's Church.

The Vatican, the Pope's palace, is just at the side, and the Pope was so eager to watch the work that he had a covered passage made from the Vatican to the sculptor's workshop, on the "piazza." Then he might go and come without being observed, and Michael Angelo was always to be admitted to the papal palace.

All went well for a time; but unfortunately there were in those days great jealousies among artists. Enemies stirred

up the Pope against Michael Angelo, telling him that it was an evil omen to build his tomb in his lifetime. Then the doors of the Vatican were closed against the sculptor. He could not get money to pay for the marble, and in great indignation he left Rome. It was not until the Pope had sent several couriers after him that he was willing to return.

And what was the end of it all? Forty years of toil and trouble, and instead of the great monument, a group placed in a church too small to show it well. The central figure is of colossal size and represents Moses, just as he has come down from the mount.

He wears a fiery expression as he is evidently gazing at the "Golden Calf," which the children of Israel had made to worship. His right hand rests upon two tables of stone which he had brought down with him; with his left, he presses his long flowing beard as if he would hold himself back from springing forward in indignation. It is thought that the horns protruding from the top of his head should have been rays typical of light and power.

The figure of Moses is not beautiful but masterful, and in it we may perhaps trace the restless, dissatisfied spirit of Michael Angelo himself, impatient at his disappointment.

The Ceiling of the Sistine Chapel

The best artists in Italy had been called upon by the Popes to decorate different parts of the Vatican, and now Julius II insisted that Michael Angelo should paint the ceiling of his Sistine Chapel.

Michael Angelo objected, saying: "I am not a painter, but a sculptor."

"A man such as thou," replied the Pope, "is everything that he wishes to be."

"But this is an affair of Raphael, the painter," replied Michael Angelo, "give him this room to paint, and give me a mountain to carve."

But the Pope was firm, and the sculptor was obliged to put aside his chisel and to take his brush. The roof of the chapel

was vaulted; and the Pope told him that he might fill the spaces with saints, being paid so much for each one. Michael Angelo was too good an artist to be willing to do this, and so finally the Pope allowed him to arrange his subjects as he chose.

He made for himself a cardboard helmet, into which he could insert a candle, in order to work by night as well as by day. Much of the painting had to be done lying flat upon his back on a staging that he had designed.

Michael Angelo loved to read his Bible, and from it he drew his inspiration for his colossal paintings. He divided the center of the ceiling into sections, and upon each one he painted a Bible story. These scenes are surrounded by masterful sibyls and prophets, with most inspired countenances.

There are, in all, over three hundred figures, most of them larger than life. That of Adam is one of the finest. The whole painting shows force and sublimity, and a remarkable knowledge of the human form.

It is curious that while Michael Angelo loved sculpture best, many agree that these paintings are his finest works, showing perhaps more than his sculptures his wonderful power and personality.

Julius II did not think that the dresses were rich enough, and wished some of the pictures retouched and gilded. "It looks so poor," he said. "They are only poor people," replied Michael Angelo, "they did not wear gold on their garments."

The Medici Tombs

The next Pope was a Medici, and he sent Michael Angelo to Florence to design some grand tombs for his family. Two were made—one for Lorenzo, the grandson of his kind patron; the other for Giuliano, and beneath both were placed allegorical figures. The one of Lorenzo is not a likeness, but, instead, the most imaginative thing that Michael Angelo ever made. It is called "Il Penseroso," or "the thoughtful one."

When, many years later, Paul III came to the papal throne, he said: "I have desired for ten years to be Pope that

I might make Michael Angelo work for *me* alone, and now I will not be disappointed."

"The Last Judgment"

So Michael Angelo was again summoned to Rome, and once more set to work by the papal power that had seemed almost to govern his life-work. This time he painted "The Last Judgment." You see it at the end of the Sistine Chapel, back of the high altar. It is a huge picture, and in it are hundreds of figures; that of Christ, the Judge, is very powerful. Originally the coloring was rich. Now the plaster is cracked, and the picture is covered with the dust and incense-smoke of centuries. Probably to-day you will admire far more a bright, beautiful nineteenth-century fresco by Abbey, Sargent, or Chavannes.

Michael Angelo had one strong rival—the great painter Raphael. Yet the two unconsciously helped each other. Raphael must have caught strength from seeing Michael Angelo's work; while Michael Angelo may perhaps have gained a bit of sweetness or gentleness from Raphael's holy pictures.

Old Age and Friendship

Michael Angelo had a proud, imperious spirit, and he hated party strife. Misfortunes came to his beloved city Florence. He tried to help it to regain its freedom, but he failed; so he left it, spending his last years in Rome. His old age here was perhaps the quietest and happiest part of his life. He was never married; for he said that his art was his wife, and his works his children.

One very beautiful friendship came to the solitary man—that for the gracious and gifted Vittoria Colonna. For years, the two knew each other intimately. They talked together on many interesting subjects, and wrote sonnets to each other; and while Vittoria Colonna lived, her influence seemed to illumine Michael Angelo's whole life, and he was distressed at her death.

He grew rich but he always lived simply, giving yearly large sums of money to support his father and family. "Rich as I am," he said, "I have always lived like a poor man."

His old age in Rome was devoted to architecture. The Church of St. Peter had fallen into decay, and was being rebuilt. As it was the Pope's own church, money was sent from all the Catholic countries; the best materials were used, and the most gifted artists employed.

Michael Angelo was appointed its architect. He accepted the commission, but would receive no pay, saying that he was doing all for the glory of God. His design, however, was not carried out, except in the splendid gilded dome. He had always loved to gaze at Brunelleschi's dome in Florence, and he followed its proportions. "I will make her sister dome larger but not more beautiful," he said. It is in reality higher, but not so large around.

The Dome of St. Peter's

As the great dome rose into the sky, Michael Angelo felt strongly that architecture did more for the glory of God than either sculpture or painting. Once on looking up, he exclaimed: "I have hung the Pantheon in the air!"

We may not pause now to enter the wonderful St. Peter's Church, the largest in all Christendom. It may, however, give you some idea of its size, if we tell you that in the seemingly little ball on top of the dome sixteen persons can stand together. It is interesting to know that the dome of our Capitol at Washington is modeled after that of St. Peter's.

Death

Michael Angelo was eighty-nine years old when he died in Rome, in 1564. His body was carried from the city by torchlight, and back to his loved Florence. Splendid services were held there in honor of the grand old man.

He was buried in the church of Santa Croce, or "Holy Cross." On his tomb are three female figures, representing

architecture, sculpture, and painting. In all three, Michael Angelo had a noble part in making the sixteenth century the "Golden Age" of Italian art.

"Michael Angelo!
A lion all men fear and none can tame;
A man that all men honor, and the model
That all should follow; one who works and prays,
For work is prayer, and consecrates his life
To the sublime ideal of his art,
Till life and art are one; a man who holds
Such place in all men's thoughts that when they speak
Of great things done, or to be done, his name
is ever on their lips."

—LONGFELLOW.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

IN a castle not far from Florence, there lived, four hundred and fifty years ago, a wonderful child. His name was Leonardo—Leonardo da Vinci he was called, because he lived in the castle of Vinci.

He was very handsome, having long curls falling below his waist, and he was always dressed in rich robes. He had a remarkable memory, and it was well that he had, for he wished to learn everything. He studied with the greatest ardor history, geography, mathematics, music, architecture, and painting, and he mastered every study which he undertook, often puzzling his teachers with questions which they could not answer.

He was so strong that with his hands he could easily bend an iron ring. Dumb animals loved him, and he tamed the wildest horses. He never could bear to see any creature cruelly treated, and sometimes he would buy little caged birds that he might just have the pleasure of opening the doors of their cages, and setting them at liberty. He was happy and generous, and had such a charming manner, and could do so many things that naturally everybody liked him.

His father had intended that Leonardo should be a notary, until he found that he was fond of art. So he put him to study with his friend Verrocchio, a celebrated Florentine painter, and with him Leonardo spent several years.

One day Verrocchio was very much hurried in finishing a picture. He called Leonardo, and told him that he might paint in one of the angel-heads. Leonardo went to work, and was delighted when the judge pronounced his angel the most beautiful thing in the picture! The story goes that Verrocchio was so enraged that his pupil had done better work than him-

THE LAST SUPPER.

By Leonardo da Vinci.

self that he burned his brushes and broke his palette, declaring that he would never paint again.

After Leonardo left Verrocchio's studio, he lived for a long time in Florence, and every kind of work tempted him there. He wrote verses, he invented a curious musical instrument, he used his paint-brush, he modeled in clay. He designed roads and bridges and canals and fortresses; indeed, he anticipated many of our modern inventions, even to using steam as a motive power. He tried to invent a flying-machine. Then, too, he made funny automatic toys which, on being wound up, "would go."

Leonardo's Fault

It seems hardly possible that he could have thought about so many things. We cannot describe them here, for it is as a painter that we are to study his life. But before leaving the subject, we must add that he had one very serious fault—he attempted too many things and he finished too few! He was seldom satisfied with his work; and after making a brave start, would often leave it incomplete. To-day, the only fragments that remain are a few pictures, some plans and drawings, and his volumes of manuscript written from left to right.

Leonardo loved to call himself a painter. He was often seen in the streets, sketch-book in hand, watching the people as they passed along. If he saw a face that attracted him, he would follow until he caught the expression, and perhaps had copied it in his sketch-book—then he would go home and paint it. Sometimes he would invite peasants to his house, and tell them funny stories till they were very merry; then he would take a pencil and draw their pictures.

He was well paid for his work in Florence, and after a time grew rich, and lived in a fine house and had servants and horses. Thinking that he would like to attach himself to one of the small Italian courts, Leonardo wrote to the Duke of Milan, asking him to receive him. The Duke consented and welcomed him graciously. He was charmed with Leonardo, and soon found him a most valuable addition to his gay court. If the Duke gave an entertainment, Leonardo would sing, and

play on the silver lute that he had fashioned in the shape of a horse's skull, and his beautiful music always enchanted the guests.

If the Duke desired a pageant, Leonardo would invent something to add to its interest—perhaps some automatic toys. One of these toys was a lion that on being wound up would walk into the presence of the guests, open its mouth, and display bunches of flowers within.

"The Last Supper"

In Milan, Leonardo established an Art Academy, and here by order of the Duke, he painted his masterpiece, "The Last Supper." The Duke commanded Leonardo to paint this picture on the wall of the refectory of a Dominican convent, and the master threw himself eagerly into the work. No scene in the life of Christ has been represented with more feeling and reverence than this.

We see the "upper room"; at the back is a window through which we may catch a distant view of the Judean hills. At a long table are seated thirteen men, Christ being in the center. The figures are more than life-size.

Christ's face wears a divine yet tender and sorrowful expression; and though the picture is now so faded that it is but a shadow of its former self, we may still feel the charm and sweetness of this face. Leonardo thought more about Christ's face than any other part of his picture; but his hand trembled when he tried to paint it—he never was satisfied, and never considered it finished.

On either side of Christ are two groups, each containing three figures.

No two of the faces are alike—and on each is a look either of grief or surprise or inquiry. All are intent upon one startling thought. What is it? Christ has just spoken to his disciples the dreadful words, "One of you shall betray me"; and Leonardo has chosen to represent in his picture the moment when each one exclaims, "Lord, is it I?"

We shall not describe all the disciples, but three or four

are easily remembered. In the group to the left of Christ, as we face the picture, John is clasping his hands in grief at his beloved Master's words; Peter, with his usual impetuosity, is leaning forward and beckoning to John to ask of whom Christ spoke. In front of the two sits Judas. He is grasping the money-bag. He looks toward Peter and John as with a convulsive start he tips over the salt. This act, you know, is always symbolic of a quarrel. On the other side of Christ is the keen face of doubting Thomas! He beckons with his fingers and leans forward behind two other disciples.

Leonardo worked on this picture for about two years. Often he would be so absorbed that he would remain on the scaffold from sunrise to sunset, without even eating or drinking. At other times, he would not work for days; or perhaps he would go quickly into the room, put in a stroke or two, and then hurry away.

His work was very slow; for he was constantly altering and retouching what he had done. Then, too, he waited, as every one must wait, for an inspiration. The prior of the convent tried to hasten him, but Leonardo could not be hurried.

One day after the prior had both teased and threatened him, Leonardo said to him, "I can hasten my work very much, if you will consent to sit for the traitor Judas." We can imagine that, if this story is true, the prior did not again worry Leonardo.

To-day, even the little print in a book will show the details better than the great faded picture itself on the wall of the refectory in Milan. Leonardo painted it in oils on wet plaster —but to last it should have been done in fresco.

Painters have tried to preserve it, by daubing it over: dampness and smoke have injured it; and finally, when Napoleon Bonaparte was in Milan, his soldiers used the refectory as a stable; and worst of all, a door was cut right through the lower part of the picture.

After painting "The Last Supper," Leonardo remained for several years in Milan. When the French captured the city, he traveled all over Italy, and finally he returned again to Florence.

"Mona Lisa"

Among other pictures that he painted there is a woman's face that will always be remembered. This was Mona Lisa, or my Lady Lisa, the wife of a Florentine gentleman. Leonardo spent four years on this picture—twice the time given to his "Last Supper." It must, indeed, be a famous portrait over which a painter will work four years.

Mona Lisa is seated in a marble chair; her drapery of gold and blue is arranged in graceful folds. The face is wonderful. How her eyes follow us! The hair is very natural, for Leonardo was noted for painting hair. The hands are beautiful and the skin very lifelike. While Mona Lisa sat for her portrait, it was arranged that flowers should be strewn about; that pet animals should be near for her to caress; that she should listen to music; or that buffoons should make her merry.

Faded as is the portrait now, the face is yet considered to be one of great loveliness.

Leonardo painted other pictures and molded some statues. At last, Michael Angelo was called to Florence, and the two painters were together to make some cartoons for the town hall there. When these were exhibited, Michael Angelo's were said to be finer than Leonardo's. Leonardo could not bear this.

Can you wonder when you think of his past renown? How could he easily give place to the greater glories of Michael Angelo and Raphael! Then, too, he heard the whisper, "Leonardo is growing old," and he had been the one great painter of Italy.

Leonardo in France

Francis I, King of France, was very fond of Italian art, and he wished to carry "The Last Supper" to France; but as he could not do that, he invited its painter to come there and live. Perhaps he thought that he would do some great thing for him.

Leonardo accepted the invitation, and bade farewell to

sunny Italy. He had never been willing to sell "Mona Lisa," and he took it with him to France. Francis I gave him nine thousand dollars for it—a great sum to be paid in those days for a portrait. Then "Mona Lisa" was placed in the Louvre gallery in Paris. Francis I gave him a beautiful château, and called Leonardo both teacher and father; and the courtiers imitated his dress and cut their beards after his fashion.

Leonardo lived but three years in France. He died in the year 1519, and the old chronicle says, "Sore wept King Francis when he heard that Leonardo was dead."

Almost under the shadow of the Milan Cathedral is a marble monument raised in his memory. The master, in thoughtful attitude, stands upon a high pedestal. Before him are statues of his pupils and bas-reliefs of some of his principal works. It is beautiful thus to honor him in Milan; for here it was that he lived so many years—the most brilliant man of his day—and here in the convent is his shadowy masterpiece, "The Last Supper."

LEONARDO'S "LAST SUPPER"

"Therefore I wait, within my earnest thought
For years, upon this picture I have wrought;
Yet still it is not ripe; I dare not paint
Till all is ordered and matured within.
Hand-work and head-work have an earthly taint,
But when the soul commands I shall begin."

—STORY.

"Nothing that my pencil ever touches
Is wholly done. There's one evasive grace,
Always beyond, which still I fail to reach."

—MRS. PRESTON.

RAPHAEL

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

FROM century to century, Italian art grew more beautiful and natural, until in the sixteenth century it reached its highest glory. Great painters with their pupils always gathered in Florence, and from the time of Cimabue and Giotto, all had combined to make it "The City Beautiful."

Rome, too, was a center of another and a still greater art world; for its ancient buildings remained, and vases and statues were being excavated which adorned the houses of the wealthy, and added to valuable collections of ancient Greek sculptures. Besides, there was always a Pope in Rome, who summoned the best artists to do their finest work in the Vatican.

Michael Angelo and Raphael were the leading artists in both Florence and Rome, in the brilliant sixteenth century. We have placed Michael Angelo among our sculptors, but we remember that he was famous also as architect and painter. Raphael was an architect and sculptor, too; but it is as a painter that he is the first love, not only of many Italians, but of art-lovers all the world over. His life is before us now.

Raphael was born on Good Friday, in the year 1483, at Urbino, a little town nestling among the mountains of central Italy. The baby was so sweet and gentle that he was named for the archangel Raphael, the guardian angel of the young. We visit to-day, in Urbino, Raphael's early home, and some sketches are shown there which he is supposed to have drawn when he was a child. From what is known, Raphael must have had a lovely mother, and his father was a painter of holy pictures. They both died, however, when he was very young. When he was seventeen or eighteen years old, he was apprenticed to a painter called Perugino, because he lived in Perugia.

Raphael the Pupil

When Raphael was brought to Perugino, he looked at his work and said, "Let him be my pupil, he will soon become my master." And Raphael, in the tender feeling which he displayed in his painting, became so like Perugino that after a time it was difficult to tell their pictures apart. Like all Italian youths who studied art at that time, Raphael longed to see Florence. And when some one told him of Leonardo's wonderful work there, he could restrain himself no longer. He hurriedly left Perugia and sought the artistic city.

Just recall the things that he must have seen as he wandered for the first time through the town! Imagine, too, his surprise and delight as he gazed upon them all!

Massaccio had, in an earlier century, made wonderful frescoes. Raphael stood before these and learned how to group his figures. From Michael Angelo's muscular forms he studied anatomy. Then there lived in San Marco the painter-monk Fra Bartolommeo. He had been so inspired by the preaching of Savonarola that he had burned his books and brushes, and for four years had just fasted and prayed in the convent.

Raphael sought him in his cell, and a beautiful friendship was formed between the two. Fra Bartolommeo again took his brush, and taught his young friend Raphael many secrets of modeling and coloring and drapery, and developed his gift for the portrayal of spiritual beauty. But perhaps the pictures of Leonardo had the strongest influence upon Raphael. He was charmed with "Mona Lisa," and the study of the face had a great influence on his own works.

Raphael was very handsome; he had a kind heart, a sunny temper, and a charming manner, and he had the power of attaching to himself many friends. The Florentines, who greatly admired him, called him "The Youthful Master."

He lived only thirty-seven years; but in his short life he painted two hundred and eighty-seven pictures. Many of these are of the Madonna and Child, for this was the subject that he most loved.

"La Belle Jardinière"

Among his pictures, painted in Florence, perhaps the most familiar is the one called "La Belle Jardinière," or "The Beautiful Flower-girl." The Mother is seated in a garden looking down tenderly at her child, who is gazing eagerly up into her face. The little St. John whom Raphael was very fond of putting into his pictures is kneeling reverently at the feet of the Mother. We see the varied landscape at the back, with lake, trees, mountains, castles, and clouds.

Raphael was but twenty-five years old when Pope Julius II called him to leave Florence and come to Rome, to do his part in the decoration of the Vatican. Both Julius II and his successor, Leo X, were charmed with Raphael, and their portraits that he painted are among the best likenesses in the world.

The Frescoes in the Vatican

Raphael ornamented the walls of four stanze or halls in the Vatican with magnificent frescoes. These dealt with theology, philosophy, law, and poetry; indeed, he pictured here every subject in which the Pope and wise men of his day were interested.

Everywhere we see copies of these great frescoes. Perhaps the most familiar one is "The School of Athens." This represents fifty-two wise men, teachers and pupils of ancient Greece. Before us is a great vaulted hall. The two philosophers, Plato and Aristotle, are advancing through a corridor. Plato points upward, for his teaching is of heavenly things; while Aristotle, who teaches about the earth, points downward. The wise men are grouped very naturally, each group having a teacher surrounded by questioning pupils.

The most interesting group is the one to the left of Plato and Aristotle as we face the picture, for it is taught by Socrates, the best-loved teacher in Greece. We see his pupils leaning forward in their eagerness, and beckoning others on to listen to his words of wisdom.

Raphael also painted some holy pictures upon the ceiling

THE SISTINE MADONNA.

By Raphael.

of a loggia, or open gallery, in the Vatican. These were called "Raphael's Bible." He also designed cartoons for some tapestries for the Sistine Chapel, the ceiling of which Michael Angelo had already painted. Indeed, the Vatican became a perfect museum of his works. He was as greatly admired in Rome as in Florence, and it is said that he was escorted daily by fifty painters from his home to the Vatican. Think, in comparison, of the lonely life of Michael Angelo, now living in the same city.

"Saint Cecilia"

Raphael was always busy; and although he was assisted by many pupils, he could not possibly fill the orders for pictures that came to him from all over Italy. His "Saint Cecilia," which was carried to Bologna, was painted in Rome. This is the legend: Saint Cecilia was a noble Roman maiden, and devoted herself to a religious life. She sang so sweetly that it is said the angels came to listen. As she could find no instrument fit to express the music of her soul, she invented the organ to be used only in the service of God. She married a rich young noble, and through her influence he was converted; and an angel crowned them both with immortal roses which bloomed only in Paradise.

Raphael has represented St. Cecilia as a graceful girl. Her sweet face is upturned as in a vision she sees the golden light, and is absorbed by the music of the angelic choir. In listening to heavenly strains, she forgets her earthly instrument, and it is slipping from her hand. At her feet are her violin and pipe, her tambourine and castanets—now they, too, are all cast aside. To the left of St. Cecilia, as we face the picture, stand St. Paul and St. John. St. Paul, lost in thought, leans upon his sword. This is one of Raphael's grandest figures.

This St. John is not the Baptist, but the beloved disciple, Like St. Cecilia, he is listening to the divine harmony.

St. Augustine, with his bishop's crook, stands on the other side. Next to him we recognize Mary Magdalene by her pot of ointment. This is always given to her in art, because she anointed the feet of her Lord. Her face is thought to be the

same that was painted later in "The Sistine Madonna," the face of the girl to whom Raphael gave a lifelong friendship.

The Madonna of the Chair

We constantly see copies of Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia," or "Madonna of the Chair"; but no copy can show the exquisite color and finish of this small round picture. The sweet-faced Mother wears upon her head a gay Roman scarf, while another is draped about her shoulders. The Baby is charming. Raphael painted many baby faces, and this is one of the loveliest of all. How gracefully the Mother folds the Child in her arms, and how closely he clings! See the action even in his chubby little feet! John the Baptist is here, his hands clasped in adoration as he leans intently forward.

A pretty legend of an old hermit always clings to this picture. The hermit had but two friends: the one was Mary, the daughter of a vine-dresser, who brought him grapes when he was hungry; the other was an old oak-tree that sheltered his hut, and whose rustling leaves made music in his lonely life. One day a terrible storm destroyed the hut, and the hermit was saved only by seeking refuge in his tree. Then Mary came and took him to her home, and the tree was cut down, and its wood made into casks. The old man was always grateful to Mary and the tree, and before he died, he prayed that both might be remembered.

The legend goes on to say that Mary married, and one day when she was seated with her two children in her garden, the great painter Raphael passed. He saw the lovely group, and taking the top of a cask which was standing near, and which had been made from the old tree, he drew a sketch upon it. Then he went home and from his sketch painted the "Madonna della Sedia." So the hermit's prayer was answered, in the famous picture which is covered with glass, and guarded as one of the treasures of the Pitti Palace, in Florence.

"The Sistine Madonna"

"The Sistine Madonna" was the last "Holy Family" that Raphael ever painted. People differ about the beauty of his other works, but this every one admires. It is honored by having a room all to itself in the famous art gallery in Dresden, in Germany. The voice is hushed and the gaze riveted as one stands before it. The green curtains in the picture are withdrawn, and there is disclosed a vision full of heavenly light. The Mother is not an earthly mother as we have just seen her in the "Madonna della Sedia"—she is now the queen of heaven. She seems to approach us floating upon the clouds out of which peep countless tiny angel-faces. She does not clasp her boy; he seems rather enthroned within her arms. Her face is pure and dignified; her eyes are looking far off into the future, as if she thought profoundly upon her son's appointed mission.

The face of the Child, also, is serious, as if, like his mother's, his thoughts dwelt on his great work.

From the vision in the clouds, we turn to the two saints below. St. Sixtus, for whom the picture is named, was a bishop who lived in the third century, and who became a martyr to his faith. You see his tiara at his side. What a grand old man he is! As he gazes up reverently, he points to the people as if imploring a blessing upon them.

What a contrast to graceful St. Barbara! We recognize her by the little tower behind her. Why is this always at her side? She was a wealthy and noble Eastern maiden. Her father was so afraid that someone would be entranced by her beauty and carry her off that he shut her up in a high tower. Here, through the influence of a saintly man, she became a Christian. She begged that her tower might have three windows, that through these her soul might receive light from the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Like St. Cecilia and St. Sixtus, she, too, was martyred for her faith.

The familiar little cherubs complete the picture. It is said that their faces belonged to two children whom Raphael saw one day with their arms on a ledge, gazing into a baker's

window, or at this picture as he painted. Would you call their expression wistful or adoring?

Raphael was always noted for his draperies; nowhere do we find them more graceful than in "The Sistine Madonna."

"The Transfiguration"

His last picture, now in the Vatican, is "The Transfiguration." It is one of the world's masterpieces, and it is noted for its wonderful face of Christ. Two scenes are represented —a heavenly and an earthly. Above the mountains, in a glorious cloud, hovers the Saviour soaring heavenward. On either side are Moses and Elijah.

Christ's face is marvelous, but Raphael never considered it finished. Is it strange that neither Raphael nor Leonardo could paint his ideal of this face?

The three disciples, Peter, James, and John, who have gone up into the mountain with Christ, are dazed by the glory, and they have prostrated themselves before the vision. The two figures kneeling at the left are perhaps St. Julian and St. Lawrence; but more probably the father and uncle of the cardinal who ordered Raphael to paint this picture.

Then, as if to make the strongest contrast which is shown in any of Raphael's paintings, we see below a lunatic boy. He is being brought by his father to the nine disciples who are waiting below. They listen with sympathy to the story, but they cannot help.

Two of them, however, are pointing up to the mountain, for there is the "Great Physician," who alone can heal. The coloring of the upper part of the picture is glowing and harmonious, but in the lower part the light is broken and shadowy.

While the picture was yet unfinished, Raphael was taken suddenly ill, and he died in the year 1520, on Good Friday, the anniversary of his birth. "The Transfiguration," with some of his other works, was left to be finished by his pupils. What a brilliant work he had accomplished in a short life of just thirty-seven years!

All Rome mourned his death; for their "most rare and

excellent master had passed away." A long procession followed his body from his studio to the tomb in the Pantheon. At its head was borne "The Transfiguration," its colors still wet.

To us of the twentieth century, Raphael's works are very lovely. Shall we unite with his devoted admirers of nearly four hundred years ago in naming him "The Prince of Italian Painting"? We may better decide after reading Titian's life.

THE DRESDEN MADONNA

"Mary, Mary! pure and holy,
Onward floating, onward soaring,
Heaven's effulgence round thee pouring.

"Mary, Mary! sweet and lowly,
Radiant with the mystic shining
Angels languish for divining.

"Mary, Mary! pure and holy,
In thine arms the Lord of Glory,
In thine heart the wondrous story.

"Mary, Mary! sweet and lowly,
Cherubs pausing do adore thee,
Lost in love and awe before thee.

"Mary, Christus! pure and holy,
Shadowed eyes, O Love pathetic!
Starry eyes, O Light prophetic!

"Mary, Mary! sweet and lowly,
Throbs the hush with music's swaying
Human pain and grief allaying!"

—MARY E. STORRS.

Dresden, Jan. '72

"Raphael is not dead,
He doth but sleep, for how
Can he be dead
Who lives immortal in the hearts of men?"

—LONGFELLOW.

CORREGGIO

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

CORREGGIO, who lived in the sixteenth century, is another famous master in Italian art. His pictures are not serious and spiritual like those of Michael Angelo and Raphael, but they have their own peculiar charm.

He was named for his birthplace in quiet little Reggio, or Correggio. Here he was born in the year 1495. He studied here as a child, and later in an excellent art school that had been established in Mantua.

The lad must have learned how to draw, and in drawing to foreshorten. To foreshorten is to represent in a lifelike manner objects that recede slantingly from us. It is thought that Correggio saw some of Leonardo's pictures, and that in them he studied light and shade. The facts of his life are not well known. He must have had a beautiful wife, for her face is in some of his lovely Madonna pictures; and the merry frolicsome children that he was always painting were surely his own boys.

Correggio never worked under any great painter who loaded him with honors and presents. We never hear of his being in Florence, and an old writer says, "He died young without being able to see Rome!"

Just think of it! How could he have been a master, and yet never have visited the great art center of Italy! Indeed, during his life, he was almost unknown except at Parma. He formed his own style, however, and by his genius raised himself to the highest rank. He died in the year 1534.

Correggio was never well paid for his works, but probably that was his own fault; for he was always so timid about their merits that he took whatever was offered him. They sometimes offered curious things in Parma; for example, for one

THE HOLY NIGHT.

By Correggio.

of his finest frescoes he was given a little money, some provisions, two loads of wood, and a fat pig! Once, however, he did appreciate himself; for when he saw a picture painted by the great Raphael, he gazed at it, thought of his own works, and then exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I, too, am a painter!"

He loved to picture Madonnas and saints and mythological characters, and, especially delightful children. He was noted for a daring foreshortening, and for a delicate blending of light and shade. If you would like a long word that exactly describes such a blending use "chiaroscuro!" Action, sentiment, foreshortening, chiaroscuro—these were the four gifts that made Correggio famous. In three buildings, in the quaint old city of Parma, are seen his principal frescoes.

His Frescoes

The first are in a room in the Convent of Paolo. The abbess of this convent, unlike other nuns, lived a luxurious life. She loved to surround herself with beautiful things, and so she called upon Correggio to fresco her salon. He covered the walls with mythological scenes instead of holy ones.

Over the mantel is Diana, the huntress, arrayed in graceful drapery. She is just returning from the chase in a car drawn by white stags. The vaulted ceiling is decorated with a trellis-work of vines. In this there are sixteen oval openings or lunettes. Through these, the most gleeful and fascinating little boys are peeping. They are all busy—some frolicking, others caressing one another, and still others plucking the grapes from the vine.

When you see these frescoes you will not wonder that the abbess was delighted. She recommended Correggio to the Church of St. John, and for this he painted an ascending Christ with the adoring disciples below. The monks connected with this church were so fond of Correggio, that, while he painted, he lived with them in their monastery, sharing in all their masses and prayers.

His most magnificent frescoes, however, in Parma, were in the dome of the cathedral. We remember how hard it was

for Brunelleschi and Michael Angelo to design a dome. It is almost as difficult to paint the interior in a lifelike way.

Correggio took for his subject the Assumption or Ascension of the Virgin to heaven. That the figures might appear natural to those standing far below, he used much foreshortening, so that as the Virgin is borne upward by angels, her head is thrown far back, and her knees almost touch her chin.

About her is a confusing number of saints, disciples, and joyous little angels, whirling about in every direction. This fresco has always been considered as a masterpiece for its daring foreshortening as well as for its rich color.

When the great Venetian Titian saw it, he exclaimed, "Reverse the cupola, and fill it with gold, and even that will not be its money's worth."

"The Marriage of Saint Catharine"

Correggio painted many oil or easel pictures that have proved an inspiration to many other artists. One of these is a "Marriage of Saint Catharine," in the Louvre gallery, in Paris. Let us first read the legend of Saint Catharine that we may understand the meaning of the picture. She was an Eastern princess who possessed four gifts—she was rich, noble, wise, and beautiful. She determined to marry only one who was richer than any other; so noble that he would not be indebted to her for being made a king; so beautiful that angels would desire to see him; so benign as to forgive all offenses. Then she saw a picture of the Christ-child and as she gazed into his face, she loved him. The Child smiled upon her; he placed a ring upon her finger, and they were betrothed.

St. Catharine spent her life in doing good that she might go when she died to her heavenly bridegroom. Sometimes she is represented with a book as a symbol of her great wisdom; again with a wheel, the instrument of her martyrdom; or with the Christ-child, as in Correggio's picture. The sentiment of the story, the sweet faces, and the beautiful hands make the picture most attractive. The noble young

St. Sebastian, who stands behind St. Catharine, seems greatly interested in the betrothal. He usually wears a bright happy look, although pierced by arrows.

"Adoration of the Shepherds"

The gem among Correggio's pictures is an "Adoration of the Shepherds" called "The Holy Night," or "La Notte." It is night—the scene is the manger. The Mother holds the Babe. His body is illumined with a heavenly radiance that shines from it up into the Mother's face. It falls also upon the shepherds and shepherdess. The latter with one graceful hand shades her face, while with the other she brings to the Christ-child her offering—a little basket holding two turtle-doves. For the shepherds have just heard the "glad tidings" and have come bringing their gifts. The angels are hovering above in a softened radiance.

The cold morning light is just breaking and Joseph in the distance is caring for the ass upon which Mary rode to Bethlehem. Let us try to imagine this glowing picture, touched by its three lights—the transparent loveliness emanating from the Christ-child, the softer tints of the angelic choir, and the gray morning dawn. "La Notte" with its rare grace and beauty ranks with Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" as one of the gems of the Dresden Gallery.

In speaking of Correggio, one has fitly said, "out of smiles, sunlight, grace, and beauty, he made his pictures."

"There are bridges on the rivers
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these."

—Christina Rossetti.

TITIAN

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

IN the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, painting in Venice burst into sudden bloom. Venetian pictures were not noted for perfect drawing, charming sentiment, or spiritual beauty; but, instead, for brilliant, glowing tints.

And how the Venetians loved color! From the early days when their sailors had brought from the East gorgeous stuffs and gems and marbles of every hue, the Venetian painter found in his "Island City" the things which a painter best loved to look upon. He saw the deep blue sky, the constant play of light and shadow on the water, the gay gondolas, or the merry pageant gliding along. He saw the gilded marble palaces, the splendid Venetian women, the prince or doge in gorgeous robes. He saw a Madonna or an angel or a St. Mark with his winged lion. He caught the life and spirit of it all, and then he painted a portrait or a story of old Venetian life.

Let us ask Titian to tell us his story. His father was an honored soldier, and counselor of Cadore, a little town nestling among the Dolomites. This is a wild and strange country with stormy blue skies, and picturesque crags and torrents. Here, in a castle belonging to his father, Titian was born in the year 1477. He was so fond of the home of his childhood that all through his long life he returned to it on festal days, carrying gifts to his old friends. Besides, he made its grand Alpine scenery the landscape background of many of his pictures.

When a very little boy, Titian showed his love for color. He often escaped from his teachers and ran away to the fields. Here he gathered bright flowers, and squeezing out their juices, used them for paints.

There are shown to-day on the walls of the castle of Cadore some faded colors that are said to be the remains of little Titian's earliest efforts. Titian did learn to read and write; but his teachers were discouraged in trying to teach him anything else, for the boy would do nothing but paint. Finally, when he was only nine or ten years old, he was sent to Venice—there to study the thing which he best loved to attempt. A little later, we find him in Bellini's school, where he remained for several years.

Early Influences

At this time, Bellini was a famous painter of holy pictures. His coloring was soft and tender. Besides, he was a most delightful teacher, and it was the fashion to send Italian boys to his studio to study art. Titian liked Bellini, and at first followed his manner faithfully. But there was an older pupil in the school, in whom he became greatly interested. This boy, who was called Giorgione, was of peasant origin, but he had such fine manners, such a rare talent for music, and was so fascinating that everybody admired him.

Titian was first attracted to Giorgione because he liked the glowing color of his pictures better than Bellini's quieter tints. He soon found himself copying Giorgione's style rather than Bellini's. A warm friendship soon sprang up between the lads. After a time Bellini could not keep them to his style of coloring, and a story is told about the veteran master that seems probable.

One day Titian and Giorgione left the studio, spent all their money, and did not return at the appointed hour. When they did come back, the door was closed forever against them. Then they set up for themselves. They made money by painting the outside of houses. But alas! for the jealousy of artists. Once when they had frescoed the front of a public building in Venice, Titian's work was declared the better. Giorgione was hurt and insulted, and the friendship was suddenly broken.

Giorgione did not live very long after this. His short, gay

life, however, had been long enough to make him famous. Such a golden glow as he gave to his "Concert," and the few other pictures that he has left had never been equaled in Venice.

Titian had learned much from Bellini; but the secret of his coloring had come from Giorgione, and on the death of his friend, he was left without a rival in Venice. His pictures were more and more brilliant until at last he came to be known as "The Father of Modern Art in Coloring."

He was fond of mythological subjects, and his little cupids, or amorini, as they are called, are very charming.

Portraits

But as a portrait-painter Titian was magnificent. He painted handsome Venetian women with wonderful flesh-tints, wavy auburn hair, brocaded robes, embroidery and pearls. He painted poets, princes, kings, and doges, always choosing for his pictures a happy moment in the life of each. His renown spread to different countries; and if Titian's portraits could all be gathered into one gallery, we would find there nearly every famous man of his time.

He was so successful in painting a variety of subjects that some make him, instead of Raphael, the most famous Italian painter.

He visited many cities, and was always most honorably entertained. At the court of the Duke of Ferrara he painted some of his finest mythological pictures. Here he became acquainted with the famous poet Ariosto. The painter and the poet immortalized each other; for Titian made a lifelike portrait of Ariosto; while Ariosto, in turn, introduced Titian into his greatest poem.

Naturally, the Pope invited Titian to Rome; but he did not accept his earlier invitations, and it was not until he was sixty-eight years old that he first saw the Holy City. He was treated in Rome with the greatest honor, being lodged in the Vatican. Titian painted the picture of Pope Paul III. It was so lifelike that when it was placed upon the terrace to

dry the varnish, the people, thinking that it was the Pope himself, lifted their hats to it.

It is said that Titian, "the gracious and serene," was visited in Rome by Michael Angelo, "the grave and austere." Michael Angelo admired Titian's coloring, and he felt that if he could only draw better, he would be the world's greatest painter. We remember that the Romans thought everything of correct drawing, and the Venetians of coloring.

At this time the famous Emperor Charles V ruled over both Germany and Spain. He saw one of Titian's portraits, and determined that the artist should paint his picture, and Titian did paint it several times. The Emperor was delighted, and Titian sometimes visited him in Germany.

One day when Charles V was in his studio, the brush slipped from the painter's hand. Not a courtier moved. The Emperor, however, at once stooped and picked it up. Titian was embarrassed and exclaimed, "Ah, Sire! you confound me!" And the Emperor replied, "How, then, is not Titian worthy to be served by Cæsar?" adding as he saw the jealousy of the courtiers, "I know many kings and princes, but I believe that there are not two Titians in the world."

Titian must have sea and sky and sunshine, and after travel he always loved to return to his Venetian home.

Home and Family

His wife died early, leaving him with three children. One son was a painter and worked with his father. There are several pictures of his daughter Lavinia, the darling of his household. In one she carries a casket of jewels; in another she is in a yellow-flowered gown, holding over her head a silver salver with fruit.

Titian's home was called "Casa Grande," and it was indeed a "Great House." It had gardens sloping down to the sea. In the distance over the water was the island of Murano, where glass was wrought in wondrous forms and colors. Yet beyond were the rugged Alpine peaks, amid which nestled little Cadore, his childhood's home. At "Casa Grande," Titian

lived and dressed like a prince, and entertained with royal hospitality. Many noted guests visited him. He showed them his pictures. They feasted at a table loaded with delicacies—they enjoyed the beautiful garden, and the views of the lagoon and distant peaks. Once two Spanish cardinals were his guests. While they were admiring the pictures in his studio, he threw his purse to his steward, exclaiming, "Now, prepare a feast, since all the world dines with me."

As Titian lived until he was ninety-nine years old, and as he painted from the time that he was five until the end of his life, a description of his pictures would fill our book. We have, however, selected a few that are most familiar.

"Christ and the Tribute Money"

One of these is called "Christ and the Tribute Money." It was originally painted for the door of a press in Ferrara, but it is now in the Dresden Gallery.

This depicts the scene where the crafty Pharisee is bringing a penny to Christ to tempt him. There is a wonderful contrast in the two figures. Christ is in a red robe and a blue mantle. He is calm, intellectual, and majestic. The Pharisee's face is one of brutal cunning. How striking, too, are the hands! Christ's are gentle and beautiful, while those of the Pharisee are cruel and grasping.

"St. Christopher"

Titian's picture of St. Christopher is also noted. This is on the wall of the Doge's Palace in Venice. The doge for whom it was originally painted was so fond of it that it was placed where he might see it every morning when he first arose. And there is an old saying, "Whoever shall behold St. Christopher in the morning, shall not faint." The legend is very beautiful. It is about a giant named "Offero," which means "bearer," and it runs as follows: Offero was very proud of his great strength, and he vowed that it should be given only in the service of the mightiest of kings. He joined the

retinue of a ruler, whose very name was the terror of nations. But he was surprised to see that this ruler trembled whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. So Satan must be yet greater—he would seek and serve him!

Then he wandered until one day he came upon a dark and terrible warrior, and his army called him Satan. So Offero followed him. And now he found that Satan was frightened whenever they passed a wayside shrine, or whenever the name of Christ was spoken. On inquiry, he learned that Christ was ruler over all. And now Offero sought him far and wide, but he could not find him. Finally one day he reached the hut of a pious old hermit, and the hermit told him that only through deeds of pity and helpfulness could he find Christ. Then he led Offero to a deep river with a very swift current. Many pilgrims crossed it, and those who tried to cross were often swept away by the current. The hermit told Offero to live here on the bank of this stream, and for love of the unknown Christ to carry from shore to shore those who were weak; and Offero gave himself to this service and saved many who would otherwise have been drowned.

One dreadful night, when the wind blew and the stream was very rough, he heard a child's voice—"Offero, wilt thou carry me over?"

The giant, taking a lantern, went out of his hut, and saw a little child seated on the edge of the swollen stream. He took him upon his shoulders, and advanced into the stream. But the farther they went, the heavier grew the child. Offero's limbs trembled. It seemed as if he would sink, but he bore on courageously and finally reached the other shore.

As he set the child gently down, he exclaimed, "If I had borne the world, it could not have been heavier."

A bright light irradiated the child's face as he replied, "Oh, Christopher, I am Christ thy King, the ruler of the world," and he added, "Christopher, I accept thy service"; and the giant Offero, the Bearer, became henceforth Saint Christopher, the Christ-bearer.

Titian's picture represents the two in mid-stream. Offero resembles a huge Venetian gondolier. The child is weighing

down the giant, but his little fingers are raised in blessing as he urges him on.

"The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple"

One of Titian's largest and most pleasing pictures is "The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," which introduces to us one of the most charming little girls to be found in all art. Her parents have dedicated her to a religious life, and they have placed her in the Temple on the lowest step leading up to the entrance. The High Priest, in gorgeous robes, stands on the upper step waiting to receive her.

The quaint, winsome little maiden is supposed to be but three years old. She is surrounded by a halo of light, and is attired in a shimmering blue robe, which she gathers up daintily as with perfect confidence she ascends the steps. Her long flaxen hair is braided simply down her back. The windows and balconies are full of spectators; below, too, are all sorts of people, among them stately senators and monks, and an old woman with a basket of eggs. All eyes are upon the child. It is believed that several of the faces are portraits of noted Venetians who were then living.

"The Assumption"

In the same gallery in Venice is Titian's "Assumption," or "Ascension of the Virgin to Heaven." This, in its splendid glow of color, is the "Assumption" of the world.

It is told that, after the death of her Son, the Virgin prayed to be taken to heaven. She also asked that, as she should ascend the Apostles might be about her. As she prayed, a rushing sound was heard; the air was filled with angels, and they bore her upon a cloud swiftly heavenward.

Titian represents her as a splendid woman, with wavy, golden hair She gazes upward, her fair face irradiated with a heavenly light. Over her crimson robe is a blue mantle. We almost see it flutter in her swift ascent, and as she is borne aloft, an angel sent from God floats downward bearing her crown.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.
By Titian.

The little angels, or amorini, are wheeling about full of life and motion. The heavenly scene is peaceful and radiant —the one below is dark and turbulent; for here are the longing disciples, in striking attitudes and gestures, gazing wistfully after the figure which is fast receding from them into the clouds.

Titian lived a longer life than any other painter. Sometimes as a very old man he would lay upon his pictures too much bright color; but at night when he slept, his pupils scraped it off.

He desired to live until he was one hundred years old; but in 1576 the plague visited Venice, and carried off one-fourth of the inhabitants of the city. Titian and his son were attacked by the disease, and they both died. In grief at the loss of their greatest painter, the people forgot their fear of the plague.

All Venice in a long procession followed his remains to the burial-place in the Church of the Frari—the church for which "The Assumption" had been painted.

A noble monument now crowns Titian's tomb here, and it is ornamented with bas-reliefs of his principal works. The inscription reads as follows:

"Here lies the great Titian, rival of Zeuxis and Apelles."

If we might compare our great painters to beautiful flowers, Raphael, with his spiritual conceptions, might be likened to the pure white lily lifting its chalice to heaven; Correggio, to the fragrant rose blushing in every charming shade; Titian, to the brilliant sunflower lifting its face to catch the golden rays of the sun.

VERONESE

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

TITIAN was well advanced in years when Paul Veronese, the last great Venetian painter of the sixteenth century, appeared in Venice. Titian welcomed him to the city, and tried to win for him the favor of the Senate. This was not difficult, for Paul Veronese was himself so kind-hearted and winning that he was always surrounded by friends.

Born in Verona, his name Veronese came from the place of his birth. When he arrived in Venice, he brought with him letters of introduction to the prior of the monastery of St. Sebastian. Here he lived with the monks, and here he is buried in the Church of St. Sebastian, which is decorated with some of his finest works. Veronese's motto was as follows: "One has never done well enough when one can do better; one never knows enough when he can learn more."

Perhaps no other man more enjoyed the pomp and festivity of Venetian life than Paul Veronese. He has sometimes been called "The Most Magnificent of Magnificent Painters." His large canvases were covered with groups of gay knights and fine ladies.

Whether his subject was taken from mythology, history, or the Bible, the picture would reveal Venetian architecture, and the people were gorgeous in Venetian robes. Sometimes he would introduce parrots, dogs, horses, and buffoons, into his holy pictures. For this he was brought before the Inquisition. But even this did not frighten him, and the only reply that he made to the accusation was, that he should put into his pictures whatever he pleased.

The Venetians were naturally devoted to Veronese, and they adorned their city with his paintings. Once after making an allegorical picture for the Doge's Palace, the council rewarded him with a gold chain.

Veronese loved best to paint banquets, for in them he could

THE MARRIAGE AT CANA.

By Paul Veronese.

show his pomp of coloring, his natural grouping, and his ornamental detail. The largest and most brilliant of these feasts is "The Marriage in Cana of Galilee." This picture, which was originally painted for the refectory of a convent, now covers a whole side wall of one of the galleries of the Louvre, in Paris, for it is one of the largest easel-pictures in the world.

It contains one hundred and thirty life-size figures. It is the simple Bible story of Christ's first miracle—how at a wedding-feast in Cana of Galilee, he transformed the water into wine. But we quite lose sight of the small room in the little town of Cana, where the miracle was wrought so long ago. Instead we see before us a brilliant Venetian banquet. At the back of the hall is a superb marble portico. Through this we get a glimpse of blue sky, and of many spectators in windows and balconies. All are gazing over into the festival hall, in which on a table that occupies three sides is laid the wedding-feast, in vessels of gold and silver.

Christ and his Disciples are there; but we hardly notice them among the other prominent guests, many of these being portraits of famous men of Veronese's day. The wedding-feast is made for Francis I of France and his royal bride, who are seated at the left as we look at the picture. Vittoria Colonna is there, the gifted poetess whom Michael Angelo loved, and Mary of England, and Charles V of Germany, the Emperor who honored Titian.

Titian himself is among the musicians, with Tintoretto and Paul Veronese. The water-pots stand in front, where the miracle is being performed. Servants are appearing and disappearing. The whole scene is full of color, life, and action. Veronese was paid but about forty dollars for this great picture which it took years to paint.

Veronese was the last great Venetian painter of the sixteenth century, and the seventeenth century was an age of decline. Bellini, in the fifteenth century, had founded the Venetian School. He was followed by many painters, among whom were Carpaccio, Giorgione and Titian, Palma Vecchio and Tintoretto; and now Paul Veronese, with his brush, gives the final brilliant touch to Venetian art.

THE DELLA ROBBIAS

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

THE fifteenth century was the beginning of the "Golden Age" of Italian sculpture. It was then that Ghiberti made his gates, and there were other noted sculptors—among them, Luca della Robbia. He was, at first, a goldsmith, but he was especially fond of molding figures in clay. He had one trouble, however, and that was that he could never make the parts of his figures stick together; but he resolved to discover some way to do this.

So he worked all day and all night, until sometimes his feet were nearly frozen. Finally, he succeeded in producing a kind of glaze which held the clay together, and the material which he thus produced became famous as "terra-cotta," or "Robbia ware."

An old writer, speaking of Luca della Robbia, says something worth remembering: "No one ever became excellent in anything whatever who did not from a child learn to put up with heat and cold, hunger and thirst."

Luca della Robbia made bas-reliefs in his ware. These were often in pure white with a background of blue. Then, again, he would introduce a more varied coloring.

His children are very fascinating. He caught their half-humorous, half-serious beauty as perfectly as a painter. The expressions of their sweet, bright faces are so natural, and their motions are so full of vivacity, that they seem like real children. They are represented as dancing, or singing, or playing on musical instruments. Sometimes it seems as if we might almost tell in which note each boy is singing or playing. Such children had never before been seen in art, and Luca della Robbia became very renowned.

His brothers and sons helped him in his work. His studio

came to be a manufactory, in which hundreds of pieces of Robbia ware were made, many of them being used as wall-decorations. These were sent to different parts of Europe and it was difficult to work fast enough to fill all the orders.

Luca della Robbia kept the secret of the ware in his own family; so when they all died, there could never be another piece made. To-day a group in Robbia ware is much more precious than it was five hundred years ago.

THE RENAISSANCE

By J. BASIL OLDHAM

TO obtain some idea of the meaning of the change which came over painting in this movement, it is possible to look at it from three points of view: firstly, what may be classed under the head of "technique"; secondly, the subjects and their treatment; and thirdly, the motive of art.

Technique

Whatever we admire in the early Italian artists it is not their execution. Stiff figures, conventional attitudes, little suggestion of real life or motion, these characteristics prevent the works of even men of so much charm as Duccio or Simone Martini from being convincing portrayals of what is natural.

But as the Renaissance dawns, a love of what is natural begins to show itself, and art tends to become realistic without at the same time losing its idealism. Perspective, which is found good enough in many of the Pompeian wall pictures, is again revived; life and movement are put into the figures; drawing becomes freer and more correct. Deeper difficulties, too, than those of perspective were met and mastered by the painters of this golden age. The subtleties of space-composition, that magical art which makes us realize the spaciousness of the open air, not by a technical knowledge of atmospherical effects, but by some instinct which gives to the figures precisely the right proportion to the whole picture—this art was never more perfectly mastered. This perfection of form, which the medieval painters with all their dignity and all their spiritual depth had never had, was entirely typical of the Renaissance. So, too, was the most notable gift it made to art, the love of nature. The gilt backgrounds gave place to exquisite landscapes, at first quite impossible geologically and

THE MADONNA OF THE MEASURING LINE

From a Relief by Andrea Della Robbia.

botanically, but later modeled direct upon the lovely scenery of Umbria. Men saw the beauty of nature, and they realized that it could not be improved upon. So in matters of detail, nature itself became the supreme object of study. In place of the charming but shapeless figures of the earlier Florentines, wrapped up in drapery, as if nothing in nature was beautiful, Michael Angelo filled his paintings with anatomical studies of the undraped human figure. To paint all things naturally, and without sacrificing the dignity that a conventional treatment had often imparted, became the artist's ambition, and this realism shocked the conservative critics who preferred the traditional way of depicting things according to a convention.

"How? what's here?
Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all!
Faces, arms, legs, and bodies like the true
As much as pea and pea! It's devil's-game!
Your business is not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay,
But lift them over it, ignore it all,
Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.
. . . . . .
Why put all thoughts of praise out of our head
With wonder at lines, colors, and what not?
Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!"

Such was the criticism put by Browning into the mouth of the monkish critics of Filippo Lippi.

The Subject and its Treatment

One obvious difference between the art of medieval Italy and that of the present day is that the painter's choice of subject now ranges, as it was once put, from a Christian martyr to the Derby Day, and from the death of Cæsar to the Matterhorn, while the scope of the medieval artist was limited by the fact that for long art was almost monopolized by the Church; the painter lived, not by sending easel pictures to exhibitions in the hope that they might appeal to patrons of varying interests and tastes, but by accepting orders for frescoes, altar-pieces, or panels for some particular church.

But a change is at once noticeable when the Renaissance brings emancipation from the rule which dictated that in subject pictures sacred scenes alone should be depicted. The great artists do not cease to paint altar-pieces or to cover the church walls with frescoes suggested by legends of the saints or the stories of the Bible but they show a greater sense of the freedom that was pervading all things, and easel pictures for the palaces of the wealthy provide an opportunity for treating secular subjects as well. Portrait-painting becomes more common—a natural outcome of the Renaissance admiration of personal fame—and, equally characteristic of the movement, mythological subjects come into vogue. For while it is the spiritual that dominates the Middle Ages, it is humanity which interests the Renaissance; and while in the former period the realization of sin makes life something sad, in the latter the recognition of the greatness of man, the beauty of nature and the happiness of this life makes the attitude of the painter toward his subject a very different one from that of his predecessors.

When the Renaissance comes with its appeal to look at the brighter side of things, art begins to breathe the new spirit. The joy in nature brings into favor the landscape background, the hopefulness of the new age shows itself in the more restrained sorrow of such pictures as Francia's National Gallery "Pietà," and even a scene essentially tragic and rather gruesome, such as the martyrdom of Cosimo and Damien, is treated by Fra Angelico in his Louvre picture with the engaging cheerfulness of a man who refuses to look at the gloomy side of things.

Perhaps no single subject illustrates these changes better than the Madonna pictures. The earlier Madonnas are treated with a reverence and endowed with a dignity that mark the Virgin essentially as the Mother of God. Such are the Madonnas of Cimabue, Giotto, and Angelico. Next come the pictures in which the Virgin, still idealized and conscious of her divine honor, has yet the attributes of humanity that the Renaissance realized were by no means things beneath contempt—the appreciation of life and the interest of the human

ANGEL WITH MANDOLIN.
By Giovanni Bellini

VIRGIN, CHILD, AND ST. JOHN.
Sandro Botticelli

mother in her child. This phase is illustrated by Filippo Lippi, Giovanni Bellini and some of Raphael's Madonnas, notably the Belle Jardinière and the Vienna Madonna del Prato. Lastly, the Virgin loses all her spirituality and becomes a commonplace peasant girl. The Renaissance has done its work and reduced the spiritual to the human, and in the hands of Titian, Sarto, Correggio and many another the superhuman idealized Madonna gives place to the beautiful but quite earthly mother and child of everyday life.

The Motive of Art

When art was, as in the Middle Ages, the servant of religion, it had an important practical part to play. It may be that art should always appeal to the intellectual as well as the sensuous side of man, but its practical use is now less that of teaching concrete facts (though that is not unknown in the decoration of public buildings with historical scenes) than that of suggesting an abstract truth or stimulating an interest. But it was often the duty of the medieval artist to take the more prosaic line of keeping before an unlettered people, whose Bible—even had they been able to read it—was in Latin, the facts of Christian story and sometimes, by symbolism, the doctrines of the Church. In this case "the thing told is of more importance than the manner of telling it." "It was the chief business," wrote Mr. Berenson, "of the medieval artist to re-write the stories of the Saviour and of His immaculate Mother in pictographs so elaborate that even the most unlettered could read them. At the same time these pictographs were intended to be offered up as a sacrifice, along with all the rest of the furnishing and actual decoration of God's holy house, and for this they were to be as resplendent as gold and skill could make them. In the hands of a man of genius the pictograph could transform itself into great illustration, and the sacrifice into great decoration." This is what John Ruskin meant when he called the sculptured façade of the great northern French Cathedral "the Bible of Amiens." In the Middle Ages it was the illustration that

really mattered, and though Cimabue, Giotto, Duccio, Angelico could not draw correctly and had the most elementary knowledge of scientific perspective, we admire them for the magnificent ideas they tried to express. Through their often bad decoration we see them struggling to achieve great illustration.

But as the marvels of nature are unfolded in the Renaissance, and its beauty begins to be appreciated, men set more store by correct representation and less by the inner spirit of the work. To be more natural and realistic is the first impulse. But once naturalness has been achieved, the painters seek to raise the real to the ideal. Thus it is that the zenith of the Renaissance produces art which combines perfect illustration and perfect decoration.

Of course it is impossible, out of the numberless great works that illustrate this period, to take one or two and say that they are the best examples, but two may be referred to as, in spite of faults, in both cases perhaps mainly of color, representing the highest pitch of sublimity attained by Renaissance artists: the Sistine Madonna of Raphael and the Mona Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci. Both, without being pagan, rise absolutely to the sublime of Hellenic art. The one is the trite subject of the Madonna and Child in glory, but in spite of Raphael's earlier leanings (for this belongs to his last period) toward the "earthly" treatment of his Madonnas, and of the fact that here probably the Virgin's face is a portrait, the whole is so nearly raised to the ideal that the sight of the work compels involuntary awe and reverence which technical defects in the painting have no power to mar. Unlike the pictures in which the first thought of the Virgin, bending over her Child, seems to be that of the earthly mother, the "Sistine" is meant to give the idea of a heavenly revelation; the curtains are drawn back, and the Virgin is stepping forward into view—the attitude and the floating drapery suggest motion—and though cherub faces fill the space beyond the curtain, they are not seen immediately behind for the dazzling glow of light that shines around her, from which St. Barbara turns away. No Greek statue surpasses the presence and the

MONA LISA

From a Painting by Leonardo da Vinci.

dignity which the consciousness of divine and semi-divine nature gives to the Child and the Mother in Raphael's picture.

The other picture is no less idealized though in quite a different way. For, although circumstantial details exist about the identity of Mona Lisa and about the way in which the portrait was painted, it is impossible to look on this marvelous pictorial study of character as merely a representation of an actual Florentine lady. The very facial expression is found in many of Leonardo's pictures painted before this portrait, and even in drawings that belong to the days of his boyhood. Somehow the artist has blended a smile and expression that seem always to have haunted him with the actual features of a living subject. This picture in fact is not merely a realistic study, but a portrait raised to the sublime. Leonardo had in his mind some wondrous conception of something inscrutable and cynical, possessed of an unattainable knowledge, that he longed to penetrate—it might almost be a personification of nature herself, whose secrets Leonardo was forever trying to probe—and this he surrounds with romantic mountains and reaches of water that disappear on a mysterious horizon, and he makes it all show through the physical features of La Gioconda.

"The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters," wrote Walter Pater, "is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come,' and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and molded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the

Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants."

These two works have been discussed at rather disproportionate length, but if seriously studied they are found, in addition to their (for the most part) exquisite technique, most wonderfully to represent the reconciliation of the real with the ideal under the influence of the feeling for the sublime, which is the greatest achievement in the painting of the Italian Renaissance.

DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS

To the seventeenth century belongs a "Golden Age" in art, in both Holland and Flanders. In Holland it was led by Rembrandt; and in Flanders by Rubens.

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song."

—KINGSLEY.

RUBENS

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

DO you know the city of Antwerp, in Belgium, situated on the Scheldt River, twenty miles from the sea? In the sixteenth century it was one of the fairest cities in Europe. It had beautiful churches and palaces, and two hundred thousand people, within its walls. Hundreds of ships rode at anchor in its harbor; and its great fairs attracted strangers from all parts of the world.

But, late in the century, when the Netherlanders were revolting from their Spanish masters with their "Spanish Fury," Antwerp became a center for siege and pillage. The city was prostrated, and it was long before it recovered its commerce and influence.

But it had another honor in the seventeenth century, for it became "Rubens's City"—Rubens, the prince of Flemish painters, who made a second glorious era in Flemish art.

Rubens was not born in Antwerp; for during the religious struggles with the Spaniards, his father had been banished. It was in the little town of Siegen, in Germany, that he first saw the light. This was in the year 1577, on the feast-day of St. Peter and St. Paul, and in honor of the day his parents named him Peter Paul.

They were wealthy and aristocratic, and Peter Paul was their seventh child. His parents determined that he should be well educated; and even as a little boy he was so taught that he spoke to his father in Latin, to his mother in Flemish, and to his tutor in French.

The father died before Peter Paul was nine years old, and his mother returned to Cologne to live. Here she placed him in a Jesuit school, and he was brought up as a Roman Catholic.

Rubens loved study; even when ten years old, he translated Greek, and played on the lute. As a child, he had easily

learned three languages; so now it did not seem difficult to add to these—English, Spanish, and Italian.

In order to have him acquire graceful and accomplished manners, it was thought best to accept the invitation of a noble lady to become her page. He went for a year, but he did not like the gay, idle life; so he begged his mother to allow him to return and study painting. It seemed difficult to decide what was best. The good mother assembled the family in council, and it was determined that the boy should be placed with a painter. He studied under two masters; and then with Vaenius, who, at this time, was court painter to Archduke Albert, the governor of the Netherlands.

It is said that when Vaenius looked at the picture which Rubens had brought to show him, he uttered a cry of surprise; for he discovered in it a genius that some time would surpass his own!

Studying in Italy

Rubens remained for years with Vaenius. The master was delighted with his industry, and when he was twenty-three years old, advised him to go to Italy to study. Again a family council was called to decide the question, and again permission was granted.

Before Rubens went, he painted a very lifelike picture of the mother who had always ministered so carefully to her son's best interests.

The Archduke gave Rubens letters of introduction to different courts; and he also placed a golden chain about his neck, in order, as he told him, that he might remember his country.

So, in the year 1600, full of happy anticipations, Rubens set out on horseback for Italy. He reached there after a very long journey, over bad roads. He had always a great love for coloring, and so he was especially attracted by Venice, and enjoyed the works of Titian and Veronese.

Indeed, he so closely followed Veronese's style, that he has sometimes been called "The Veronese of the North."

He had not been long in Italy when in some way he gained

ANTWERP, BELGIUM, FROM THE HARBOR.

an introduction to the Duke of Mantua. The Duke was charmed with his face and manners, and made him court painter. In Mantua he painted pictures and copied masterpieces for the duke, who, in return, made him magnificent presents.

Ambassador to the Court of Spain

Just at this time, the duke wished to gain the favor of the King of Spain; and the more he saw of Rubens, the more he felt sure that he would make a good ambassador. He had great tact, courtly manners, and a cultivated mind, and he could speak seven languages. The duke was right; for just these attributes made Rubens, throughout his life, a splendid diplomat, and just such a personality has been necessary to successful diplomats ever since.

So Rubens started on his mission, carrying with him gifts to the King of Spain. These consisted of rare jewels and vases and pictures, also a magnificent carriage and six Neapolitan horses. Travel in those days was very slow. Rubens sometimes rode on horseback; sometimes in a coach, dragged by mules or oxen over terrible roads; and at Pisa he embarked in a sailing packet. The journey lasted three months, and some of the gifts were injured by the storms encountered on the way.

The passport which he presented on reaching the court of Philip III contained the following sentences: "With these presents, comes Peter Paul, a Fleming. Peter Paul will say all that is proper, like the well-informed man that he is. Peter Paul is very successful in painting pictures. If any ladies of quality wish their pictures, let them take advantage of his presence."

Here, as in Italy, Rubens was most cordially received. He gained the favor for which he was sent; he copied great works of art; and among the portraits which he painted was that of Philip III the King.

The Duke of Mantua was delighted with his success; and it is told that on his return he welcomed him with open arms, and begged him to remain with him always. But, after a

time, Rubens asked to be dismissed, for he had come to Italy to study art.

"The Fleming," as the Italians called him, was everywhere received with marks of distinction. In Rome he painted pictures for the Pope; he studied Michael Angelo's great muscular figures; and he was specially interested in a picture by Volterra called "The Descent from the Cross." Probably this latter suggested his own great work on the same subject.

Italy was, indeed, to Rubens a vast treasure-house of art, and he loved to paint and to copy its masterpieces.

The Return to Flanders

At last, after eight years, a message was brought him. His mother was alarmingly ill; if he would see her again, he must hurry home. Freighting a small ship with his treasures to go by sea, he himself started over the Alps. Oh! how slow and weary the journey seemed; and he was too late to look again upon the mother whom he had so dearly loved. Now he shut himself up for four months, in the convent where she was buried.

Then he thought that he would return to Italy. But the Archduke offered him a good salary, and begged him to stay as his court painter. Rubens accepted, on condition that he need not live at the court in Brussels. He would, of course, be ready, as a court painter must, whenever the Archduke wished him to paint; but his home should be in Antwerp.

In 1609 Rubens married Isabella Brandt, a robust Flemish beauty, and she and their two sons often appear in his pictures. He built a magnificent house in the Italian style. In it he had a charming studio, to which a royal staircase led—so broad that over it the largest pictures might be carried.

In the center of the house a rotunda was arranged, in which to keep the valuable collection of pictures, vases, bronzes, cameos and jewels, to which he was constantly adding.

It was in connection with building this house that, in 1612,

he painted his masterpiece. It appears that, in digging the cellar, the workmen encroached upon land belonging to an archers' guild. The archers complained, and finally asked the artist to make compensation by painting for them a picture of their patron, St. Christopher.

Rubens surprised them when he painted a picture of all who could ever have been called "Christ-bearers." This picture hangs to-day in the old cathedral of Antwerp. This cathedral is noted for its lofty arches, saintly windows, and a grotesquely carved pulpit. It possesses two other famous holy pictures by Rubens, but "The Descent from the Cross" is its greatest treasure.

"The Descent from the Cross"

When the curtain is drawn, a vast triptych is seen; and the large central panel rivets our profound attention. A group of nine huge figures nearly covers it, and all but one of these is in action. In the center the dead Christ is being lowered from the cross. How indifferent are the faces of the workmen above, compared with the pathos and tenderness of the faces below! On one side, Joseph of Arimathea directs the lowering of the precious body. Peter stands opposite on the ladder. Below, as the Christ-bearer, is St. John, the beloved, and near him are the three Marys.

This is a strange subject for a masterpiece; but many consider that the limp, dead Christ is the best figure that Rubens ever painted. The contrast between the flesh-tints and the intense whiteness of the winding-sheet is most realistic.

Of the three Marys, the Mother of Christ stretches out her arms imploringly. Mary Magdalene kneels in front; the foot which she once bathed with her tears touches her shoulder. She is one of the most beautiful women ever painted by Rubens. See how firmly John stands and what muscular strength he shows! What an imposing mass of light in the center of the picture! How wonderful the contrast between life and death!

When the shutters of the triptych are closed, on their outside is seen the giant St. Christopher, who strode through the

world, seeking its mightiest lord, and who now strides through the waves bearing the Christ-child upon his shoulders.

"The Descent from the Cross" added greatly to Rubens's fame. Indeed, no painter ever rose more rapidly in the esteem of his countrymen. He was surrounded by many pupils, and he had more orders for pictures than he could fill.

His life was very methodical. He rose at four, attended mass, breakfasted, and painted for hours; then he rested, dined, worked until late in the afternoon; then, after riding for an hour or two on one of his spirited horses, and later supping, he would spend the evening with his friends.

He was fond of books, and often a friend would read aloud to him while he worked. Naturally, a man who could speak seven languages was interested in literary subjects.

He lived very elegantly and yet very simply; and among his guests and correspondents were many princely men. He filled his life with two good things—happy work and pleasant thoughts.

The Marie de Médicis Pictures

In 1620 Marie de Médicis, the mother of Louis XIII of France, invited him to Paris to picture on the walls of her Luxembourg Palace different scenes from her life. Rubens accepted the proposal. This was a colossal undertaking, as we may know, when we look at these pictures that are now in the Louvre. They are great canvases, covered over with a combination of allegorical and historical characters. All are gorgeous in coloring and vigorous in action.

Surely these pictures reveal Rubens's wonderful imagination and decorative power. Marie de Médicis was delighted with the painter, and often sat and talked with him while he worked. Probably, as they chatted, he explained to her why he introduced into her history so many gods and goddesses.

Rubens painted so quickly that he was called "a perfect wizard with his brush." A German writer says that he once painted eight pictures in eighteen days. He always valued his time in painting at fifty dollars a day.

Once an alchemist asked him for money to help him build

ST. CECILIA.
By Raphael.

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.
By Rubens.

a suitable furnace; and he promised in return that when he discovered the philosopher's stone Rubens should share his fortune.

Rubens replied, "You have come twenty years too late." Then pointing to his palette and brush, he added, "Everything I work with *these* turns to gold."

The Varied Subjects of his Pictures

He painted almost every kind of subject; in his great mythological pictures, the Flemish people whom he daily saw were converted into gods and goddesses; and with them were often represented huge, muscular animals.

In his religious pictures, Flemish peasants appear as Madonnas, apostles, saints, and martyrs. His genius is often seen at its best in the grouping of his great holy scenes. His historical subjects, too, are among his finest. In landscapes, he never cared for mountains or sea. He loved and often introduced into his works the scenery around his country home, Steen. He delighted in the place, and here he came to rest when tired or ill. There are also many portraits of kings and princes, and gaily dressed lords and ladies. They have bright, rosy faces and wide-open eyes; but no soul nor character by which we may recall them, like those painted by Rembrandt or Hals.

Rubens was very fond of children, and had the rare gift of revealing their beautiful forms and grace of movement. The little group in Munich, representing some children carrying a festoon of fruit and flowers, is most charming.

Rubens is specially noted always for his imagination and grouping, and soft, glowing color. As we have said, soul and character are usually wanting in his faces—but who *could* paint everything?

His pictures are of all sizes; but as he said of himself, the larger the canvas, the better he liked it! His pupils assisted him in many of his works. He would first outline the picture; they would work it up under his direction; and then he would retouch and finish it, and put his mark upon it.

Sometimes Rubens's pupils or other artists would be jealous of him, and he would say, "Do well, and you will make others envious; do better, and you will master them."

In the year 1626 his good wife died, and he sought diversion from his grief through travel. He was sent as an ambassador to The Hague, and to Philip IV of Spain. Once more, by his personal charms, he made himself very popular.

A Successful Diplomat

He was now forty-nine years old, and he became intimate with the young painter Velasquez, who was twenty-one. They were very congenial and became fast friends.

While in Spain, he painted gorgeous pictures for the King, who soon invited him to become ambassador to the court of Charles I of England, and to arrange a treaty of peace between the two countries. Once more, he proved a dignified and successful diplomat.

Charles I was delighted with him, and he painted for the King the ceiling of his banqueting-hall, at Whitehall. One day a courtier who was watching him paint said, "Does the ambassador of his Catholic Majesty sometimes amuse himself with painting?"

Rubens at once replied, "He sometimes amuses himself with being an ambassador."

Charles I knighted the painter, and then presented him with the jeweled sword with which he had performed the ceremony. He also placed a chain about his neck, to which was attached his royal miniature. By this time Rubens's breast must have been covered with chains and decorations!

The Duke of Buckingham, the favorite minister of the King, became intimate with Rubens, and later visited him at Antwerp. When he saw the rotunda filled with his art collection, he offered Rubens fifty thousand dollars for it. Rubens hesitated a little, for it contained among other things valuable pictures—three by Raphael, nineteen by Titian, and thirteen by Veronese.

But Rubens loved money, and the price offered was a

great sum in those days. So he accepted the Duke's proposal, and at once commenced a new collection. And in this purchase of Buckingham originated a custom, now very common in England, for noblemen to make private collections of pictures.

Rubens at last grew weary of an ambassador's life, and determined to go home and enjoy himself as a private citizen. In the year 1630 he married again. He was now fifty-three years old, and his bride, Helena Fourment, was a wealthy and beautiful maiden of sixteen. He must have been deeply in love, for he never tired of painting her and her little family. Her large hat is always picturesque and her complexion fresh and brilliant; and she wears very gracefully her rich and varied costumes.

Rubens had painted one picture of which he was so fond that it could not be bought for any price; and he carried it everywhere with him. This was called "The Straw Hat," and the face under the hat is supposed to have been that of one of Helena's sisters.

The Merits of His Works

When a great artist paints between fifteen hundred and eighteen hundred pictures of all kinds, it is difficult to decide which is the greatest, yet all cannot be equally well done. So people are much divided as to the merits of Rubens's pictures. Some, in going through the large galleries, grow very tired of looking at his "miles of canvas," as they call them. Others see only the coarser pictures, and decide that he could not have been great. Others stand too near the paintings, and forget that they were intended originally for the walls and ceilings of great public buildings, and so ought to be viewed from a distance. But if we stand far enough away, and look at the pictures over which the artist worked most carefully, we shall always find much to admire.

Some of Rubens's best works belong to his later years; but at this period he was more and more a prisoner to the gout, which increased very fast. First, he had to abandon his large

canvases, for he had not strength to stand when he worked; so he devoted himself to small easel-pictures. And when the gout reached his fingers, he was obliged to lay down his brush.

He died, after a sudden illness, in the year 1640; and when the news was told in Antwerp, there was great sorrow in "Rubens's City"—and in the art-loving cities in different parts of Europe, for Rubens was known and honored in many countries.

A costly and impressive funeral was given him in the Church of St. Jacques, Antwerp, where a few years before his splendid wedding had been celebrated. He was buried with great pomp under the altar of his private chapel. Sixty orphan children bore torches in the procession.

The most beautiful ornament of this chapel is one of the best of the painter's pictures. This is sometimes called "The Holy Family of St. George," and sometimes "The Family of Rubens."

It is thought that, at his death, his art collection was worth half a million dollars.

So passed Rubens's life of sixty-three years. From the clever little schoolboy and linguist, to the page, the art student, the traveler, the head of the princely house, and in his more stirring years the painter-diplomat, and the diplomat-painter.

Rubens had brought about a second "Golden Age" in the art of his country, and always stands first among Flemish painters.

Rembrandt and Rubens are the two greatest names in the Netherland art of the seventeenth century. Rembrandt was noted for his glowing light and deep shadow; Rubens only for his glowing light.

[From the fly-leaf of the manuscript copy of "In Memoriam," presented by the author to Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.]

"The more things thou learnest to know and to enjoy, the more complete and full will be for thee the delight of living."

—TENNYSON.

VAN DYCK

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

A STORY is told of a visit that was once paid by a courtly looking stranger, passing through Haarlem, to Frans Hals, the distinguished Dutch painter. Hals was not at home, but he was sent for to the tavern and hastily returned. The stranger told him that he had heard of his reputation—had just two hours to spare—and wished to have his portrait painted. Hals, seizing canvas and brushes, fell vigorously to work; and before the given time had elapsed, he said, "Have the goodness to rise, sir, and examine your portrait!" The stranger looked at it, expressed his satisfaction, and then said, "Painting seems such a very easy thing, suppose we change places and see what I can do!"

Hals assented, and took his position as the sitter. The unknown began, and as Hals watched him, he saw that he wielded the brush so quickly, he must be a painter. His work, too, was rapidly finished, and as Hals looked at it he eagerly exclaimed, "You must be Van Dyck! No one else could paint such a portrait!"

No two portraits could have been more unlike. And the story adds that the famous Dutch and Flemish masters heartily embraced each other.

Anthony van Dyck, of whom this anecdote is told, was the son of a prosperous silk-merchant of Antwerp, and was born in that city in 1599. His mother was very skillful in embroidering beautiful tapestry work, and she tried in form and color to imitate nature.

Anthony, like Rubens, was a seventh child. He was a precocious little fellow, and it is thought that as day by day he watched his mother's deft needles, tracing some rare design in silks of many hues, he must have caught from her his love

of harmonious coloring. The mother, who was a great admirer of Rubens, was delighted when, at the age of seventeen, Anthony was admitted to the studio of the great painter.

From the following story, we judge that he soon became the best assistant. It happened one afternoon, when Rubens was off on horseback, that the pupils bribed the old servant to give them the key of the studio. They wished to see what their master was doing. While looking around, one of them carelessly brushed against a freshly painted picture, and saw, to his consternation, that he had blurred the chin and throat of one of the figures. The students were in despair—what could be done! Finally, it was suggested that as Van Dyck was the most gifted among them, he should repair it; and he did this so perfectly that the next morning Rubens did not discover any change.

Later, however, he felt sure that he saw the touch of a strange hand; but he was so pleased with Van Dyck's artistic skill that he complimented instead of blaming him.

Van Dyck drew so well, and Rubens had such confidence in him, that he sometimes allowed him to retouch his works, and also to make small sketches from them.

And Van Dyck was very early a master himself, for before he was nineteen he was admitted to the "Guild of Painters," in Antwerp; and it is told that, at twenty-one, some of his works were almost as much esteemed as those of his master. He was a tall, handsome youth, with bright eyes, and a profusion of blond hair, and he was always noted for a courtly refinement of manner. He was very restless and fond of travel; and Rubens, remembering how much his trip to Italy had helped him, advised Van Dyck to go there to study.

In Italy

Finally, the latter determined to act on his master's advice. Before setting out, Rubens gave him letters of introduction to different courts; and also one of the finest horses from his own stable to use on his journey. When the young artist reached Italy, he found, in Venice, the same magical

charm that had fascinated other artists. He was greatly interested in copying some of Titian's works. Indeed, he made one copy which is considered finer than the original.

Among his other works in Rome is the splendid portrait of the stately Cardinal Bentivoglio. But Van Dyck did not at all enjoy the life in Rome, and was very glad to leave the city. This was probably because his dignified manners and fine clothes disgusted the other painters. In jest, they called him "The Cavalier Painter," and would not admit him to their club. It is true that Van Dyck always cultivated too much a haughty manner—and it is equally true that all through his life he lost friends by it.

In Genoa, he received a most hearty welcome for Rubens's sake, and commissions were given him to paint the noble families there. Stately figures he has left of churchmen and warriors, of princes and nobles and grand ladies—some in magnificent robes, some in knightly armor, some in silks and velvets and laces, some on horseback, some seated in elaborately decorated chairs. Their eyes follow us as we pass through the halls of the old galleries and ancient marble palaces.

The Genoese have ever been grateful to Van Dyck, for the superb works of art which he left in the "City by the Sea." It was either here or in Sicily that he met a blind lady who was nearly one hundred years old—a noted artist in her day, and a friend of Titian—and he had many long talks with her. The young Fleming afterward declared that he learned from her conversation more about painting than from any school in which he had ever studied.

After four years in Italy, Van Dyck returned to Antwerp, living here most of the time for several years; and now he did his part in making works to adorn his own country.

Many of his best religious pictures were painted for churches. These are not grand in conception as those by Rubens, but they are gentler in coloring, and the faces have more expression. The pathos that he puts into these faces is often touching, and his Madonnas are always graceful and poetic. One of his favorite subjects was the entombment of

Christ—indeed, he painted many pictures relating to his agony and death. Historical and mythological works belong also to this period of his life; however, he cared very little for mythology.

A Fashionable Portrait Painter

Besides, Van Dyck was now the fashionable portrait-painter of Antwerp. He was indebted to Rubens; but in his portraits he put so much soul into the faces, and the figures had so much elegance and dignity that he far surpassed his master.

His prices were so high that only the rich could afford to sit to him. But the wealthy burghers of Antwerp came to his studio, bringing their wives, arrayed in brocaded bodices and great ruffs, and with their hair drawn back by a circlet of jewels. And people, passing through the city, often delayed their journey long enough to sit to Van Dyck.

His appointments with his sitters lasted just one hour. At the end of the time he would rise, bow, make an engagement for another day, and then dismiss them courteously. Then his valet at once cleaned his brushes and prepared a fresh palette and canvas, so that another sitter could enter.

Van Dyck first posed him, and this he always did most gracefully. Then he outlined the figure with chalk upon gray paper. He gave the outline to his assistant, who painted the clothes—for the sitter's clothes were always sent to the studio that they might be perfectly copied. After this was done, Van Dyck painted in the face and hands, and for the latter he employed hired models.

He often invited his sitters to dine with him; for when they forgot themselves in conversation, he could catch their more natural expression than when posing. He caught expression quickly and worked rapidly, and he usually employed most skilled assistants.

Court Painter in England

Previous to his time, England had shown but little interest in painting. Van Dyck had been there once or twice, trying

to secure patronage for his work, but he was unsuccessful. Finally, however, through the influence of the art-loving Duke of Arundel, or else after seeing one of his portraits, King Charles I summoned him to England as his court painter.

Van Dyck, who was always seeking change of scene, was delighted with the plan. And now, in 1632, we find him in London, where he received a most flattering welcome; for the King was charmed with his courtly manners.

He was given a yearly salary of two hundred pounds, and a winter home in Blackfriars, overlooking the Thames. Here a special landing-place was arranged, so that the royal family might easily sail from Whitehall Palace to the painter's studio.

Van Dyck was given, also, a country-place, not far from London. Servants and horses were attached to his establishment, and everything else that would make it easy for him to live like a prince.

King Charles grew very fond of his painter. When he wished to escape from the burdens of his high estate, he often took his barge and sailed down the Thames to the studio. There he would sit and watch Van Dyck at his work, and listen to his witty conversation; and so, for a time, he would forget the terrible trials that more and more were assailing his kingdom. Because the King frequented the studio, it became the resort of the nobles. Indeed, to pay a visit here was then quite the fashion in London. The King would gladly have kept Van Dyck busy with painting only the royal family; and we may thank Van Dyck for making us so familiar with their faces, especially that of the King himself. No less than thirty-six times has the painter revealed to the world the countenance of this noble and unfortunate ruler. Sometimes the King is in royal robes, often in a family group, and again in the chase.

One picture in the Louvre is very well known. The scene is laid on the edge of a wood, a lovely bit of country sloping away to the sea. The King has just dismounted from his superb gray steed. He is in a wide-brimmed black hat, white satin jacket, red hose, and yellow jack-boots. The equerry

holds the impatient steed, and the page carries the King's wrap over his arm.

Van Dyck so greatly liked to paint horses that he introduced them whenever he could; and among them are some of the most lifelike and spirited animals to be found in all art.

"That most ladylike of queens," Henrietta Maria, sat twenty-five times to Van Dyck; and she is always dressed in the soft, lustrous fabrics that he loved to display. And the quaint Stuart children, what charming little sitters they were! We may know them all—even the baby Anne, who lived just long enough for Van Dyck to preserve her picture. They appear in shimmering silk, in colors so bright that we forget that they were painted so long ago!

Van Dyck loved music, and the children as well as the grownup sitters, while posing in the studio, were often entertained by a delightful concert.

He was as successful with dogs as with horses, and the pet spaniels that appear in these pictures were so fashionable at this time that they have ever since preserved the name "King Charles" spaniels.

Besides the royal family, noble lords and ladies flocked to the studio. Their pictures hang to-day on the walls of the stately old homes of England, where the descendants of those very lords and ladies live and admire their ancestors.

There are Cavaliers with plumed hats and long love-locks, broad collars edged with lace, doublets and ruffled shirts, breeches, and high-topped boots. There are ladies in graceful draperies, and adorned with ribbons, laces, and jewels; and, year by year, the painter's coloring grew more silvery.

There were many Puritans as well as Cavaliers in London at this time, but their simple manners and plain coarse dress never appealed to the aristocratic Fleming.

While in England, he painted over three hundred portraits, so he had very little leisure for any other subjects; but he founded in London the "Club of St. Luke," in which other painters joined him as members. Charles I knighted him as he did Rubens, and also presented him with a gold chain, to which his picture was attached. For two years all went well.

Sir Anthony was courted, and as we have said, he lived like a prince. But the more he had, the more extravagant he became, until he found himself heavily in debt.

Misfortunes

This was most unfortunate, for now dark days were coming to England; the shadow of a terrible civil war was over the land. After a while, the Parliament refused to give the King money, and Sir Anthony could no longer be paid.

Besides, the painter had lived a life of such luxury and dissipation that he was becoming weak and ill; and it added to his distress to see his kind patrons surrounded by sadness and danger.

Although he had been so successful as a portrait-painter, he had always been dissatisfied, wishing instead to do some great decorative work. Rubens had covered no less than thirty-nine ceilings—why could he not be given a commission to paint some palace-walls in London, or to decorate the Louvre in Paris!

But there was no money now in his own country to pay for art, and Louis XIII allowed a Frenchman to decorate the Louvre. Money, in some way, he *must* have; and so he turned his attention to alchemy, and tried, like many other foolish men of his day, to find the secret of converting base metal into gold; but he never found the treasure that he sought.

As Van Dyck grew more and more disheartened, the King advised him to marry, and he selected for him Marie Ruthven, the poor but beautiful daughter of a noble Scotch family. He traveled a little with his wife, but all the time he was growing more and more broken in health and spirits.

The King, overburdened with his own cares, was yet distressed to see his favorite painter in such a condition; and he offered the court physician a large sum of money if he would cure Van Dyck.

But money could not save him now. He died in London in 1641, just one year after Rubens died in Antwerp. Van

Dyck was but forty-three years old at the time of his death. He had lived a life of too much gayety; but to the end he had been faithful to his art. He has ever been noted for his religious and historical pictures; but it is his greatest honor that he stands to-day as one of the world's most lifelike and courtly portrait-painters.

1. THE AVENUE OF MIDDLEHARNAIS.
By Hobbema.

2. THE BULL. *By Paul Potter.*

OTHER FOLLOWERS OF RUBENS

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

Jordaens

AFTER Rubens and Van Dyck, Jordaens is considered the most famous Flemish painter. He was an intimate friend of the great master. "The Vulgar Rubens," he is often called, for he liked large canvases, and on them are pictured the same subjects that Rubens selected.

But Jordaens never went to Italy, so his style was not refined by the study of Italian art. Sometimes his pictures were coarse, and sometimes humorous. His coloring was very bright, and many think that it possessed "a golden glow," which was never equaled by Rubens.

Franz Snyders

Franz Snyders, the great animal-painter, was another of Rubens's friends. It is said that sometimes he painted animals and flowers for Rubens, while Rubens, in return, would put the human figures into Snyders's pictures.

Snyders will always be known for his raging wild boars, tearing the hounds with their tusks; for his poor hunted stags; and equally, for the minute accuracy seen in his dead game, vegetables, fruit, and flowers.

Fyt

Fyt almost rivals Snyders as an animal-painter. We may easily remember him by associating with his name two other words beginning with "f"—"fur, feathers, Fyt."

It seems as if we could touch the real fur on his hares and

greyhounds, and the plumage on his birds is full of beauty. His animals are either very wide awake or very dead game. and often both are seen in one picture.

Teniers the Younger

Our group of Flemish painters must include Teniers the Younger. He painted all kinds of pictures, but he was "The Prince of Genre-Painting." His works, more than those of any other artist, resemble those of the Dutch.

Teniers belonged to a family of painters, and he, also, was the friend of Rubens. He was a most attractive man, and for his art was honored all over Europe. He painted for kings, and was at one time the court painter at Brussels.

He became very rich and established at Perck, near Mechlin, his magnificent home. Here he entertained nobles, and he also joined the peasants in their merrymakings; for in doing this, he could catch the life and expression which he wished to put into his village revels.

The subject that Teniers evidently best liked to paint was a fair or festival, a tavern-scene or a guard-room. These were pictured in a most realistic and pleasing way, and in soft and brilliant coloring.

He did not, like Van Dyck, foolishly seek "the philosopher's stone," yet no one *painted* an alchemist like Teniers! He loved a bit of humor, sometimes introducing cats or monkeys into his pictures. His smokers are perfect. Greuze says, "Show me a pipe, and I will tell you if the smoker is by Teniers." A fireplace, or even just the luxurious glow of the firelight, seems always to belong to this painter's pictures.

While his canvases were not very large, hundreds of little figures often appeared in them, and once, at least, a thousand! All were active and picturesque, but the heads are too much alike; so his most valuable pictures are said to be those with the fewest figures.

He worked so easily and rapidly that sometimes he finished a picture between dinner and bedtime. These he called his "after-dinner pictures." And as he painted until he was

eighty-four years old, it was said that it would take a gallery two leagues long to contain all his works!

Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordaens, Fyt, and Teniers had many imitators and followers.

At the end of the seventeenth century, Flemish art steadily declined. But in the nineteenth century there was a great revival, led by Leys and Wappers, both of whom rapidly won fame and many honors.

And the work of reformation thus begun was carried out by Gallait, Dubois, Stevens, Willems, De Knypff, and others, whose paintings, in vigor of presentation and charm of color, made them masters of high rank.

Lübke writes: "For a small country, with a population less than that of New York State, Belgium is one of the most artistic of modern communities. The influence exerted by Fine Art on the whole nation is exceptionally great."

REMBRANDT

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

AS we glance at the pictures that have made brave little Holland so renowned, we may well exclaim, "Truly, Art is of many kinds." The early pictorial history of the country is like that of the Netherlands. When, however, William, Prince of Orange, won for Holland its independence from Spain, a new art arose.

We know how rapidly freedom grows, and with it almost at once appears the brilliant school of Dutch painting. The art of Holland is too Protestant for ideal Madonna pictures; but the quaint Dutch Mother caring for her Babe, in the carpenter's homely workshop, is very charming.

Italian art is filled with legends of saints and angels. The Dutchman did not care for legends. He wished, instead, to preserve truthful portraits of the brave men who had helped to win the freedom and prosperity of his country. The Italian loved his sunny skies and hilly landscapes, while the Dutchman equally enjoyed his gray cloudy skies, and flat country, diversified by trees, canals, and windmills. What matter if it were foggy out of doors—the fire within glowed the brighter!

The "Golden Age" of this brilliant school of art belongs to the seventeenth century; and its typical painter was Rembrandt. He was born in Leyden, probably in the year 1607. Beautiful Leyden, with its orchards and gardens, is renowned alike for its famous siege and for its splendid university.

Rembrandt's father was a miller and Rembrandt was the brightest of his little Dutch family. Indeed, he was so clever that while the other children were taught to follow trades, his parents determined to make of him either a priest or a lawyer. So they sent him to the Latin school, and to the famous Leyden University; but the restless, talented boy never cared for

books. Instead, he was always studying nature and faces and pictures on the walls.

His father finally told him that if he spent his time in this way, he would never grow rich.

Rembrandt replied by asking him if he had heard of the fabulous wealth of Master Rubens, the Flemish painter, and added, "Why can *I* not make a fortune in the same way?"

The father was interested in the suggestion, and placed the boy with a painter to see what he could do. So three years were passed under masters in Leyden and Amsterdam. Then the young artist, feeling sure that he had learned all that they could teach him, went home to study nature. His life-work shows that he was more indebted to this "wonderful teacher" than to any other.

He fitted up a studio, and here, by opening and shutting the window, studied the effects of light and shade. He took long walks and enjoyed the landscape, and the varying expressions on the faces of the people whom he met. He sold one of his earliest pictures to a dealer for a good price, and this delighted his friends.

Over and over again, he drew the portraits of the different members of his family. As long as she lived, he never tired of picturing the strong face of his dear mother.

In Amsterdam

Amsterdam, at this time, was a large and flourishing city. It had so many canals and bridges that it was called "The Venice of the North." Busy merchants thronged its streets; there was a picturesque Jewish quarter; and ships laden with treasure from every part of the world sailed into its harbor.

Besides, Amsterdam was the home of many artists and literary men. So, in 1630, young Rembrandt determined that he would go there to live. He traveled all the way by canal, and on reaching the city, set up his first studio in a large warehouse. He went directly to work, and in 1632 he painted "The Lesson in Anatomy." This picture can appeal only to surgeons. However, it made a name for the young artist.

This was partly because the faces of Dr. Tulp and the physicians to whom he was lecturing were at once recognized as perfect likenesses.

This picture aroused great enthusiasm. Pupils eagerly flocked to Rembrandt's studio. He arranged separate cells for them, for he knew that each one would do better work alone. He also became for a time the fashionable portrait-painter of Amsterdam. Indeed, so many rich merchants and fashionable ladies came as sitters that he found it difficult to accomplish all that he wished to do. He charged high prices for his portraits, and all that he did seemed to prosper; but his greatest happiness was just before him.

Rembrandt had a friend, Hendrick van Uylenburgh, who kept a shop where he sold engravings and bric-à-brac. This was the kind of shop in which Rembrandt always loved to linger. Sometimes he would meet there Hendrick's cousin, Saskia van Uylenburgh, who also was very fond of looking at pictures.

Saskia was not pretty, but she was a winsome maiden, with a bright, expressive face and curly auburn hair. Rembrandt was asked to paint her picture; and the more he looked into her merry eyes, the more attractive she seemed, and it was not long before she had won his heart. She was a wealthy, aristocratic Friesland girl of twenty-one—and he a poor artist of twenty-eight—but then he was rapidly becoming famous.

Rembrandt's Wife

In 1634 Rembrandt and Saskia were married. He bought a handsome house, and made of it a perfect museum. He filled it with antique furniture, armor, embroidered stuffs, costumes and jewels, with pictures and busts, and zoölogical specimens, and even the barbaric weapons of the North American Indians. For Rembrandt was deeply interested in such things, and bought everything that appealed to his taste in the shops, the Jewish quarter, and on the ships that brought curiosities from distant lands. A high price never hindered him from buying treasures which he wished to possess.

And how he delighted to array Saskia in various costumes and beautiful jewels, and then have her pose for him! To know Rembrandt, one must become familiar with Rembrandt's wife; for her face appears so many times in the great picture-galleries. Now she is "Flora," again a Jewish bride, and yet again a princess.

In the Dresden Gallery, there is a very well-known picture, in which she sits upon Rembrandt's knee. She is richly dressed and her face wears a pleased look. Rembrandt is arrayed as a Cavalier, with velvet coat and ostrich-plume. He laughs merrily, as he holds above Saskia's head a tall Venetian glass, full of foaming beer. This picture displays the warm brown tints that Rembrandt loved so well to paint.

What rich robes and laces and gleaming jewels are revealed in these pictures! Nothing was too good for Saskia! and she herself was the brightest picture in Rembrandt's life.

Besides painting Saskia, Rembrandt has left more pictures of himself than any other artist. He would array himself, as well as Saskia, in all kinds of costumes, with chains and ear-rings.

He was his own most willing model; and he would stand before a mirror, and there note and draw every kind of expression that he could reveal in his face; for every wrinkle was a study of light and shade.

He also took portraits of all sorts of people, for he wished to catch every variety of human expression; and he had always so great sympathy for the poor and oppressed, that many sad faces appear among his pictures. His beggars would fill a gallery by themselves. The Jewish ones in their tatters are very striking and picturesque. Tramps flocked to his door, and begged to be allowed to sit to him.

The faces of old men and women stamped with great character—how faithfully he reveals them! One picture shows a stately old Dutch lady, with shrewd and kindly face. She is dressed in a gown of black silk, and bedight with stiff ruff and head-dress and many jewels. Then there is another wrinkled dame, with shrunken skin, whose dark hood casts a shadow over her face. A dear, sad old face it is, filled with

memories of the long ago! Her busy hands are folded now, for her work is done. Now she may rest!

Rembrandt always studied and painted hands with the deepest sympathy and insight. Very often pathos and sorrow are revealed in them.

But a greater power than expression lay in his chiaroscuro, or management of light and shade. He concentrated a strong light upon the important object or action in the picture, while the rest of the picture is in a rich dark and often transparent shadow.

His pupils could not find out how he did this, no matter how closely they watched him. Once when he was working, one of them stood by him, anxious to learn his secret; but Rembrandt sent him off, exclaiming, "Paint is unwholesome; it is not to be smelled at."

Rembrandt was as famous an etcher as he was a painter; and through his work he established a new school of engraving.

The following story is told to show how rapidly he worked with his etching-needle. His wealthy friend Jan Six often took him to his place in the country. One day as they sat down to luncheon there, Six discovered that there was no mustard on the table. So he sent his servant Hans to the neighboring town to procure some. As he started, Rembrandt made the wager that he could engrave a picture before the boy returned.

Six replied, "I wager that you cannot!" Rembrandt drew a copperplate from his pocket, for he seldom went anywhere without carrying one. He seated himself in the window, took his etching-needle, and on the film of wax which covered one side of the plate, he traced the landscape which he saw before him.

As Hans entered the room, he handed the plate to his friend—he had won the wager!

Years passed along very quickly and happily to Rembrandt and to Saskia; but the artist's life, like his pictures, was to be made up not only of the brightest lights but of the deepest shadows.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE ARTIST'S SON TITUS

From a painting by Rembrandt

It is not easy in art to please everybody; but surely a portrait-painter should try. As Rembrandt worked, he gradually grew more proud and moody and eccentric. He always sacrificed beauty to a strong expression, and would not be influenced by his sitters, who naturally wished to look their best.

Other Dutch painters at the time visited Italy, and when they returned, they adopted the fashion of the day. Rembrandt loved Italian pictures and sculpture, and it seemed strange that he never wished to visit the ideal land. By and by, the Dutch grew tired of his likenesses, and turned to more accommodating artists.

His Largest Work

In 1642 Rembrandt painted his largest work, called "The Night Watch," or "The Sortie of the Civic Guard." In Holland, every town of any size possessed a guard composed of its most prominent citizens; and upon this rested the responsibility of the order of the town. Frans Banning Cock was, at this time, captain of the civic guard in Amsterdam; and he and his wealthy company asked Rembrandt to paint their portraits.

There are, in the picture, between twenty and thirty life-size figures. They are shown promptly responding to a sudden summons to action. Rembrandt has chosen to represent the moment of disorder, as they are preparing to leave the guard-house, and fall into line.

Captain Cock is an aristocratic-looking man, dressed in dark coat and red sash. He stands in the foreground, giving orders. Distinctly the shadow of his raised hand falls on the yellow coat of the lieutenant standing at his side! This shadow for its truthfulness is surely well worthy of the brush of "The King of Shadows."

The drummer is sounding his call—the dogs bark. The musketeer loads his gun, while a saucy boy with a powder-horn runs at his side. The ensign unfurls his flag. A gayly dressed gypsy-like child, or little woman, with a cock slung at her side, slips in among the crowd. Guardsmen and pikes-

men are all making ready. This picture, full of action and splendid coloring, is touched by Rembrandt's enchanting light. Indeed, as you enter to-day the Ryks Museum in Amsterdam, you can see how wonderful chiaroscuro has made it one of the world's masterpieces.

Sir Joshua Reynolds called it "The Night Watch"; but when, in the year 1889, it was cleansed from the dirt and smoke of centuries, it was proved that the scene was really represented as occurring in the daytime. But as one has well said, "It is neither the light of the sun nor of the moon; it is rather the light from the genius of Rembrandt."

This picture, at the time, did not add to Rembrandt's fame. The members of the guard were discontented. Each had promised to pay for his own portrait—so naturally each wished to be prominent. Rembrandt had dressed them in old costumes which he kept in his studio, and they were almost all in the shadow. Only those in the light ever paid their part.

We remember that Rembrandt had already lost favor. Van der Helst now became the fashionable portrait-painter in Amsterdam. But it did not much matter to Rembrandt; for at that time Saskia, the joy of his life, lay dying; and when he was parted from the wife whom for eight years he had tenderly loved, his happiest days were over. Life was very lonely now—his only consolation was in his work. It is said that he grew still more sad and moody; and that he often ate his simple meal of salted herring and bread and cheese while sitting at his easel.

His Holy Pictures

Rembrandt always loved to study his Bible, and we especially associate his holy pictures with this part of his life. He had never been in Palestine, and so he could not show the type of people that live there; but he believed that the Bible story should be pictured by simple folks. He liked to paint Old Testament scenes, with their Oriental costumes and romantic localities.

He usually took for his models the Dutch Jews, feeling that these, more than any others, must be like those who

appeared in Old Testament times, and to whom Jesus had talked.

What a contrast to Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana" is Rembrandt's "Supper at Emmaus!" This supper takes place on the Easter Sunday evening, after the crucifixion.

The room is bare. The two disciples, seated at the rude table, are just Dutch peasants. Rembrandt pictures the instant when they suddenly discover that their guest is the risen Lord! Astonishment is depicted upon their faces, as they look upon the transfigured countenance of the Christ of Nazareth! a face that in its pathos is one of the most significant in all art.

We cannot see the source of the radiance that touches all the faces, and falls with such distinctness upon the tablecloth, while all the rest of the room is in shadow.

Rembrandt etched and painted a great variety of subjects, and many artists since his day have tried to imitate him.

We do not know much about the later years of his life, except that he married once or twice again. Over all these years, there hangs a great shadow—struggling ones they must have been, for he painted so many sad faces.

Rembrandt was very ignorant about business. He had spent too lavishly and he grew poorer and poorer. His house and all his rare pictures and curios, and the jewels that Saskia loved best, had to be sold to pay his debts. His son, Titus, whose lovely face is reproduced in our color print, was a great help to him. He opened a shop to sell his father's pictures. Still he worked on bravely, and one of his noblest pictures was painted in the year 1661. Some regard it the very best of his works. It is called "The Syndics of the Cloth Guild."

There were many wealthy *guilds* as well as *guards* in Holland. They were corporations of master craftsmen. They owned fine halls for their meetings, the walls of which were adorned with pictures of the syndics themselves.

In Rembrandt's picture, the light is concentrated on a group of these syndics, who are assembled in an oak-paneled room. They wear dark coats, wide white collars, and broad-

brimmed hats. A bareheaded servant stands in the background. The table, at which they are seated, is covered with a rich scarlet cloth, and upon it rests the ledger of the corporation. Evidently the syndics are going over their yearly accounts; but some one must be entering, for all are glancing upward.

The heads are noble and dignified. The expressions on the different faces are varied and masterly. All the portraits must be perfect, and we recall them long after seeing them.

When we think of Rembrandt's remarkable genius, which is felt throughout Holland more and more as the centuries go on, it is sad to relate that he died poor—but so it is. He had a short illness and was but sixty-two years old. According to the registry, his funeral expenses were less than ten dollars.

SPANISH MASTERS

VELASQUEZ

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

VELASQUEZ was born in Seville, in the year 1599. He belonged to a good family, and his father gave him an excellent education, for he wished him to follow some public calling. But Velasquez, even as a very little child, sketched pictures everywhere. Though his parents were disappointed, they soon yielded to his desire to become a painter.

His favorite teacher was Pacheco, who was at that time well known. Pacheco grew very fond of Velasquez as he studied with him year after year; and he was so sure that he would become famous that he finally allowed him to marry his daughter.

There was in the studio a peasant lad whom Velasquez used as a model. He would make him laugh and cry, and pose in every possible attitude, and then he would catch his expression. Besides, he made a careful study of the people and things about him in the streets and picturesque markets of Seville.

Madrid, which had been but a military outpost in the time of the Moors, had just become the capital of Spain. It had an old house of Cæsar—"Alcazar," as it was called—which had been used as a fortress by the Moors. It had no cathedral, for the age of cathedral-building had now passed. It possessed none of the Moorish attractions of other Spanish cities, but it was fast becoming rich and powerful; for in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries money literally flowed into Spain from its newly conquered provinces of Mexico and Peru.

Paintings and sculptures were being collected in Madrid. These later made the Prado, its art museum, a rival of the finest galleries in Europe.

When Velasquez was twenty-three years old, Pacheco ad-

vised him to visit Madrid; for he felt sure that there his pupil would be inspired by the artists and pictures which he would see. Velasquez bade good-by to his Sevillian home, and attended by a faithful slave, set out for the gay capital. They made the long and costly journey on mules.

On reaching Madrid, Velasquez tried to get an audience with the King, but it was not until months later on his second trip that he first met him. When the King saw a portrait by Velasquez, he was so charmed with it that he determined to sit himself to the painter; and then he was so delighted with his portrait that he decided Velasquez should never leave his court.

A Royal Friendship

This court was a brilliant and intellectual one, filled with literary men; for the King himself was both a writer and a painter. He arranged a studio for Velasquez in a corner of his palace; and at his own expense, he brought the painter's family from Seville to Madrid, treating them always with great munificence. In a picture now in Venice, we have a pleasant glimpse of the family of Velasquez—himself, his portly wife, and their seven children.

A comradeship was at once established between the King and painter, and they grew old together. When resting from affairs of state, the King, if not at the chase, was usually in the painter's studio. Velasquez was a rare friend for a king, for he was a man of gentle temper, frank, generous, and noble.

Velasquez sought truth, not beauty, and his light and atmosphere are very real. To-day he might be called a Realistic or Impressionist painter, for his portraits show the vivid impression made upon the eye by a single glance at a figure. He worked for more than forty years in Madrid, and few royal courts are so familiar to us as that of Philip IV pictured by the brush of Velasquez.

Many times he painted the long, thin solemn face of that King who is said to have laughed but twice in his life. We see him in court dress, on a hunt, or in a war-scene. The portraits on horseback are perhaps the most lifelike.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

PHILIP IV OF SPAIN

From a Painting by Velasquez.

After Velasquez had been for six years in Madrid, Rubens, the great Flemish painter, came on a diplomatic mission to Spain. While there he became much interested in the Spanish painter. He told him so many things about the wonders of Italian art that he inspired him with a very strong desire to go to Italy.

The Visit to Italy

Then Velasquez threw himself at the feet of his King, exclaiming: "Sire, I wish to visit Italy; one cannot be a great artist without studying the wonders which the masters, Michael Angelo and Raphael, have left."

"Say rather that you wish to leave me," replied the offended King.

Velasquez, however, persisted until he obtained a reluctant consent. But he promised to stay only long enough to study the masterpieces of Italian art.

Yet the King was kind, after all, for he offered to continue his salary while he was gone, and he gave him money for his journey and letters of introduction.

Velasquez sailed away in the suite of Marquis Spinola. He was delighted in Venice with the coloring of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. He spent a year in Rome studying and copying, and in Naples he formed a friendship with Ribera, the "ungrateful little Spaniard."

Eighteen months passed. King Philip grew so impatient that he ordered his court painter to return at once. But when Velasquez appeared, and told him of all the wonders he had seen, the King quite forgot his absence in the pleasure of having him once more by his side.

A new sitter was now presented to the painter—the King's baby son, Balthasar. The life-story of this bright, merry little boy is very short. Being the eldest, he was heir to the throne and the pride of the court. He was very clever and studious, and such a fine shot that he could kill game while riding at full speed. When he was but seventeen years old, he died of smallpox, and the whole court and the country mourned for him.

Velasquez painted Balthasar in frocks, in court dress, in

military and hunting costume, and also as a little wooer of ten years.

The picture which is best known is the one where we see him perched upon a prancing pony. He wears a green embroidered velvet jacket, and crossed over it a gold and red scarf with fluttering streamers. He has a broad lace collar, and a black hat with a feather. He gallops toward us right out of the picture, leaving in the distance the snowy sierras.

Velasquez also painted Don Philip, Maria Theresa, and quaint, winsome Margarita, the darling of the court. Her picture in the Louvre shows a gentle little face, with fair hair and blue eyes, so unlike the usual dark Spanish maiden. She holds in one hand a rose, in the other a handkerchief.

Velasquez loved to paint these royal children. Only Van Dyck, the Flemish master, equaled him in the olden day, in giving to such children the grace and dignity that seemed to belong to them alone. His portraits of court lords and ladies are among the finest in the world. Those of the ladies are not numerous; for it was difficult for the artist to gain access to high-born Spanish dames. Perhaps it is well that it was so; for the stiff arrangement of dress and hair which was the fashion of the day was not conducive to the making of a pretty picture.

Philip IV was naturally so inclined to melancholy that he always kept at his court dwarfs and buffoons to amuse him. Some of these were made rich enough to live in palaces of their own. Velasquez many times painted these odd little creatures in their fantastic dress.

He did not like religious or mythological subjects; but he depicted street and tavern life, war and hunting scenes, made lovely flower-pictures, and was the first in Spain to paint natural landscapes. And in looking at them all, one seems to forget the painter, and to think only of the living face or story seen upon the canvas.

His pictures are in many galleries. There is one in the Prado called "Las Meniñas," or "The Maids of Honor." "The Surrender of Breda" is another of his works in the Prado. This is really one of the great historical pictures of

the world. It shows an incident in a war between Spain and Holland, which the Marquis of Spinola had described to Velasquez when they journeyed together to Italy.

"The Surrender of Breda"

Breda belonged to the Dutch, and it seemed an impregnable stronghold; but, at last, it had been taken by Spinola, Spain's "last great captain." Although victorious, he was very merciful. The background of the picture represents the Dutch town of Breda, with its canals and army-tents, while in front the act of surrender is taking place.

On one side is the Spanish army, carrying such a forest of lances that the picture is sometimes called "Las Lanzas." Spinola, their leader, stands in front. The Dutch army on the other side is led by the venerable commander, Julian of Nassau. He bends forward, presenting to the conqueror the keys of the fortress. Spinola, with uncovered head, receives them with the humanity and dignity of a generous victor. The faces are all said to be portraits. There are but few soldiers, but they are so skillfully arranged that one would think there were two whole armies.

His Last Service

Velasquez accompanied his King everywhere, planning hunting and military expeditions and court pageants; and he carried in his girdle a key that would unlock to him all the rooms in the palace. The King was interested in every stroke from the brush of Velasquez. He had determined to found in Madrid an art gallery like those in Italy. So, in 1648, he sent Velasquez there to purchase for him a collection of pictures, marbles, and bronzes.

While in Rome, he painted a picture of the Pope, who was so well satisfied with it that he presented the painter with a gold chain. Velasquez returned later with his art treasures, and they helped to establish the great fame which the Prado enjoys to-day.

During most of the reign of Philip IV there had been war between France and Spain, but now peace had been declared, and the union was to be strengthened by a royal alliance; for Maria Theresa, the daughter of Philip IV, was to marry Louis XIV, "Le Grand Monarque" of France.

In the middle of the little Bidassoa River, which separates France and Spain, was an island, through which passed the boundary-line of the two countries. Here a pavilion was erected, and in the center of this the French and Spanish bridal parties were to meet, each standing on its own territory.

The journey of the royal party from Madrid to the frontier was long and difficult. Castles were thrown open for their entertainment, and everything connected with the betrothal was conducted with great pomp and splendid ceremonial—and Velasquez superintended it all. But the effort proved too exhausting. The painter caught cold, and soon after his return to Madrid he was seized with a fever. He died in 1660. His wife survived him but eight days, and they were buried in one grave.

When the King heard of Velasquez's death, he exclaimed, "I am overwhelmed!" And well he might be, for Velasquez had given to his King a lifelong devotion. His statue, erected in 1899, stands upon the plaza in Madrid, while within the Prado are gathered his finest works.

His influence to-day is great, not only in Spain, but wherever in the world we go to study the pictures of "The Painter to the King and The King of Painters."

MURILLO

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

THERE is an old Spanish proverb which runs as follows:

"He who Seville has not seen
Has not seen a marvel great;
Who to Granada has not been
Can have nothing to relate."

Let us now in imagination visit Seville, "The White City on the Guadalquivir"—"The most Spanish City of Spain." It is in the midst of a country of sunny vineyards, orange and olive groves, and its climate is delightful.

Seville was for many centuries the home of the Moors, and its architecture is a grotesque mingling of Moorish and Christian forms. When the Moors were expelled and the Christians took the city, a cathedral supplanted the mosque. It is of Spanish Gothic architecture and stands in the central square of the city. It is the third largest cathedral in Europe, only St. Peter's in Rome, and the one in Cordova, exceeding it in size.

This cathedral was decorated by famous Spanish monks; and it holds a great statue of the Virgin with eyes of rubies and hair of spun gold. Near it is the old Moorish minaret, now converted into a bell-tower and called "La Giralda." Like Giotto's tower in Florence, this is a marvel of lacework in stone.

The richest monument in Seville is the old Alcazar, the palace of Moorish kings. Like the Alhambra, it is a fairy palace with a perfumed garden.

Seville was in all its glory in the seventeenth century. Its palaces were occupied by the nobles; splendid buildings were

erected by its merchant princes; and it also had beautiful public squares and gardens. The streets were gay with dark-eyed youths and maidens in picturesque costumes, romancing together over old Moorish tales, or dancing to the accompaniment of organ, concertina, or castanets. The Guadalquiver was alive with shipping; the great galleons lying against its banks were laden with oils and fruits, with wines and silks and velvets, and with pictures, too; for Seville now held the commerce, not only of the Mediterranean Sea, but also of the Spanish provinces in America.

The city had an added charm, in being the birthplace of Spain's two greatest masters—Velasquez, the painter of the court, and Murillo, the painter of the church—one "the painter of earth," the other "the painter of heaven."

Childhood and Boyhood

The story of Murillo's early years forms a sad contrast to that of Velasquez. Velasquez was rich, and had every advantage that wealth could buy, while Murillo's childhood is but a tale of struggle and poverty.

He was born in 1617. His father was a poor mechanic, who hesitated even about having his little boy learn to read and write. But when he was given a book he proved so clever that he surprised both his parents. He pleased them, too, by showing the usual signs of great genius, scribbling over the pages of his book and the walls of his poor home. His mother had a brother, Castillo, who was a painter. She begged him to let her boy study with him. Castillo was not much interested; but his sister begged so hard, that he finally consented and taught Murillo without charge.

The boy was very industrious, and never so happy as when with pencil and paper he was copying the lesson set for him. He was soon left an orphan, and without his art life would have been very dreary. When he was twenty-two years old, Castillo removed to Cadiz. Murillo wished to go with him, but there was no money to pay for his keep, and besides he must care for his sister. He could not afford another teacher,

so he was left without friends and advisers. What *could* he do?

There was in Seville, at this time, a weekly market called the Feria. Here were displayed in stalls upon the public square the bright flowers and delicious fruits and vegetables of southern Spain; also old clothes, old iron, and utensils of every kind, for all sorts of hucksters brought their wares to the Feria. It was the gathering-place, too, for a picturesque crowd of monks and priests and gypsies and peasants and beggars and muleteers and donkeys with panniers. Artists, also, unknown to fame, came here to work. They put into their pictures whatever things the purchaser wished, often painting them while he waited.

The Years of Struggle

Not knowing where else to go, the young Murillo decided to establish himself in one of the stalls of the Feria. Here he painted rude pictures of the subjects about him. They were quickly finished and sold for trifling pay. He earned hardly enough to support his sister and himself, but then he was doing his best, and rude as his work was, he was certainly learning freedom of touch and knowledge of color.

After he had worked for two years in the Feria an old friend, Moya, returned to Seville. He had been with the army in Flanders, and had also studied art in foreign cities. Wonderful were his stories of the artists and pictures that he had seen. Murillo was inspired by Moya's pictures and his tales of adventure. He must see for himself the great art world.

Moya remained but a few months, and he helped Murillo in every possible way; but like Castillo, he, too, departed and the young artist was again in despair. One day in the very depth of his discouragement, he suddenly exclaimed, "I will go to Italy!" But how could he go? For he had no money. But somehow his resolution inspired him with courage. He bought a large piece of canvas, cut it into small squares, and covered them with rude pictures of Madonnas and saints.

Fortunately he found for these ready purchasers in traders who came to Seville for just such pictures; for hundreds of them were sent every year to their newly conquered provinces in America. There they were used to decorate the little Jesuit chapels which the Spaniards were building. And we can hardly realize how much such pictures added to the attraction of a service in a lonely log chapel far away in the American woods.

After selling his pictures, Murillo placed his sister in charge of a relative, and without telling anyone where he was going, set out on foot over the mountains for the city of Madrid, determining to live on bread and water on the way.

It was a very long and tedious journey, but finally he reached the city, exhausted and friendless, and with nothing left but a stock of courage. Now his one great desire was to meet Velasquez; for Velasquez was living, rich and honored, at the court of Philip IV, and he could help him if he would.

One day Murillo watched the royal cortège as it passed. Velasquez was pointed out to him, and his kindly face attracted Murillo. After spending some time in repairing his tattered garments, he presented himself at the studio in the palace, and sent in his name as a Sevillian painter.

It is not probable that the great master had ever heard of Murillo, for he had left Seville when the latter was a little boy. But one of Velasquez's many charms was that he was always accessible, and he ordered that the young man at once be brought to him.

A Friend in Need

Velasquez liked his frank, intelligent face, and said to him, "You are a painter." "If I believed that I was," replied Murillo, "I should be disabused since I have seen your works; but I would be one if God gave me a protector."

Velasquez then asked him about his study and his motive in coming to Madrid. The poor fellow told a tale of poverty and suffering, of his strong desire to learn, and to visit Rome. He also showed Velasquez a little picture which he had brought.

THE HOLY FAMILY.
By Murillo.

After the master had heard the story and looked at the picture, how delighted Murillo must have been to hear him say: "Courage, my friend, and a day will come when Seville will be proud of you!" And then how royal Velasquez showed himself! He offered Murillo a home, and gave him permission to work in his studio. He procured him admission to palaces and galleries so that he might study and copy all kinds of works of art.

It is said that Murillo was so overcome with his kindness that he told him he was willing to die for him, and Velasquez replied, "You will not die for me, Murillo, you will live for art."

And now what a great world opened before the eyes of the young painter! Having been introduced to the most distinguished masters in Madrid, he at once began his work.

Later Velasquez left Madrid on a tour with the court, and on his return was delighted to see how much Murillo had improved during his absence.

Murillo remained for three years in the capital, and then Velasquez advised him to go to Rome, and offered him letters of introduction to famous men there. But the young painter was so satisfied with what he had already learned, and so homesick for Seville, that he resolved instead to return to his home. So back he went to Seville, and there remained for the rest of his life. He never saw Italy, the goal of the great masters of his day.

On his return to Seville, he first accepted an order to paint for the Franciscan convent. The monks had long wished for some pictures, but they could offer so little money in payment that no good artist had been willing to paint them.

Fame Is Achieved

Murillo was young and unknown, and the monks hesitated before giving him the commission. He worked for three years. The pictures were beautifully painted, and although he received but small pay, his fame was at once established. He began to receive orders from nobles and merchant princes;

his works soon became the pride of churches and convents and hospitals. Indeed, he had commissions from all parts of Spain, for Murillo was now the fashion.

There is a pretty tradition of his falling in love, which must come next in our story. One day, in 1648, while he was painting in a church in Seville, a beautiful maiden came in to pray. The artist's eyes wandered from the canvas to the worshiper. He was greatly impressed with her beauty and devotion—he was seeking an angel face for his picture—so he used hers, and while he was painting it in, he won her love, and a little later they were married.

His wife, Doña Beatriz, belonged to a noble family. His fortunes had now so increased that he was able to establish a home—a home that was soon known for its large hospitality and its receptions given to the most distinguished people in Seville. He had three children. One son came to America; the other was a canon of the Seville Cathedral; and his daughter Francesca became a nun.

His Style

Murillo used three styles in painting—the cold, warm, and vapory. In the first, the lines and color are most distinct. In the warm style, the outline is less sharp, the coloring softer, and the figures fuller and rounder; in the vapory style, the outlines are softer still and the coloring more transparent.

His favorite subjects in painting were beggars, monks, saints, and Madonnas. How charmingly he has revealed to us the many moods of the little sun-browned Spanish beggars, with their dark eyes and glossy black hair. Unconscious of their rags, they are seen sunning themselves lazily in the corners of the squares—forgetful of yesterday's discomfort in the merriment of to-day.

They are doing all kinds of things—eating macaroni or luscious fruits, playing games, or tossing coppers. Murillo's eye and brush caught them in the very act.

"The Dice-Players"

We have selected for our first description "The Dice-Players"—three bewitching children. Two are playing a game, using a flat stone as a table. The maiden forgets her tattered clothes, and with her Spanish love for any bit of decoration, wears a wreath upon her hair. She looks perplexed, but what a pleased expression is on her partner's face. Surely he must be the winner! The other boy, with dark, liquid eyes, stands apart and idly bites a piece of bread, and he has never laid it down since Murillo put it into his hand long ago. He has a far-away look, and has entirely forgotten the dog that waits eagerly for its share. It's a pathetic little face. We wonder what the child is thinking about!

If Murillo had painted only beggars and gypsies, he would have been celebrated; but his holy pictures so far surpass these in beauty that they have made him one of the renowned masters of the world.

His monks and saints are noted for their wonderful visions. Those which he painted for the Franciscan convent strikingly illustrate this. One represents St. Francis, reclining on an iron bedstead, listening with ecstasy to a violin which an angel is playing. In another, San Diego is asking a blessing on a kettle of broth which he is about to give to some beggars.

"The Angels in the Kitchen"

The most unique of all, however, is "The Angels in the Kitchen."

Here San Diego again appears. The legend is, that this pious, humble friar was one day performing his daily task in the convent kitchen. While cooking the dinner for the monks a strange thing happened. He was suddenly seized with a heavenly ecstasy and floated upward. Thus he appears in the picture—his face raised in adoration. In the kitchen below, ministering angels are doing his work, while a few astonished friars are looking on.

This picture is now seen in the Louvre; for it is one of

many which Marshal Soult carried away to France during Napoleon's invasion of Spain.

Murillo was very fond of the story of St. Anthony of Padua, who, like St. Francis, devoted his life to good works. He painted St. Anthony several times. The familiar picture in the Cathedral of Seville represents the brown-frocked monk, with rapturous face and outstretched arms, receiving the Infant Jesus, who descends to him in a flood of glory. On the table beside him there stands a vase of lilies. These are painted with such lifelike skill that it is said that birds flying about the cathedral have sometimes tried to perch upon them and to peck at them.

After finishing this picture, with its rich dark color and dazzling vision, Murillo was called "The Painter of Heaven."

In the year 1874 the figure of St. Anthony was cut out of this picture by a thief and carried away. Later he appeared in New York, and sold it for two hundred and fifty dollars to Mr. Schaus, who gave it to the Spanish consul. It was returned to Seville, where it was received with great joy, and again the rapturous saint kneels in the cathedral.

Sometimes Murillo depicted a group representing a golden-haired Christ-child, a dark-skinned John the Baptist, and a lamb. Perhaps such groups were suggested to him by seeing children leading a lamb through the streets of Seville for the Paschal feast.

Murillo's Madonnas

Murillo's Virgin was always a peasant maid, robed in blue and white; for it is said that in a vision she revealed to the Spanish painter that these were the colors in which she always wished to appear.

One charming picture represents the Madonna seated upon a bank, holding the Christ-child. Elizabeth, kneeling upon the ground, pushes forward her little son John to receive from his Master the reed cross. John carries a scroll in his left hand, holding it ready to fasten upon the cross. It bears the inscription which he would proclaim abroad, "Behold the lamb of God."

God is above in the act of benediction, and the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove. Above also are hovering countless cherubs with very expressive faces—those faces that Murillo always loved to paint.

What a contrast in this picture between old age and childhood—the satisfied expression of the aged Elizabeth, who now, for the first time, beholds the Christ-child, and this Child, one of the most charming ever painted by Murillo.

One of Murillo's loveliest Madonnas is in the Corsini Palace in Rome. The sweet, wistful-faced Mother holds her earnest dark-eyed Babe. They sit beside a ruined wall. Just such a mother and child one might see any day in walking through the country.

Murillo's favorite subject, however, and one he painted many times, represented the Virgin floating in mid-air. These pictures are in his vapory style, for the atmosphere is very soft. One of the finest of these is in the Louvre. Here the Virgin is borne upward by heavenly zephyrs—her sweet, youthful face raised as in a vision. She wears a flowing white robe and simple blue mantle. Her beautiful hair floats over her neck and shoulders, and the crescent moon is beneath her feet. Out of the golden light or peeping from behind soft clouds are countless cherub faces, each with its special charm.

For his most famous works Murillo received but a few hundred dollars, yet even such payment was called princely in his day. He was devoted to his pupils—not only when they were with him, but throughout their lives. He was a man of rare sweetness of temper, noble, generous, and good. He lived in Seville in a large fine house which is still pointed out.

In 1680 he went to Cadiz to paint some pictures. While there he was severely injured by a fall from a scaffold. He was taken back to Seville, and died there in 1682. At his own request, he was buried in the Church of Santa Cruz, beneath his favorite picture. The inscription on the tomb ran as follows: "Live as one who is about to die."

Murillo was the last great Spanish painter of the seventeenth century, and rich and poor alike mourned his loss. His pictures are seen everywhere in the famous galleries of the

world, and his stately bronze statue stands upon the public plaza in Seville.

Velasquez and Murillo were to Spain, in the seventeenth century, what the greatest Italian masters had been to Italy in the sixteenth.

De Amicis says: "Velasquez is in art an eagle; Murillo is an angel. One admires Velasquez and adores Murillo. By his canvases we know him as if he had lived among us. He was handsome, good, and virtuous. He was born to paint the sky."

"When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain."

—Lowell.

FRENCH MASTERS

THE BARBIZON PAINTERS

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

EARLY in the nineteenth century the quiet, sleepy hamlet of Barbizon suddenly awoke to fame as the gathering-place of "The Men of 1830." These men were artists who wished to study nature as it really exists. The French had grown very tired of classical landscapes, with their stiff foliage and temples and shepherds and nymphs. Artists had hailed the beauties of the fresh Dutch landscapes, and of those painted by the English Constable.

So Classicism must now give way to Naturalism. For natural landscapes were becoming more and more the fashion, and quaint, picturesque Barbizon attracted the devotees of this new school of painting. They chose the village as their head-quarters, and from here they could go to seek their forest haunt. A thrifty peasant fitted up an inn, which was sometimes so crowded that artists were obliged to sleep on the tables and the straw in the barn.

Among these artists were Rousseau, Diaz, Troyon, Jacque, Corot, and Millet, and together they enjoyed very happy fellowship. Some made their homes here, and the rest returned from time to time for fresh inspiration.

Rousseau

Rousseau, "The Poet of the Foliage," lived here for nineteen years. He was the only son of a successful tailor, and was born in Paris in 1812. When he was but fourteen years old he began his study of art under a master. He was a great traveler, and in his earlier years delighted in savage mountain scenery. He sketched, in the Alps and Pyrenees, the dizzy precipices, the wild gorges, and the foaming torrents of the

mountains; and in his fondness for nature he would often roam all night in the forests and among the hills. Instead of the russet trees and brown grasses which were used in the classic landscapes, his foliage was vivid green and often red and yellow.

The jury in Paris that always decided what works should be selected for the annual exhibitions thought Rousseau's pictures too dramatic. His style seemed such a revolution against classic landscape, that his pictures were not accepted. Because the wise jury did not look upon them kindly it was, of course, very hard to sell them. So, for many years of his life, Rousseau struggled against opposition.

He finally determined to give up mountain scenery, and went to Barbizon, where in time he came under the tranquil charm of the forest—not as a whole—but as made up of individual trees in which he saw different characteristics; and he learned to love them almost as much as if they were human beings.

His treatment of foliage is very charming. His dark green leaves are so distinctly separated and clearly defined against a sky which is always in harmony with his trees, and his atmospheric effects are very true. He loved also to paint the infinite details of little things in nature—the twigs and pebbles—the heaths and grasses and mosses. Indeed, if one is familiar with the different trees and the tiny plant-life that belongs to the forest, he may recognize by name the various forms which Rousseau has put into his pictures. He always wished that he might be rich enough to devote his whole life to just one picture. He was never willing to go to Italy, fearing that study there would destroy his individuality.

After many years his talent was recognized, and in 1852 he was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. During the rest of his life favors were at times showered upon him—and again his work was met by hostile criticism.

Rousseau's closest friendship in Barbizon was with Millet, and when the latter was very poor he encouraged him in many practical ways.

His home life was not a bright one, for his wife was for

many years a nervous invalid, and his naturally sad temper became more melancholy as he grew older, and he died in 1875.

Rousseau is now acknowledged as "The Father of Modern French Landscape," and his art has had an immense influence, not only on the later art of France but of all the world.

Diaz

The Spanish Diaz was one of Rousseau's best friends and pupils. Diaz was fascinated with his master and used to follow him everywhere in the forest, to watch him paint and to study from his manner. Poor Diaz! One of his legs was a wooden stick, but he never let his "drumstick," as he called it, overrule his merry and kindly disposition.

Diaz cared little for drawing; but he was a rare observer of nature and always saw and felt the power of sunlight; and we may feel this with him as it glints through the darkest green of his forest-trees, often irradiating everything in his pictures.

Troyon

Troyon was an intimate friend of Diaz. Troyon's work was to immortalize the oxen and sheep and dogs of the region. Paul Potter's pictures gave him his first interest in the study of animals; and wherever he traveled he was found in the fields, early and late, learning their habits. To-day he is known as one of the best interpreters of sheep and oxen. Dogs were always his companions, and as they played with their master they seemed to him to show an almost human intelligence, and this he has truthfully revealed.

Troyon's pictures are easy to recognize with their clear blue sky, the deep greens of the foliage, and the sunshine playing very naturally about his lifelike oxen and sheep. Sometimes he had forty canvases in preparation at the same time.

Jacque

Jacque's sheep are usually grazing in the Barbizon meadow, or pressing into the sheepfold. But he is better known for his smaller animals. He is sometimes styled "The Raphael of Pigs"; and his cocks and hens are very famous as they are seen in the barn or poultry yard, where all the implements are also very real. A far-away twilight sky seems often to belong to Jacque's pictures. Not far away from Barbizon, at By, lived another painter, Rosa Bonheur, and her fascination alike for art and for animals made her life a most interesting study.

However, the three most noted painters of the Fontainebleau-Barbizon School are Rousseau, Corot, and Millet, and Corot appears like a ray of sunshine between the other two.

Corot

Corot was of a frank, jovial disposition. He delighted in just being alive, and his life is in perfect harmony with his serene, sunny landscapes. Like many another French painter, he, too, came of peasant stock, and he was always proud of the "brave folk" from whom he was descended.

Corot's parents were court milliners, and he was born in Paris, in 1796. He admired his father, but he always held his mother in perfect reverence, calling her *"la belle femme."* His parents, in return, always treated him as if he were a small boy.

Corot went to school and college, and then his father wished to make a tradesman of him; though he unwillingly gave up his desire when he found that his son had a taste for art. He allowed him a small yearly pension with which to study, and so Corot began to paint—and he always painted.

He was devoted to gay, bright Paris; but he loved even better the summer home not far distant at Ville d'Avray. Here he was close to nature—he could talk to the birds, and sketch the lake and the trees swaying upon its banks.

For fifteen years of his life he strove to paint classical

landscapes. During this time he went to Rome to study. He made here many warm friends, for everybody liked him, though they sometimes laughed at his pictures. But all the same, he worked bravely on, with always a song either in his heart or on his lips.

He studied Claude and then Constable; but all the time he was learning to interpret nature, more and more, in his own individual way.

It was many years before his works were honored. Sometimes as he thought about the criticisms of the jury, he would say with a smile, "They will come to it in time." Notwithstanding this, he was so great a favorite personally that his pictures were often admitted to the Salon; but no one would pause to examine them, and often he would stand himself before one of his works, in order to attract the attention of passers-by.

Indeed, Corot sold hardly a picture before he was forty, and he was nearly sixty before he won the desired recognition. How little he realized how much his pictures would be admired in our century, and what great prices they would bring!

Corot never remained very long at Barbizon; but he was always returning there, and there it was that he came under Rousseau's influence. His landscapes, however, are very unlike those of that artist. While Rousseau insisted on well-defined foliage and perfect detail, Corot's foliage is an indistinct mass, put in with a few well-directed strokes. He aimed at general effect and may be called an Impressionist painter.

He always felt that Rousseau greatly surpassed him. He compared him to an eagle, and said of himself, "I am only a skylark, sending forth little songs in my gray clouds." His soft, silvery landscapes are full of mist and sunshine, and everything seems to tremble in the air.

His nature is very fresh, for he loved to paint spring and summer scenes; indeed, he never would attempt winter ones. In the springtime, he would say, "I have a rendezvous with nature, with the buds which begin to burst with the new foliage, and with my little birds perching curiously on the end of a branch to look at my work!"

But Corot has preserved somewhat of the old spirit; for he loved to people his forests with fabled nymphs and dryads. Yet the landscapes are so modern, and the little figures are so graceful, dancing and playing under the trees, that one fails to discover the remnant of the earlier classical style. Sometimes again he introduces modern figures. A lyrical spirit seems to pervade his works, and he has been called "The Mozart of Landscape."

Corot was a picturesque figure in the forest; he was arrayed in a large blue blouse, and his laughing face was seen under a cap of striped cotton. He usually had a pipe in his mouth, and he carried a great cotton umbrella. He was often out to watch the sunrise, and many books tell us how beautifully he has described it. He would work all day, and as the shadows fell he would exclaim, "Well—I must stop now—for my Heavenly Father has put out my lamp."

During the siege of Paris, in the Franco-German War, Corot remained in the city, assisting very much in the ambulance work.

He was never married. His personality was charming and everybody loved him. Of his artist friends, perhaps the dearest was Daubigny, who is so famous for his quiet landscapes with rivers. In his later years Corot became "Père Corot" to his friends, whom he called *"mes enfants";* and because they did not feel that he had been enough honored for his charming works, they gave him a gold medal, which he received with radiant happiness.

He was always generous in giving, but he did not consider this a virtue; for he said that he had more than he needed, while others lacked. One New Year's Day, walking down the street, he met an old beggar. Corot gave him a piece of silver and went on for a few steps. Then, suddenly turning, he hurried after the man, and put ten silver pieces into his hand, saying, "To-day all the world receives presents, so you must have yours, too!"

Corot's favorite book was "The Imitation of Christ," and there are many things in his life that go to show that it taught him how to live. He died in 1875.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET, THE PEASANT-PAINTER

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

ON the rough and dangerous coast of Normandy, in northwestern France, lies the little hamlet of Gruchy. It is in a pleasant country, although the waves dash always against its granite cliffs.

Here, in the year 1814, the painter, Jean François Millet, was born. His parents were sturdy, pious, peasant folk, always toiling early and late in the field, in order to raise enough to support their little family. And while the parents worked out-of-doors the strong-spirited old grandmother presided over the household. François, her pet grandchild, was named for her favorite saint. She used to tell him stories of St. Francis, of his deeds of charity, and of his love for everything that God had made. Sometimes she would rouse the child in the morning with, "Wake up, my little François, the birds have long been singing the glory of our good God!" And long years after, when painting his grandmother's portrait, Millet exclaimed, "I want to paint her soul!"

A good priest uncle was often a member of the Millet household, and he assisted in the boy's education; so that when only twelve years old François enjoyed reading both Vergil and the Latin Testament. Indeed, throughout life, these were two of his favorite books.

François worked on the farm and studied and sketched; the woods and fields attracted him, the thunder and ocean awed him. The prints in the old family Bible were the only pictures that he saw, and these he copied on rainy days. He drew pictures on everything—the walls and the floor—and even upon his sabots or wooden shoes.

One day when he was about eighteen years old, as he was

returning from mass, he was struck by a figure on the road before him. It was that of an aged peasant, leaning heavily upon his staff as he plodded along. Taking a bit of charcoal from his pocket, François sketched the figure on a stone wall near by.

The neighbors recognized the likeness, and complimented François on what he had done. The father, too, was delighted with the sketch. Already he had thought much about his son's career, for he was himself an artist at heart, but had been obliged to give his life to work in the fields. Perhaps his old ambition for himself might now be realized in François! He would take him to Cherbourg where there were art-masters, and see whether his son had talent.

François was delighted with the prospect, and he went with his father, carrying some of his sketches. The master was charmed with them and agreed to take him as a pupil. So François bade good-by to his home and went to Cherbourg to study art.

He worked here until he was recalled by his father's death. Then he felt it his duty to return home and to assist on the farm. But his brave mother and grandmother insisted that he should go back to Cherbourg and "stick to his art"—and he went and worked harder than ever.

His different masters did not understand his style; but one of them was so greatly impressed by his originality that he actually interested the mayor and council of the town in Millet, and they gave him money to go to Paris. Now he returned to Gruchy to bid his family farewell. His grandmother sewed all her earnings into his belt, and presented him with a prayer-book as her parting gift.

In Paris

It was on a cold, snowy night in January, 1837, that our young peasant arrived in Paris. It seemed noisy and lonesome, and he was bewildered by the sights and sounds. He sought a little inn, and the very next morning started out to find the Louvre. He was so afraid of being laughed at that

THE GLEANERS.
By Millet.

LION'S BRIDE.
By Gabriel Max.

he would not ask the way, and for long he wandered hither and thither.

But when he did find the famous gallery, a great world opened before him, and he consecrated himself anew to his art-study. He spent days here, just standing before the pictures that he liked best. These were his companions—so he had no need to speak to anyone. Some of the masters of whom he was always most fond were Michael Angelo, Titian, Rubens, and Poussin.

Millet knew that he must enter a studio—he had come to Paris for that. But he kept putting off the evil day, for he was afraid of examinations and of meeting other young men. However, he finally decided to become a pupil of Delaroche, for he liked his pictures and knew that he was a popular teacher.

The city-bred students were interested in the arrival of the huge, awkward peasant, with his bushy hair, big hands and feet, with his accent and rough clothes. They made fun of him and nicknamed him "the man of the woods." What could *he* ever learn about *art!* But when he shook his fist at them they were silenced!

Millet remained for about two years in this studio—but everything seemed artificial to him—he was sure that he could never paint the pretty pictures that the Parisians liked. Delaroche was kind to him, but he did not understand him. Indeed, Millet was too original to learn much from any master.

After leaving Delaroche's studio, Millet and a friend set up for themselves. Hard years of struggle followed. They painted signs and portraits and mythological scenes. Sometimes these were sold for very small sums, and sometimes they were not sold at all.

In the year 1841 Millet went home to Normandy; and although he was not able even to support himself, he now married and returned to Paris, taking his delicate wife. She lived but a little over two years, but in 1845 he married again. This time it was the brave, helpful "Mère Millet," who always greatly assisted her husband. Often, for weeks together, she

would wear the rough peasant dress so as to be ready at his call to pose for him. But as time passed, and with a growing family to support, the struggle became harder. It was sad to see the children hungry, and sometimes the father would sell his pictures for just enough to secure bread and shoes for them.

In the Revolution of 1848 Millet, like many another man, had to shoulder his musket. What could he do with his art in war-time when it was dangerous even to be seen in a field with a pencil! Besides the political troubles, cholera threatened, and he finally decided to leave Paris with his family.

His friend Jacque had told him of an artist colony living in a little hamlet not far away, the name of which ended in "zon," and together they sought the place. Then, later, he took his family there. They traveled in a cart as far as the highway. Then, mounting his two little girls upon his shoulders, he trudged ahead. His wife followed with the baby, and a servant with a basket of provisions brought up the rear.

The Home in Barbizon

Thus the strange procession entered the little hamlet of Barbizon, destined to be Millet's home for the rest of his life. He loved his Barbizon days. "Better a thatched cottage here than a palace in Paris," he once said. Here he found his subject in the French peasant—the peasant that for all the centuries had been seen in the fields—but who had ever thought of painting him? And how did Millet do it?

He pictured him patiently doing his work, perhaps plowing, or sowing, or reaping, binding sheaves, or cutting wood in the forest. He revealed his large, fine figure, his knotty, working hands, his superb strength.

Millet never saw the gay side of life, but rather the struggle; he left the sunlight for Breton! There were rarely more than three figures in his pictures; there was no unnecessary detail; he needed only a field and a peasant! Sometimes, as in "The Man with the Hoe," his pictures were so realistic that he was accused of being a socialist; but he replied, "I

have never dreamed of being a leader in any cause—I am a peasant—only a peasant."

His Pictures

His pictures are really little sermons afield, but they are sermons drawn from a patient life of toil; this was the poetry that Millet saw every day. One of his best works is "The Sower," who strides along with rhythmic tread, flinging the grain into the furrows. "The Angelus" is perhaps Millet's masterpiece. We are familiar with the scene. The man has dropped his fork, with which he has been turning aside the soil to uncover the potatoes which his wife gathers into her basket. He stands with uncovered head, and his wife folds her hands before her. For they hear the Angelus, the sunset call to prayer, as it rings out from the distant tower of Chailly church and under the mellow evening sky. Both are reverently pausing a moment in silent prayer.

Millet was always retouching his pictures, and he worked over "The Angelus" until, as he said, he could hear the bell! And sound is always a hard thing to represent.

Millet was very poor when he finished "The Angelus," and he sold it for a few hundred francs. Since his death, however, it has brought eight hundred thousand francs, or one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Indeed, since his death others of his single works have sold for enough to have made the peasant-painter rich.

Perhaps no other of Millet's pictures gives us a better idea of the deep, earnest feeling which he expressed in his toiling peasants than "The Gleaners," now in the Louvre. It was exhibited at the Salon of 1857, and its soft, harmonious coloring has made it a great favorite. Three gaunt women are before us, in green and red and drab coarse homespun garments. They wear the peasant sabots, and their close bonnet-caps are drawn down over their eyes to protect them from the glaring sun of an August day.

The graceful girlish figure on the left stoops easily, while the bowed back of the one on the right reveals a life of drudgery.

The wheat-field is large, the sky is beautiful, the harvest is plentiful. In the distance we see stacks of golden grain. Stray ears have been left by the harvesters that the poor may glean them as in the Bible days. The three peasants are absorbed in their work and they will bear away many golden sheaves.

Millet sold "The Gleaners" for two thousand francs, or four hundred dollars; but later, after his death, it brought three hundred thousand francs, or sixty thousand dollars.

Millet's peasants form a striking contrast to those of the other French peasant-painter, Jules Breton. Breton's life was happy and successful, for his art was so pleasing that his pictures everywhere won admiration. Many of his scenes are laid in Brittany. His graceful peasants belong in the sunlight. They, too, may glean or gather weeds, but they never seem really to toil and struggle.

From *curé* to humblest worker, whether blessing the grain, gossiping, spinning, or listening to the song of the lark, the story tells very simply the graceful sentiment of Breton's life.

Millet's life-struggle continued for many years; and yet, surrounded by a wife and nine merry children, there must have been many happy days. Then he enjoyed a beautiful friendship with Rousseau and Diaz and others of the Barbizon colony. Although most plain and simple, the Millet home presided over by "Mère Millet" was always a hospitable one.

At last the brave, patient waiting was rewarded. The peasant was recognized as an art-subject, and in 1868 Millet received the beautiful white cross of the Legion of Honor, and he was so complimented and feasted in Paris that he was glad to slip away to his home.

Now he and his wife traveled a little. They saw for the first time the glorious Alps, and as they looked it is said that Millet exclaimed sadly, "They are beyond my power to paint!"

In 1870 the Franco-German War laid waste the country about Paris; the Fontainebleau-Barbizon colony was scattered; the Millet family went to Normandy and after a time returned to Barbizon. But Millet's health was broken now, and in 1875 he died—all too soon, it seemed, after he had obtained recognition. By his own request he had a simple

peasant funeral. His neighbors carried the coffin, and his wife and children walked behind to the cemetery, near the little Chailly church, whose spire we see in "The Angelus." Here he was laid by the side of his loved friend Rousseau.

As we have said, the Barbizon colony was scattered by the war. But Rousseau's home, Millet's studio, and many other places associated with the Bohemian artists yet remain. Indeed, there are constant reminders of them in the woods and in the little hamlet.

The peasants sow and reap and glean as in the days of Millet; Troyon's oxen and sheep are still standing in the meadow; Jacque's poultry are feeding in the barnyard. The leaves on Rousseau's grand old trees are trembling in the forest; Corot's misty morning is as fresh and soft as ever; while Diaz's ruddy sunsets still penetrate the branches; and the peasant pauses daily as the Angelus from the Chailly church calls him to silent prayer.

On a rock near the cow-gate is a bronze plaque which was placed there in 1885. Upon it in relief appear the heads of Rousseau and Millet—"The Father of Modern French Landscape" and the "Peasant-Painter."

"Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded."

—LONGFELLOW.

THE IMPRESSIONISTS

By WYNFORD DEWHURST

THE object of Impressionism is to picture an abstract of the general aspect of a scene rather than the mere photographic delineation of actual observed fact.

Impressionists draw more by the modeling of the mass than by lines and spots. Above all, their endeavor is to adequately realize the infinitely beautiful, ever-changing effects of atmosphere. They affirm the sovereignty of light.

Modern painters acknowledge that the sun is in fact their greatest benefactor, and no longer to be treated as the arch-enemy which, until quite recent years, the masters would have us believe him to be.

Before the days of Constable, Bonnington, and Turner, you will search the museums in vain for any proof, in the works therein, of consideration of light for light's sake, or of any enjoyment or appreciation of the poetry of the sun. Following these three Englishmen, and logically developing ideas only by them foreshadowed, came the men of 1830 in France—Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, Daubigny, Millet, etc.—whose principal love, however, was for the pearly grays of early morn and the mystery of the gloaming, eschewing any attempt to represent trees, rocks, seas, rivers, and what not, in the full blaze of a noonday sun.

The Sun Worshipers

Then came other disciples of sun worship—such men as Degas, Jongkind, Manet, etc., whose experiments and discoveries paved the way for the evolution of a new and exquisite art, which has reached its highest development in the works of Monet, Cézanne, Pissarro, Renoir, Mary Cassatt,

and many others. No narrow creed is theirs, unbounded is the scope of their ambition. Joy and glory in the limitless domain of nature, a universal sympathy is one of their most distinguishing characteristics. Be their subject found in the record of a humble field of cauliflowers, the ambient glow of an Alpine sunrise, the ruddy sheen of an orchard's spoils, the livid gloom of a storm-swept ocean, the dull physiognomy of a toil-worn peasant, or the portrait of a society belle, it is all alike to them. The world is their dominion, the elements their inspiration.

Just as the pictures of these "Luminarists" are things apart, immediately distinguishable, wheresoever met with, so is the technical method of their production extraordinary. They are consummate draughtsmen, these Impressionists, as years of academic study, immense life-sized figure subjects, exhibited at world-renowned salons, innumerable portraits, etchings, and pastel-drawings fully attest. They are in every way a fully equipped and intellectually capable body of men. Firstly they renounced the use of all blacks, browns, or ochre colors, retaining only those nearest approaching the prismatic tints; the simpler a composition the more it appeals to them, while the superfluities, the blots and flaws of nature are rigorously suppressed.

Monet's Palette

Monet's palette, for instance, is composed as follows: Flake and zinc white in equal proportions, three tints of yellow (chrome), vermilion, two tints of madder lake, cobalt blue, emerald green, and vert émeraude. "Heavens! what a dangerous combination!" exclaim our professional readers. Yet pictures painted by these specially prepared colors, in the hands of a past master, are to-day as brilliant as the moment they left his easel, years ago; so all is well. He uses white canvas, and finishes a work as he begins it—*"en plein air."*

Values and Envelopment

Values and envelopment are specially studied. Flat tints having been found insufficient, these Impressionists made the great discovery (which alone renders painters forever indebted to them), that strong light dissolves tones, that the sun's rays, reflected by objects, tend, from their very strength, to dissipate the prismatic tints; and that by the juxtaposition of pure color only, could sunlight effects be adequately rendered.

In the utilization of this discovery, extraordinary results have been achieved. We see in Impressionist pictures an unconventionalized rendering of nature. We almost feel the vibration and palpitation of light and heat; they are fresh, radiant, and sweet as a nosegay of spring flowers, and give a marvelously deceptive appearance of open air and movement, which must be seen to be believed.

ENGLISH MASTERS

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

PORTRAIT-PAINTING had been thus far the favorite art in England, and now appeared Sir Joshua Reynolds, often called "The Van Dyck of the Eighteenth Century."

He was born in the year 1723, in Plympton, Devonshire. His father was master of the grammar-school there, and when in time little Joshua became his pupil, he determined to give him a classical education, and afterward to fit him for the medical profession. But to his disappointment Joshua cared very little about good lessons, but very much about defaced Latin exercises, and whitewashed walls decorated by means of burned sticks.

When the boy was twelve years old he made his first portrait. It appears that one Sunday, while the Rev. Mr. Smart was preaching, Joshua, growing tired of the sermon, sketched on his thumb-nail the features of the preacher. The service over, he hurried away to an old boat-house on the beach; and here, taking for his canvas a bit of a sail, he painted upon it with common ship-paint the portrait of the Rev. Mr. Smart.

His "classical education" was soon abandoned; and at the age of seventeen young Reynolds was sent to London to study art, under a fashionable teacher named Hudson. After working for two or three years he returned to Devonshire, where he set up for himself as a portrait-painter.

Reynolds had a brave young friend, Captain Keppel, who was in command of a war-ship; and in 1749 he invited the artist to go with him to the Mediterranean Sea. This seemed to Reynolds the golden opportunity of his life and so it proved.

How keenly he enjoyed the voyage over the blue sea, stopping at various ports, and painting the portraits of the officers!

On reaching Italy he left the ship, and remained for three years to study art.

Then he returned to England; and such a change had taken place in his ideas of form and color that he came at once into the front rank of English portrait-painters.

Poor Hudson could paint heads well enough—but he was never known to place one properly on the shoulders! When he looked at one of Reynolds's portraits, and saw how he had departed from the style in which he had taught him, he exclaimed sadly, "Why, Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England!"

Captain Keppel had often described to Reynolds his shipwreck off the coast of France, which took place when he was but twenty-one years old, and Reynolds had determined to represent the scene. And now, on his return, it was one of his first achievements.

The action takes place just after the shipwreck. The young captain is upon a rocky coast; the waves curl about his feet, as he steps forward to issue an order for the safety of his crew. This animated scene made such a sensation in England that its appearance proved the real beginning of Reynolds's fame and fortune.

Friendship with Dr. Johnson

Reynolds never cared much for his fellow-artists. But instead, we always associate him with a celebrated club which was presided over by the brightest literary men of the day. Dr. Johnson was its center, while Garrick, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Burke, Reynolds, and other men of note, were prominent members. We know these men by their writings; and we know their faces, too, because Reynolds has preserved them for us.

Dr. Johnson was first attracted to Reynolds by hearing him make a remark which showed that he was in the habit of thinking for himself; and a lifelong friendship at once sprang up between the great lexicographer and the young painter.

Reynolds lived plainly in London until the year 1760, when

he moved into a new house, ever afterward his home. He never married, so his sister or his niece usually presided.

His sister, Miss Frances, was "The Dearest Dear" of Dr. Johnson. But she was a nervous woman, and her personality always curiously affected her brother. She sometimes made copies of his pictures, of which he once said, "They make other people laugh—but me cry."

Reynolds's home was a most hospitable one, and for thirty years almost every one in London who was prominent in art, literature, or politics was included among his guests. His dinners were served promptly about five o'clock. It never mattered if the table, laid for seven or eight, was at the last moment extended to accommodate fifteen or sixteen—the diners must only sit closer! There was often a real need for knives and forks and plates and glasses. But that was forgotten, because the dinner—or "scramble," as it was sometimes called—did not depend on the viands. It was instead "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," and Reynolds, the genial host, presided most graciously over the noisy and brilliant assemblage. He was very fond of smart society, and as Hannah More has said, "he was the idol of every company."

When he first moved into his handsome house he set up a gilt coach painted all over with allegorical figures. In this he compelled his sister to take a daily airing, so that "the coach might be seen in the public streets." This shows that Reynolds knew how to advertise, even though he lived as long ago as the eighteenth century.

As soon as he was sure that he was popular he doubled the prices of his portraits—after this always charging twenty-five guineas for a bust, fifty for a half-length figure, and one hundred for a full-length one.

Characteristics of His Work

Reynolds painted rapidly, and his brushes had handles eighteen inches long. The sitter's chair, which was rolled about on casters, was raised upon a platform. He usually

received six sitters daily, and to make the time pass pleasantly, he entertained them with stories and recitations. He rarely gave them a fixed pose, but they were usually engaged in some natural occupation.

He painted so rapidly that sometimes he finished a portrait in four hours. He was very industrious, and used to tell his pupils that if they wished to become famous they must work morning, noon, and night.

As a colorist, he has always been known for his yellows and tawny browns, and for his warm, mellow light. He had a theory that blue and green should be used very little, and only to set off these warmer colors. It is a great pity that he so mixed his colors that many of his pictures are now very much faded.

He greatly admired Rembrandt, Rubens, and Michael Angelo, and gained from them many ideas of form and coloring.

The Royal Academy

It was especially through Reynolds's influence that, in the year 1768, the Royal Academy was founded. This was intended to be an art school for students, with an annual exhibition for the sale of pictures.

It was to be presided over by distinguished literary and artistic men of the day. Reynolds was the first president; Goldsmith, the professor of ancient history, and Dr. Johnson, of ancient literature. For twenty years, Reynolds was closely associated with the Royal Academy; and during this time, he sent two hundred and forty-four pictures to its different exhibitions.

In 1769 he was knighted by King George III, and now every year seemed to add to his fame and influence. He had already been known for years as the fashionable portrait-painter of London, even from the time when he had first exhibited his picture of Captain Keppel.

Another of his most admired early works was the portrait of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, in her bridesmaid dress, at the marriage of George III. Her costume is of gleaming white

and silver. She is about to adorn a statue of Hymen with a wreath, and in order to heighten her charms, the wreath is being handed to her by a negress.

His Portraits of Children

Sir Joshua had a special gift for the portrayal of children, luring them to interest with toys and tricks. He revealed very naturally their sweet, innocent charm. His little people are simply dressed, though most of them are really lords and ladies.

Among them, curly-haired "Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick" appears, clasping a bunch of grapes. "Red-haired Robinetta," with a robin perched upon her shoulder, assumes a most graceful attitude. The pose of sweet "Simplicity" is also perfect. Simple, of course, as her name implies—but how dignified!

In striking contrast to these well-poised maidens, the baby Duchess of Gloucester rolls upon the greensward with her fluffy dog. What a round chubby face hers is, circled by the neat frilled cap!

"Little Miss Bowles" sits on the edge of the wood, hugging her dog. She gazes so gleefully out of the canvas that we are sure the artist is winning her by some merry story. Then there is the sweet timid little "Strawberry Girl." Sir Joshua loves her best of all—perhaps because she was his favorite little niece Offy; or because he felt that this picture was one of the best which he ever painted.

This turbaned little maid steals shyly along, her hands folded demurely on her breast. Her red lips and the strawberries in her pottle, form a pretty contrast to the tawny brown shades of the background.

In looking at "The Angels' Heads," we perhaps do not realize at first that all the heads belong to just *one* little maiden—the golden-haired daughter of Lord William Gordon. She was so fascinating that Sir Joshua could not decide to paint her in any one position; so he finally grouped five different views of her face, added wings, and five graceful little cherubs, in most delicate coloring, appear upon the canvas.

How charming a child's play-room would be simply hung with prints copied from Sir Joshua's children!

When he was painting the great portrait group of the Marlborough family, little Lady Anne, aged four, was brought in, and clinging to her nurse she cried, "I won't be painted!" In order to comfort her, Sir Joshua put into the hand of her sister, Lady Charlotte, a gigantic classic mask, and this appears in the stately scene.

His Family Groups

Besides his children, some of his family groups are greatly admired. One of the most superb of these is "Lady Cockburn and her Children." When it was uncovered at the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, in 1774, the painters saluted the graceful lady by clapping their hands.

Lady Cockburn is seated in a portico, playing with her three frolicsome boys. At their back is a fluttering red curtain, and at the side, in gorgeous feathers, appears Sir Joshua's favorite macaw; for it was a fashion in those days to introduce a bird into a portrait.

At this time, Mrs. Siddons was the finest actress in London. Someone had called her "The Tragic Muse," and in this character Sir Joshua painted her portrait. When he first led the lady to her throne-like chair he said to her, "Ascend your undisputed throne—bestow on me some idea of 'The Tragic Muse'!" "Upon which," as she says, "I walked up the steps and seated myself!" In the portrait, she looks as if she were gazing off into space and seeking an inspiration. Crime and Remorse stand behind her.

Like other portrait-painters, Sir Joshua often found his suggestion in the figures which Michael Angelo painted on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and in his "Mrs. Siddons" he probably recalled the figure of Isaiah.

When he finished he inscribed his name upon the gown of "The Tragic Muse," and complimented her by saying, "I could not lose the opportunity of sending my name down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

ANGELS' HEADS.
By Reynolds.

LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN.
By Reynolds.

"Little Miss Bowles," "The Angels' Heads," "Lady Cockburn," and "Mrs. Siddons," are to-day among the best preserved of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures. Among his sitters were many noble lords and ladies, in dark rich coloring—rivals in beauty and elegance. He excelled also in other kinds of pictures, but they show less talent.

His Hosts of Friends

Sir Joshua had hosts of friends. Garrick, the actor, Burke, the orator, and Ramsay, the poet-painter, were among his most frequent guests. To him Goldsmith dedicated his "Deserted Village."

It is a simple, touching dedication, closing with the following words: "You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of your art, but I must be indulged in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than any other man. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you."

It is said that on the day before Dr. Johnson died he made of Sir Joshua three requests: To forgive him thirty pounds which he had lent him; not to paint on Sunday; and to read the Scriptures daily. Sir Joshua promised and remembered his promises.

Sir Joshua never cared much for the society of women; but for the artist Angelica Kauffmann he seemed at one time to feel a tender attachment. She sat to him as "Miss Angel," and she said of him, "Sir Joshua is one of my kindest friends; as a proof of his admiration for me, he has asked me to sit for my picture, and in return I am to paint his!"

Besides painting, Sir Joshua wrote valuable discourses on art, which were read before the Royal Academy. The last one ended with a noble panegyric on Michael Angelo, "the mighty one," whom he had worshiped throughout his own career, and he closed as follows: "I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place might be the name of Michael Angelo."

Physical Troubles

Sir Joshua, when a young man in Italy, had caught a cold which resulted in deafness, and for many years he was obliged to use an ear-trumpet. Although this was hard, he always felt that it gave him one advantage: for whenever he did not enjoy the conversation, he simply dropped his trumpet and took snuff!

As he grew older, his sight troubled him, until, losing entirely the use of one eye, he feared lest he should he totally blind. Added to these troubles, a slight shock of paralysis saddened his last days.

He died in the year 1792. His funeral was one of the most magnificent seen in England in the eighteenth century; and he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, near the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren.

When Goldsmith died he left an unfinished epitaph which he had dedicated to Reynolds. It is a true word-picture of the "Prince of Portrait-painters," written by the hand of a loving friend. It runs in this wise:

"Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser, nor better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart;
To coxcombs averse; yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing,
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

GAINSBOROUGH

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

THERE is an amusing story told of a young artist who, while drawing a pear-tree, discovered a man's head concealed among the branches; and before the thief could escape, the boy had sketched his face into the picture. When the picture was exhibited, the man was recognized, and also the talent of the boy who had so suddenly brought him into notice.

Whether this "Tom Pear-tree" sketch is traditional or not, it is certainly very characteristic of young Thomas Gainsborough, of whom it is told, for he was always drawing landscapes and faces.

He was born in Sudbury, in the county of Suffolk, in the year 1727. As a boy he did not care for school; his study was the book of nature, which he always kept wide open before him.

Whenever he had a holiday he spent it in sketching the bushes and hedgerows and clumps of trees in the neighborhood—he knew them every one.

His family consulted together, and it was determined that the youth had talent, and must be sent to London to study art. So to London he went; but after an absence of three years, he returned to enjoy the fresh fields and meadows that lay about his home.

Just here another story appears—a bit doubtful, like "Tom Pear-tree," but they go well together. One day, while Gainsborough was quietly sketching in the woods, a lovely maiden stepped suddenly from behind a thicket, right into his picture and into his heart.

But however it all happened, he did fall in love, and was married when he was but nineteen years old to a girl a year

younger than himself. The youthful pair went to live at Ipswich, and here Gainsborough painted landscapes and portraits, but for very small fees. After remaining at Ipswich for fifteen years, he was advised by a good friend named Thicknesse to remove to Bath, and here better fortune awaited him.

Success

For Bath was at this time the most fashionable watering-place in England. Wealthy people came here to amuse themselves and to drink medicinal water, and they had always plenty of time to sit for their portraits. Gainsborough became at once successful, and the celebrities that flocked to the famous resort appeared one by one upon his canvases.

Moreover, in the wealthy homes in Bath, he found pictures by Titian and Van Dyck, and Rembrandt and Murillo. These he was allowed to copy, and in doing this, naturally he improved his style. Of these painters Van Dyck was always his favorite.

Gainsborough was of a very social disposition, and music was the passion of his life. The Bath musicians became his best friends, and taught him to play upon different instruments.

His Generosity

While he was living in Bath the Royal Academy was formed in London, and he began to send pictures to its annual exhibitions and sales. Wiltshire, the carrier who took these up to London, was so fond of Gainsborough that he would take no pay for the carriage except "a little picture"; and the "little pictures" that Gainsborough gave him would be to-day worth many thousands of dollars.

Indeed, Gainsborough was always recklessly generous with his work. He sometimes gave a picture in return for a very small kindness, perhaps for a favorite air on a fiddle, or free admission to a theater, or an invitation to dine.

Finally, in the year 1774, he determined to remove with his family to London, and here he became a rival of Sir

THE BLUE BOY.
By Gainsborough.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I.
By Van Dyck.

Joshua Reynolds. Indeed, some wealthy people sat to them both.

A Royal Favorite

Political strife at this time ran very high. Sir Joshua was a Whig, and Gainsborough a Tory; and as the King, George III, belonged to the Tory party, Gainsborough was called to court to paint the royal family. They became so fond of him that, notwithstanding court etiquette, he was admitted to the palace at any hour. It was thought that he was the only one who could make old Queen Charlotte look beautiful.

The King said to him one day: "Doubtless portraiture is a tantalizing art—no pleasing your sitters, hey! All wanting to be Venuses and Adonises, hey! Well, Mr. Gainsborough, since you have taken to portraiture, I suppose every one wants your landscapes, hey! Is it not so?" "Entirely so, your Majesty," was Gainsborough's courtly reply.

Naturally, the honors paid Gainsborough by the royal family gave him added popularity. However, he refused to be patronized.

One day he heard a nobleman asking at his door whether "that fellow" Gainsborough had finished his likeness. Imagine the nobleman's surprise, on entering the studio, to see Gainsborough furiously dash a brushful of paint across the face on the canvas, and to hear him exclaim, "Where is that fellow now!" Gainsborough lost by this act one hundred guineas.

Many other stories prove that he was impulsive, easily irritated, and sometimes rough in manner; yet he was really a generous and kind-hearted man.

When he was weary of working on portraits in the city he hastened away to the country and gave himself up to sketching the landscapes he loved. Once he found a wild, handsome, little barefooted boy named Jack Hill, who appears in some of his pictures. He adopted the boy, but Jack could not bear the confinement of city life and ran away.

Gainsborough lived happily, and during his last years very quietly, with his family, and he died in 1788.

Qualities of His Works

It is difficult to know just where to place him in art; for some honor him more as a portrait-painter, and others as a landscape painter. As the former, his spirit is gentle and poetic, and he puts much soul into his faces. His coloring is soft and cool, in contrast to that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which is rich and warm. His textures are carefully painted, and a real luster is seen on his ribbons and gems. But his work is unequal; for unless he felt in perfect touch with his sitters he never painted them well.

One of his most successful portraits is that of the Hon. Mrs. Graham. She was but nineteen when she sat to Gainsborough, and died when she was thirty-five years old. Her husband was inconsolable. He could not look at the lifelike portrait, and he had the end of the room where it hung walled up.

Half a century later, in making some repairs, the picture was discovered, fresh and brilliant, and by its side were the little blue slippers that the lady had worn when she was painted. This portrait is now in the National Gallery in Edinburgh.

One of Gainsborough's best known portraits is that of the Duchess of Devonshire, who was at this time a queen in society. Although the costumes of Van Dyck's day were going out of fashion, hers is very picturesque. Her hair is curled and powdered after the manner of the day, and her large hat is ornamented with ostrich-plumes.

A story is told of some noble ladies who searched London in vain to find plumes as long as those worn by the Duchess. In despair, they appealed to an undertaker, and in pity for them he sold the feathers which had been upon his hearse.

Gainsborough was very fond of painting boys, and among his pictures are a "Pink Boy" and a "Blue Boy." The latter, Master Buttall, is a dark-haired youth of about fifteen. A harmonious blue coloring pervades the whole picture. It is in London, in possession of a member of the Grosvenor family —the present Duke of Westminster.

Sir Joshua Reynolds had a theory that blue and green should not be much used in a picture. Gainsborough was very fond of both colors, and perhaps he painted this charming boy to refute Sir Joshua's idea.

He was very fond of the drama; and it was a delight to him to receive Mrs. Siddons as a sitter the same year that she sat to Sir Joshua. The picture shows the marked contrast in the style of the two artists.

Sir Joshua represented her as "The Tragic Muse"; Gainsborough, as the lady paying a visit. One picture is superb and dramatic—the other graceful and harmonious.

Garrick, the famous actor, was constantly sitting for his pictures to the different artists of the day. Gainsborough was very fond of him, and he was greatly pleased when Mrs. Garrick told him that he had painted the very best likeness of her Davy. This was indeed a compliment, for Garrick's expression was most difficult to catch. He was such a mimic that even when sitting he was always changing his countenance, either squinting or laughing, or bloating or withering his features.

There were many other portrait-painters at this time—as Lawrence, Ramsay, Opie, Raeburn, Hoppner—and all stimulated the growth of English art.

Landscapes were not fashionable at this time. Gainsborough hung the hall leading to his studio with rows of landscape-pictures. But as his sitters passed by, they scarcely even glanced at them.

"People won't buy 'em, you know," he once said, "I'm a landscape-painter, and yet they come to me for portraits." But to-day Gainsborough is honored as the first real interpreter of English rural scenery and English genre.

He saw beauty in the simplest thing—a sunny nook, a winding lane, a hay-cart, or a thatched cottage. His charm of color was seen in a dewy morning or in a golden sunset; and his landscapes are enlivened with horses and cattle, rustic lads and lasses, and sometimes just a solitary laborer. He seemed to see nature as a whole rather than in detail; so perhaps to-day he would be called an Impressionist.

CONSTABLE

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

JOHN CONSTABLE was Gainsborough's successor as a landscape-painter; and as his birthplace is but fourteen miles distant, both looked out upon the same quiet, lovely scenery. Constable was but twelve years old when Gainsborough died. He was a miller's son, and for a time was "a handsome young miller" himself. His studio, too, was in the open air, and he drew his earliest inspiration from the beauties of the Stour River, upon which his father's mill was located. He loved as a child to loiter upon its banks. "These scenes made me a painter, and I am grateful," he said, and he showed his gratitude when later he became a painter; for he laid his finest scenes upon the banks of this river, and about the picturesque old mill which he always loved to recall.

He understood its construction so perfectly that his brother once said of him, "When I look at a mill painted by John, I know that it will *go round*." As a miller, he must have watched the clouds and the changes in the weather, always looking for the right wind to make the sail whiz.

In thus watching, he learned to paint the clouds; and often he made studies of these alone, dating each sketch, and noting upon it the time of day and the direction of the wind.

In his landscapes we may almost see their movement and the trees shaken by the breezes. An artist, in looking at some of his pictures representing showery weather, once said, "Constable makes me call for my greatcoat and umbrella."

Constable, like Gainsborough, enjoyed simple things—a cornfield, a village, a river, a dreary meadow, the hornless cattle of Suffolk, and like Wouverman, he often introduced a white horse. In those days, many invented stiff figures to put into their landscapes; but Constable often waited until some one passed by and so went naturally into the picture.

He did for the cultivated landscape of England what Gainsborough had done for the rural scenery. His detail is more perfect than that of Gainsborough; his trees are greener, his skies are bluer, and Nature, as he shows her, seems living. Because of this, he has ever since been called "The Father of English Landscape." If Gainsborough was an Impressionist, surely Constable was a Realist.

Constable was a great admirer of Claude, "The Prince and Poet of French Landscape," and the French greatly admired Constable and bought his pictures. It was not until after he had been presented with two medals in Paris that he was admitted in London to full membership in the Royal Academy. Indeed, he was never fully appreciated in his own country.

His house was filled with his pictures, and he gave free exhibitions of them, but he could not easily sell them. He was always so anxious about money matters that a friend once said to him, "Whatever you do, Constable, get rid of anxiety." He died in the year 1837, and fifty years later his pictures were bequeathed by his family to the English nation.

Landscape-painting has made great progress since the days of Gainsborough and Constable. How wonderfully the modern painter has interpreted the charms of nature all the world over! But the pictures of these old masters, though in comparison with modern works they seem stiff and faded and cracked, have had great influence on the later art.

The English must always gratefully recall that little corner of Suffolk, whose quiet charms inspired Gainsborough and Constable to make landscape-painting known in England.

"The poem hangs on the berry-bush
When comes the poet's eye;
The street begins to masquerade
When Shakespeare passes by."

—William C. Gannett.

TURNER

By IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

TURNING away from the fresh Suffolk meadows, our next point of interest is a narrow dingy house, in narrow dingy Maiden Lane, in London. Here the Turner family lived, and the front room on the ground floor was the barber-shop of the father, William Turner.

The family was small. It consisted of the cheery, loquacious little father, and his wife, a woman of most unreasonable temper—and Billy, their son, who was born in 1774. We have little to do with the mother, for very early in Billy's life she became insane and was sent away to an asylum.

William Turner, the father, had a good business, not only in shaving, but in dressing hair, and in making and curling and powdering the wigs of the gentry of his day.

Billy and his father were inseparable companions; and in this connection a pleasant story is told of the little fellow when he was but five or six years of age. One day he accompanied his father to the home of a rich silversmith. While the barber was powdering the wig of his grand patron, the boy, seated in a high chair, was absorbed in gazing at the figure of a rampant lion, mounted upon a silver salver. The child was silent on the way home; but when he appeared at the tea-table, he exhibited a large sheet of paper, on which he had drawn from memory a very fair copy of the lion.

Unlike other parents of whom we have read, William Turner was wild with delight, for he knew now that some time Billy would be a painter. And what a true prophet he proved! for Turner stands to-day as a great English landscape-painter.

As the years went on, Billy was allowed to associate with the sailors, wandering all day at his own sweet will along the banks of the Thames, and under London Bridge, and in and out among the shipping. Perhaps this was not a good life for

a little boy; but he loved the river, he studied all about the ships, and he sat and watched the play of light and shadow over the sails and over the water, on sunny and on misty days, always drawing the things he saw.

Presently in the barber-shop, among the wigs and frizzes, appeared little sketches with a small price marked on each one. When William was ten years old, his father sent him to a school at Brentford, and he boarded in the family of his uncle, who was a butcher. Here, in the country, he found great delight in wandering in the open fields, and sketching birds and trees and flowers upon the leaves of his books.

If one might put into a single gallery all the exercise-books defaced by various young artists of whom we have been reading, what a unique collection of specimens of youthful genius that gallery would contain! And Turner's pictures would surely be among the best; for two of his drawings were exhibited in the Royal Academy when he was but twelve years old.

After Brentford, he was sent to school at Margate, a beautiful village in the breezy county of Kent. Here, for the first time, he saw the sea. He found a keen fascination in watching and sketching sunshine and cliffs and water. He also struggled with Latin exercises, and learned some of the history and mythology which he afterward embodied in his pictures. Margate was a delight to the boy, and very often, in later years, he came back to pass a holiday here.

All this time, the brave, merry little barber up in London was earning money as fast as he could, to give William a fine education. "For William is to be a painter, you know," was always his reply to his patrons when they asked about his son's future.

On William's return from Margate, he tried to study perspective; but he was very dull at this—he never could understand about exact figures like circles and triangles. So his teacher suggested that his father should not waste any more money on art; but, instead, should try to make of William either a cobbler or a tailor. He next attempted to study architecture; but his teacher in this kindly advised his father

to place him in the school of the Royal Academy. This was where he really belonged, and after he entered it all went well.

Studying at the Royal Academy

And in the Royal Academy his art-life really commenced, for his masters at once recognized his genius. He later became a member, then an associate; and during his whole life he was devoted to the best interests of the Academy.

Tom Girtin, the artist, who was one of the originators of a fine school of water-color painting in England, was the friend of his youth. In the country they sketched together; and in the city they earned small sums of money by coloring pictures for fruit-sellers, and by putting skies and foreground into architectural pictures. Girtin died when he was but twenty-seven. Turner greatly mourned his loss; but recognizing his genius, he said, "Had Tom Girtin lived, I should have starved!"

Later in life, Turner had other close friends. Among them were Moore and Rogers, the poets, and Chantrey, the famous sculptor. At one time he had the good fortune to be a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and to copy portraits in his studio; but Sir Joshua died before the young artist could become much interested in his style.

Personal Appearance and Habits

When he was eighteen years old he began to make the pedestrian excursions which all his life he heartily enjoyed. He was a stout, clumsy little fellow, and he never cared how he looked. He wore an ill-fitting suit, and his luggage tied up in a handkerchief was slung over his shoulder on a cane. Sometimes he carried a small valise, and an old umbrella, the handle of which could be converted into a fishing-rod, for Turner dearly loved both hunting and fishing.

He usually walked from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, and on his tramps nothing escaped his attention. Whatever he specially liked, he sketched; and then, afterward, aided by his wonderful memory, he filled it in and a picture appeared.

His sketch-book was always a curiosity, for it contained such a variety of things. He even jotted down his expenses, and the local gossip which he heard.

He traveled first over England, and later over other countries, always looking for picturesque scenery. He preferred to travel alone, and because of this has been called "The Great Hermit of Nature."

It was on his return from one of these expeditions that he found that the girl to whom he was betrothed was engaged to another; and somehow the knowledge of this seemed to change his whole character from a happy hopefulness to a morose and miserly disposition. Indeed, from this time his two purposes seemed to be—to paint and to lay up money.

For some years Turner taught drawing. He had always excellent illustrations, but he was too impatient with stupid pupils, and too blunt and rude to suit fashionable ones.

Then, in 1808, he was made professor of perspective in the Royal Academy, and for thirty years he held the position. At first he delivered lectures on the subject, but they were not successful. His sentences were confused and tedious, and he spoke in a mumbling tone. Once he mounted the platform, and after fumbling in his pocket he exclaimed in consternation, "Gentlemen, I've been and left my lecture in the hackney-coach!"

Home-Life

After living in different places in London, the last forty years of Turner's life were spent in a cheerless house in Queen Anne Street. The roof leaked—the doors were shaky. Dust and cobwebs and dampness abounded, and tailless Manx cats roamed everywhere at will. But this house was full of sketches, proofs of engravings, and rare paintings.

The huge powdered wigs had now gone out of fashion, and the barber lived with his son. He took charge of the affairs of the frugal household, and he always prepared the canvases and later varnished them. "Father begins and finishes all my pictures," Turner said.

Turner had also for fifteen years a country home at

Twickenham. Here he lived a rural life. He had a boat and a gig and an old horse. He was devoted to birds, and the boys nicknamed him "Old Blackbirdy," because he protected their nests. He kept in the house models of full-rigged ships, and in his jungle of a garden he raised aquatic plants, to put into his pictures.

But he finally sold the place—perhaps because his friends had found him out, and he was too miserly to entertain very often; but the reason that he gave was, "Dad was always working in the garden and catching cold." The two were devoted to each other, and it goes without saying that the barber was truly proud of his painter son. Turner mourned very deeply when, in 1830, his father died.

Characteristics of His Works

Now let us see what kind of pictures this eccentric genius was painting that made him so famous. His earlier works were usually in water-colors and his later ones in oils. He worked very rapidly, and his touch was clear and firm. He never cared much for correct form, but for color—the glories of sea and sky, and brilliant atmospheric effects.

Sometimes he would use a sponge, with which he could quickly produce foam or an aërial effect. Sometimes with his thumb-nail he would tear up a sea! No one has ever painted like him, and no other landscape-painter has left such a variety of scenes.

Gainsborough and Constable made one little corner of Suffolk immortal; but to know Turner, we must travel over Europe; among the beauties of England, Scotland, and the Rhine, with their stately cathedrals and ruined castles; among the noble rivers of France; and over the Alps with their glaciers bathed in rosy light.

We must realize, too, the fallen grandeur of Greece and Rome, and of Venice and Carthage. We must admire and wonder at the majesty of the ocean and the splendor of the sky.

Turner never made an exact reproduction of a scene, but

he painted it in a poetic and visionary spirit. His pictures are difficult to understand; for it is not possible for others to look at them from his point of view, and no other painter has ever provoked such discussion as to his merits. Some call his works vague and meaningless—mere daubs and splashes of color; while others try hard to catch Turner's impression. "Nothing but daubs!" exclaimed a noble lord; but later, catching the true effect, he added, "Painting, so it is!"

A lady once said to him, "I find, Mr. Turner, that in copying one of your paintings, touches of red, blue, and yellow appear all through the work." To which Turner replied, "Well, don't you see that yourself in nature? Because, if you don't, Heaven help you!"

Once, after painting a summer evening, he thought that the picture needed a dark spot in front by way of contrast; so he cut out a dog from black paper and stuck it on. That paper dog still appears in the picture!

Another time he painted "A Snow-storm at Sea." Some critics called the picture "Soap-suds and Whitewash." Turner, who had been for hours lashed to the mast of a ship in order to catch the proper effect, was naturally much hurt by the criticism. "What would they have!" he exclaimed. "I wonder what they think a storm is like. I wish they'd been in it!"

Ruskin was a great admirer of Turner, and in his "Modern Painters" he has taught others to see his pictures aright. He feels that only the keenest light or a magnifying-glass can reveal all their excellences.

The picture upon which Ruskin would stake the painter's immortality is "The Slave Ship." This is now in Boston. It represents a ship laboring in a terrible storm at sea. The ocean is heaving in two ridges—the sunset splendor falls upon the trough between them. The slave-traders are throwing overboard the dead and dying slaves, and their manacles float upon the water. Cold, dark night is gathering.

Turner was very fond of his own pictures, and sometimes after selling one he would go about dejectedly saying, "I've lost one of my children." The one that he loved best of all

was "The Fighting Téméraire." This he would never sell, and at his death it was bequeathed to the nation.

"The Fighting Téméraire"

Many years before he painted it he had gone down to Portsmouth one day to see Nelson's fleet come in, after the glorious victory of Trafalgar. The "Téméraire" was pointed out to him—a battleship that had very proudly borne the English flag, for during the battle, it had run in between two French frigates and captured them both.

And then, between thirty and forty years later, he lingered one afternoon on the banks of the Thames. As he looked over the water, he saw the grand old hulk being towed down the river by a noisy little tug to be broken up at Deptford. "There's a fine subject!" he exclaimed as he looked at the heroic ship that had known many glorious years; and in his thought he compared it to "a battle-scarred warrior borne to the grave."

Then he painted the picture. The glow of the setting sun irradiates the scene and bids farewell to the old ship. Twilight is coming on, and the new moon has just risen in its pearly light. It is a pathetic picture—a magnificent bit of dramatic painting. It was in such pictures, rather than in words, that Turner was eloquent, and he has sometimes been named "The Master of Sunsets and Waves."

As he grew older his style became weaker and his touch more extravagant. His later pictures are greatly faded and cracked.

Apart from his paintings, Turner illustrated several books, and established a new school of English engraving. He also made a book of studies—"Liber Studiorum," it is called. This is a roll of engravings, representing scenes in various parts of the world. They illustrate the principles of composition as applied to landscape-painting, and they are of the utmost value to art-students.

Turner would have liked to become president of the Royal Academy, but he was not fitted for such a position. The

King did not care for him, and so he was never knighted. However, he grew very rich from the sale of his paintings and engravings. To-day his pictures sell for fabulous prices.

The Close of His Life

He worked faithfully for sixty years, exhibiting pictures at forty-five of the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy; but to that of the year 1851 no pictures were sent, and it was found that the artist had disappeared, leaving orders that no one was to be admitted to his house in Queen Anne Street.

Turner's health was failing, so his friends were naturally very anxious. After a time, his old housekeeper, by following a clue, traced him to a little cottage at Chelsea, by the Thames. Here, very ill, he was living under an assumed name. The faithful woman summoned his friends. They found that he was fast sinking, and he died here in a small room, overlooking the river that was his first love.

Many celebrated men attended his funeral, and at his own request he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, near Sir Joshua Reynolds.

How strangely his life contrasted with the splendor of his works! On opening his will, it was found that the money which he had so carefully hoarded was to be called "Turner's Fund," and used to assist poor artists in obtaining an education. So let us now, in justice, call Turner a generous rather than a miserly man!

But the will, like his conversation, was confused and uncertain, and it was disputed by his family. So a large part of the money that had been saved for charity was divided among relatives for whom the painter had never cared. His pictures, however, he left to the nation; and an annuity was retained by the Royal Academy to assist six poor artists.

To visit Turner's shrine, we must enter the National Gallery in London, and pause before the pictures which this "Prince and Poet of English Landscape Painting" has bequeathed to his country. It is the most valuable collection that England had ever received from one of her painters.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITES

By FORD MADOX HUEFFER

THE problem of the artist is indeed a bewildering one. For, on the one hand, skill in rendering is gained only by evolving rules for the manipulation of materials. But, as if to set this at once at naught, the only possibility of evolving a really vital art seems to lie in utterly ignoring those rules once they are evolved. It is as if one should with infinite care in the placing of each card build up a tall card-house, and then cry out that the only way to build a house of cards is to shake the table and begin in quite another way—because one is sick and tired of the house once it is built. That, no doubt, is the true statement of the problem.

The grand style painters really had evolved a method, mathematical and precise, of building up excellent pictures, so that anyone who had a certain minimum of manual skill and of docility might erect, as it were, a very creditable house of cards, surely, and with a nice confidence. And then—the world was tired of these houses. For it is certain that the world was tired of them, otherwise they would not have been so easily swept away by ten pictures and a few small statues.

They had—these masterpieces—a uniform and seductive quality of brownness: a rich hue: a "body," as it were. That gave charm, repose, and a sort of respectability. Someone discovered that you could attain to that brown coloration by painting upon a rich brown preparation; therefore, everyone painted upon such preparations. The great masters used in their pictures shadow and light in the proportion of four to one. Henceforth—and what could be more logical—every picture with any pretentions to being a masterpiece must be painted upon a brown ground, and must contain four parts of shadow to each one of light.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

LADY LILITH

From a Painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Then came in the Pre-Raphaelites. These young men—who later carried their disregard of the immortals of precedent to the extent of compiling for themselves a list of immortals commencing with Jesus Christ and ending with Alfred Tennyson—were born all within a year or so of each other in the twenties of the last century. The times, as I have said, were ripe for revolt, and, had the Pre-Raphaelites not come when they did, their places would almost inevitably have been supplied by other young men. As it was, we may say that Hunt was a revolutionist simply because he was temperamentally unable to paint in the older manner, and D. G. Rossetti because he was too lazy to learn it. Millais, upon the whole, may be said to have been never a Pre-Raphaelite in any very earnest spirit. Pre-Raphaelism was, in his brilliant and delightful career, a mere episode; it was as if he were, for a moment, a swallow flitting through a great hall, in and out and done with it. Before its inception he had already had a brilliant career; after its death he had another. Perhaps he gained something from its discipline; perhaps he did not; we cannot tell. Subsequently, at different periods, he expressed alternately regret for having had to do with the Brotherhood, or regret for having abandoned it.

But with Hunt, Pre-Raphaelitism was a matter of grim earnest; it was at once a faith and a means of justification. So it remains to him; he could never have painted otherwise than as the Brethren painted, he could never have conquered the world, had not, to its limited extent, the Brotherhood proved justified of its existence.

The Brotherhood

Seven men formed the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In the beginning they were united by the common bond of opposition to the then constituted authorities, and their one maxim was, "Death to Slosh." Slosh was the easy Academic handling of all the self-satisfied practitioners of the day.

For already they had pronounced the doctrine that a picture must enshrine some worthy idea. It was not sufficient

that it should be well painted. Thus quickly had they reverted to one at least of the doctrines of the grand style, and set themselves back, as it were, to the days before Gainsborough existed. They had, in fact, missed thus early the road along which modern art was traveling. It was, I think, Monet who said: "The principal person in a picture is the light"; the Pre-Raphaelites had by 1849 arrived at the conclusion that the principal person in a picture was the incident pointing a moral.

In painting upon wet white, Hunt and Millais were easily first, and Hunt claims that with that discovery they had surprised the secret of the early and great painters. Perhaps they had—but it is certain that with the aid of this discovery they contrived to turn out works of an astonishing brilliancy. I transcribe Hunt's account of his process, which is interesting for its own sake.

The Secret

"The process may be described thus: Select a prepared ground originally for its brightness, and renovate it, if necessary, with fresh white when first it comes into the studio, the white to be mixed with a very little amber or copal varnish. Let this last coat become of a stonelike hardness. Upon this surface complete with exactness the outline of the part in hand. On the morning of the painting, with fresh white (from which all superfluous oil has been extracted by means of absorbent paper and to which again a small drop of varnish has been added) spread a further coat very evenly with a palette knife over the part for the day's work, of such consistency that the drawing should show through. In some cases the thickened white may be applied to the forms needing brilliancy with a brush by the aid of rectified spirits. Over this wet ground the color (transparent and semi-transparent) should be laid with light sable brushes, and the touches must be made so tenderly that the ground below shall not be worked up, yet so far enticed to blend with the superimposed tints as to correct the qualities of trimness and staininess which, over a dry ground, transparent colors used would inevitably

WORSHIP OF MAGI.
By E. Burne-Jones.

exhibit. Painting of this kind cannot be retouched except with an entire loss of luminosity. Millais proposed that we should keep this as a precious secret to ourselves."

I do not know to what extent the paintings of the early masters were given their splendid life by an employment of a wet white ground—there is very little to convince one of the fact. But the unfinished paintings of Turner do give one some cause to believe that at times and in places he employed wet flake-white as a basis for his more brilliant passages. At any rate, here were the Pre-Raphaelites provided with a "secret"—a secret of the early masters. And, as is often enough the case when such a secret is proper to the individuality of an artist, this practice was very helpful to the Pre-Raphaelites. It did undoubtedly give to their works a brilliance that is perhaps the most valuable quality that they possess for us of to-day. Nowadays, indeed, we have swung the pendulum so far back—or so far in another direction—that accredited painters and critics approach the works of their favorite masters solely with the idea of discovering symphonic effects in black. So that no doubt when the ultimate annals of painting of the present day come to be written, we shall mourn that the two or three great artists of the early twentieth century "got their effects" by a liberal top-dressing of powdered charcoal—the thing most nearly opposite to a wet white ground.

The Doctrine

But the important point is that toward 1850-1851 the Pre-Raphaelites had already codified their doctrines and evolved secrets. In the one case we have the pronouncement that every picture must enshrine—the word is the exact word—a worthy idea; in the other, that all the passages of high lights must be painted on the wet white ground.

Pre-Raphaelitism was a return to Nature, in that it led the arts and followed the tide of humanity in England. And, in so far as it was possible as it were to nail nature down—to record her most permanent parts—these Pre-Raphaelites suc-

ceeded very miraculously in rendering a very charming, a very tranquil, and a very secure England.

They never convey to us, as do the Impressionists, or as did the earlier English landscape painters, the sense of fleeting light and shadow. Looking at Millais's nearly perfect "Blind Girl," or at Hunt's nearly perfect "Hireling Shepherd," one is impelled to think, "How lasting all this is!" One is, as it were, in the mood in which each minute seems an eternity. Nature is grasped and held with an iron hand. There is not in any of the landscapes that delicious and delicate sense of swift change, that poetry of varying moods, of varying lights, of varying shadows that gives to certain moods and certain aspects of the earth a rare and tender pathos.

FAVORITE AMERICANS

GEORGE INNESS*

By JOHN C. VAN DYKE

IN the early days of Inness there were no art instructors in this country, and he was virtually self-taught. He had some instruction in engraving, and a few lessons from Gignoux in New York, but they amounted to little. In 1851 he went to Italy and spent several years, and there he first saw real pictures. He improved greatly by foreign study; and later on, when he came to know the work of the Fontainebleau-Barbizon men, he found himself in complete sympathy with it. Rousseau improved his technique, and Corot taught him the law of sacrifice; but he never became what one might call a perfect technician. He was frequently a little lame in drawing, and his pictures were often perplexing in their planes and lights. Nor was he always satisfactory in his textures and surfaces. Color was undoubtedly his strongest feature. He saw his landscapes as related masses of color rather than in linear extensions; and as he received the impression so he tried to place it upon canvas, holding the color patches together with air and illuminating the whole mass by light and shadow.

It was with color, light, and air that Inness scored his greatest successes. Almost all of his pictures will be found to hinge upon these primary features. He was very fond of moisture-laden air, rain effects, clouds clearing after rain, rainbows, mists, vapors, fogs, smokes, hazes—all phases of the atmosphere. In the same way he fancied dawns, dusks, twilights, moonlights, sunbursts, flying shadows, clouded lights —all phases of illumination. And again he loved sunset colors, cloud colors, sky colors, autumn tints, winter blues, spring grays, summer greens—all phases of color. And these not

* Used by permission of *The Outlook*.

for themselves alone, but for the impression or effect that they produced. Did he paint a moonlight, it was with a great spread of silvery radiance, with a hushed effect, a still air, and the mystery of things half seen; did he paint an early spring morning, it was with vapor rising from the ground, dampness in the air, voyaging clouds, and a warming blue in the sky; was it an Indian summer afternoon, as in his "Autumn Oaks," there was a drowsy hum of Nature lost in dreamland, and with the ineffable regret of things passing away. His "Rainy Day, Montclair," has the bend and droop of foliage heavy with rain, the sense of saturation in earth and air, the suggestion of the very smell of rain; his "Delaware Water Gap" shows the drive of a storm down the valley, with the sweep of the wind left in the clouds, the trees, and the water; his "Niagara" is an impression of the clouds of mist and vapor boiling up from the great cauldron, and stuck into color-splendor by the sunlight.

Every feature of landscape had its peculiar sentiment for Inness. He said so often enough, and with no uncertain voice. Here is one of his utterances about it: "Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, the hillside, the sky, clouds—all things that we see—can convey that sentiment if we are in the love of God and the desire of truth. Some persons suppose that landscape has no power of conveying human sentiment. But this is a great mistake. The civilized landscape peculiarly can; and therefore I love it more and think it more worthy of reproduction than that which is savage and untamed. It is more significant."

That last passage about the "civilized landscape" is well worth noting, because this was exactly the landscape that Inness painted. His subjects are related to human life, and possibly our interest in his pictures is due to the fact that he shows thoughts, emotions, and sensations comprehensible of humanity. He tells things that everyone may have thought but no one before him so well expressed. In other words, he brings our own familiar landscape home to us with truth and beauty. This, it may be presumed, is the function of the poet and painter in any land.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

AUTUMN OAKS

From a painting by George Inness

When he was young there were traditions of the Hudson River School in the air. The "mappy" landscapes of Cole and F. E. Church, with their crude color and theatrical composition, held the place of honor. Inness may have been overawed by their size at first, but he soon discovered their emptiness. They had no basis in nature, they were not the landscapes we see and know. The "Heart of the Andes" and "The Course of Empire" were only the names for studio fabrications. The truly poetic landscape lay nearer home. Inness all his life painted it from his studio window or from his dooryard. This was what he called the "civilized landscape," the familiar landscape—the one we all see and know because it has always been before us. Perhaps its very nearness has blinded us to its beauty.

We are now, perhaps, in a position to answer that oft-asked question, "What does Inness stand for in American art?" The answers to it have been many and various. Some painters, perhaps, think him great because he composed or handled in a certain way, or used certain colors or canvases or brushes; others may think he holds high rank because they have heard him called "the master," and fancy he was an exceptionally fine technician; but possibly those who come hereafter may think of him as a leader, the one man who painted and established the *paysage intime,* the familiar landscape, here in America. This was the supreme service that Rousseau, Dupré, and Daubigny did for France and French landscape. And as they are ranked there as the discoverers of Fontainebleau and a new world in landscape, so Inness must be ranked here as the discoverer of the American meadow and woodland—a new realm of beauty.

JOHN W. ALEXANDER*

By EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD

IN John White Alexander a frail body lodged a tireless, eager spirit, tireless and unquenched by illness to the very end, eager, not only in search for beauty, but in service to his fellows. Among artists, some are recorders, some arrangers, some are creators, and some are dreamers of dreams.

Now and then comes a man who may belong to any one of these groups, but who adds to his artistic gift and his technical acquirement a capacity for communication of enthusiasm to others and an instinctive desire to stimulate, to push at the wheels wherever he sees that they turn slowly. Such a man soon becomes a leader.

Toward leadership John Alexander gravitated instinctively.

Alexander was not strong enough to withstand the demands of arduous effort, and he paid the physical penalty, but while his life lasted he never relaxed that effort, and he made it fruitful, feeding it always with persistent enthusiasm.

For an instance: In this effort he worked first as a member of the Metropolitan Art Museum's Board at increasing and safeguarding that museum's treasures; next as a member of the School Art League, he worked at the provision of intelligent appreciation of those treasures, appreciation planted in the minds of the children of the city to grow till it should reward the Museum's effort with understanding, adult and trained.

He talked to the children who flocked to see the painting and sculpture and the art objects of all kinds.

And when the children went away he followed them to their East Side clubs and schools and talked to them again, encouraging them to try experiments of their own in painting

*Used by permission of *The Art World*.

and modeling, and he stimulated them with prizes which he adjudged and sometimes instituted. He loved this work among the children and he told me with a twinkle, and more than once, how these very young people managed to fortify the doubtful experiment of a journey into art by the undoubted pleasure of at least beginning that journey on roller-skates. "Dozens of them," said he, "skate to their lecture." If he was busy with the children's welfare, the interests of his comrades of all ages busied him still more. He was a painter through and through; nevertheless, the sister arts of music and the drama claimed and obtained his time in one of his favorite fields of effort, the MacDowell Club.

To the plastic presentation of the drama, its costuming, lighting, and colors, he gave enthusiastic attention, aided, almost always, by Mrs. Alexander. It was an easy progression for him from his canvases to the moving pictures of a pageant or a play, and his swift inventiveness enabled him to get through a prodigious amount of work in a short time, in such productions, for instance, as Miss Maude Adams's "Jeanne d'Arc," at the Harvard Stadium, or in the many series of tableaux which he arranged for charity. "If you have a frame and some gauze," said he to me, "you have no idea how much you can do in a moment with a few colored rags." I had an idea, for I had seen him juggle with them and had admired the effects which he produced so easily, for he seemed to take pains easily and with a geniality which relieved his beneficiary from a sense of too great obligation. This graceful suavity was a potent factor in his helpfulness, but he was so smiling and kindly that I fear one did not always realize how much his ready service sometimes tired him.

During the last year of his life I saw him many times a week and we often came home together from the Academy council or from other committee meetings.

Although, as I have said, his spirit was not tired, his body was. Again and again he rose from a sick bed to preside upon a platform. His delicate features, which recalled some cavalier's portrait by Van Dyck, were at times during his last year almost transparent looking. And yet he was so resilient,

he so responded to the stimulus of work to do, he had recovered so many times from severe attacks, that his death, when it came, was not only a great shock, but was a surprise.

His Art

Critics, writers of books, will talk to us at length of his art; there is time to-day for only a briefest impression of it. One would say that a refinement, rising to distinction, was its most obvious quality. Pattern and lighting were what seemed to interest him most of all. Long, sweeping, curving lines he sought for or rather seemed to find without searching, and they gave a decorative character to all his portraits.

In his color, restraint was a notable quality, a notable preservative, a notable insurance against either crudity or lushness, against vulgarity of any kind. Now and again he composed large and elaborated groups—as in his panels for the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, which make up one of the most considerable extensive series of decorations ever painted. But he loved simplicity, and thought simply in his painting, and he seemed to like best and be happiest in his treatment of single figures. It was peculiarly in these that his sense of pattern and of line, of long sweeping curves, never failed him.

He was very personal in lighting, which was simple and large, yet at the same time was often extremely picturesque in its arrangement. Its effect was not a little enhanced by his predisposition toward masses of reflected light which he used with great skill.

Restraint reaching to sobriety marked most of his color. He liked to use a warm gray in wide planes and then to strike into it one or two prominent spots of rich or brilliant colors. Just before his death he built a very large studio in the Catskills, and I believe that the trees and hills of his beloved Onteora got into the color of his pictures and helped toward that predilection for a whole gamut of greens which you may easily note on the walls of his exhibitions—gray greens, blue greens, olive greens, yellow greens, greens of the color of

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A GIRL IN WHITE; ERNESTA

From a Painting by Cecilia Beaux.

thick glass. His pigment was brushed easily and flowingly. Sometimes he painted a whole portrait with what artists would call a "fat brush," but usually the color was thin with occasional loaded passages, the canvas being sometimes hardly more than stained.

The sureness of his recording was remarkable and its swiftness was phenomenal. This of course was an extraordinary insurance against any kind of heaviness in his color, since overpainting is one of the worst enemies to freshness of surface. His swiftness of recording must be emphasized again. I should hardly dare to say in how short a time he executed one or two portraits which hung upon the walls of his drawing-room, and which he called unfinished, though they were very satisfying, certainly to me.

Much as I should like to linger over his painting, I cannot keep away from the subject of his eagerness to help other artists to find a gallery adequate to the housing of their painting. The search for a home for the National Academy of Design was the central preoccupation of the last years of his life. It was interesting, indeed, when he spoke upon any platform and any subject, to see how many angles of approach he could find to that one subject which was nearest his heart, the new gallery, which should some day house a dozen different societies of artists.

I have said that some artists are recorders, some creators, and some are dreamers of dreams. Recorder and creator he certainly was. While he was still a child, he was for a while a little messenger-boy, and he never ceased to be a messenger, bringing stimulus of words and example, writing his name with Abou Ben Adhem as a lover of his fellows. And a dreamer he was of dreams; of a dream which we fully believe shall come true, when New York shall have a great gallery all its own and which we may link in our thought with the memory of that brilliant artist and devoted President of the Academy, John White Alexander.

little one spellbound with some fairy tale or childish incident as she fixes the sparkling eyes and radiant face on the canvas before her. Only an artist who was in perfect sympathy with the ambitions of girlhood could have painted "The Dancing Girls." These sisters, the daughters of Richard Watson Gilder, show the perfection of grace and naturalness.*

John S. Sargent

It could be said of John Singer Sargent, according to Whistler, that the place of his birth was an accident; he was born in 1856 in Florence, Italy, yet his nationality is fixed, for he is an American, the son of a retired physician from Philadelphia. Sargent spent his boyhood and youth in that land of natural beauty and rare art treasures, and there his own artistic nature expanded. We can see the boy, John Sargent, wandering along the streets of sunny Florence, drinking in the beauty of cathedral and bell-tower—the "Lily of Florence"; he stops to admire the delicate iron ornaments on the palaces and the exquisite Della Robbia pictures in majolica ware that are over some doorway or fill an obscure nook. Now we watch him enter the dim lighted churches where famous old paintings hide in the chapels and dark corners. What a training that was for a boy whose nature was sensitive to all that was beautiful in nature and art.

We do not wonder that it is said of Sargent that everything he does "lives and breathes and moves and quivers," when we look at his portraits of men and women—they are like living human beings. They seem to look us in the eye for a moment and even to grasp our hands, the warmth of closeness is so real; then they pass on. †

* Our illustration, "A Girl in White: Ernesta," is a splendid example of alert, competent American girlhood. It also illustrates the brightness of her touch. The white dress, the white sofa, and the Chinese white porcelain jar stand out against their background with perfect sheen and clearness.

† It must be a brave man who dares stand before Mr. Sargent's piercing eyes. The portrait of his friend and fellow artist, William M. Chase, shows all the poise and vigor, with a bit of swagger, of the conscious master.

George De Forest Brush

There is something about George De Forest Brush's pictures that makes us think of home. We can hardly wonder at this, for he painted a large number of these homey pictures, and usually with Mrs. Brush and his own children as his subjects. And somehow, as we look at these pictures, Mrs. Brush becomes the holy mother, and little St. John is the child by her side. We need only add the halos and the cross to place them with the madonnas and Christ Child pictures of Italy.

Mr. Brush has the true spirit of religious pictures, yet his children are joyous, and happy, and healthful. The quiet content of the little group stamps a never-to-be-forgotten picture on our minds. We believe that that mother often sits under the shade of some tree or in a quiet nook telling Bible stories, fairy tales, or quaint legends to the delight of her children.

George De Forest Brush was born in Shelbyville, Tenn., in 1855. When he began his artist career, he painted many pictures of the American Indian—pictures that suggest curious tales without spoiling their artistic value. In painting a picture Mr. Brush keeps in mind the people around him, for, like Michael Angelo, he believes that it is the general public that settles the real worth of a work of art. You may remember that one time, in answer to the question from a young sculptor of where to place his finished statue, Michael Angelo replied: "Put it in the public square; the people will soon tell you if it is worth anything." Mr. Brush once remarked to a friend, "I shall never be satisfied until I am admired by the people of Cherry Hill," meaning his neighbors. He did not mean that he would lower his standard, oh no! but that he would simplify his work until all could understand. Remember that truth and simplicity are necessary to true greatness.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

IN THE GARDEN

From a painting by George DeForest Brush

THE MEANING OF PICTURES

WHAT WE CAN LEARN TO SEE IN PICTURES *

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN

I WONDER if you have read the life of Robert Louis Stevenson?

He had only such education as many other boys of his time had, little or no money, and very poor health. But what a deal he made of his own life and how he helped the lives of others! What a fellow he was for fun, and how he loved wisdom; a great worker and a greatly conscientious one, not satisfied unless his work was the very best that he could make it. And the reason was that he loved beauty as well as wisdom; and in his life and writings, because in his own inward thoughts, wisdom and beauty went hand in hand. I know of no better example of the full life; of the life made the most of, in the best and truest sense, with gladness and strength for itself and for the lives of others. While his body sleeps on an island mountain, overlooking the vast beauty of sky and ocean, his spirit stays with us.

The secret of the fullness of Stevenson's life was that, so far as in him lay, he left no portion of the garden of his life uncultivated. There were no waste places, every part was fruitful. He did the best he could for his poor, weak body; kept his intellect bright with learning, his fun alert with hope, his friendships warm with sympathy; and kept his life and work sweetened and purified and strengthened by the love of beauty. He was in a high sense in love with life—his own life, the lives of others, and life in art and nature, and the abundant harvest of his garden is the love that countless men and women and children bore him, and still maintain.

* From "Guide to Pictures," by Charles H. Caffin; published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. Used by permission of the publishers.

Such fullness of life is rare. Boys and girls, and for that matter men and women, cultivate some part of themselves, and let the rest go to waste. And the part which is most apt to be overlooked is the sense of beauty. We train our bodies and our minds, but neglect those five senses, which are just as much a part of us.

Let me illustrate in a simple way how one child will gain pleasure from her senses while another doesn't. Both have their five senses in working order—smell, taste, touch, sight, and sound—and have been in the woods gathering flowers. They reach home. One throws her handful down on the sofa, table, or chair, or the nearest bit of furniture, and goes off to do something, or it may be nothing, leaving the flowers to wither and become an untidiness. What made her gather them? Perhaps because she is full of health and had to run about and do something; perhaps because she has not quite gotten over the fondness that most of us had, as babies, for breaking and tearing things. It amused her to break the big stems and tear off the vines or pull up the little plants. Or possibly she was really attracted by the beauty of the flowers, but soon tired of them, and went off to other things.

Not so, however, with her companion. She spreads a paper on the table, lays out her flowers, brings one or two vases, and settles down to the pleasure of arranging them. She picks up a flower, and while she waits to decide in which vase it shall be put, see how delicately she handles it! You can tell in a moment she has a feeling of love and tenderness toward the flower. She puts it in a vase, and then her eye travels over the other flowers to decide which shall bear it company. What color, what form of flower will match best the first one? And while she is making the choice, almost unconsciously she sniffs the fragrance of that spray of honeysuckle. Well, she lingers so long over the pleasure of arranging her flowers that we have no time to stay and watch the proceeding; but presently, when we come back, we find the vases filled and set about the room where they will look their best; this one in the dark corner with the wall behind it; another on the window-sill, so that the light may shine

through the petals of the flowers. And we think to ourselves, what taste the girl has! For (have you ever thought of it?) we use the word taste, which originally described only the sense of tasting things with the tongue, in order to sum up a finer use of the senses of sight and sound.

And this finer use of the senses, such as Stevenson cultivated, so that his life and works are beautiful as well as wise and good, we, too, may cultivate.

Watching an Artist

Suppose we make believe that we are watching an artist as he begins his work of selection. The one over there, sitting under a big, white umbrella, with his easel in front of him, will serve our turn. If he will let us look over his shoulder, we shall see that with a few strokes of charcoal upon his canvas he has already selected how much of the wide view in front of him he will include in his picture. It finishes, you see, on the right with a bit of that row of trees that stand out against the sky, and on the left with that small bush, so that in between is a little bit of the winding road, with a meadow beyond dotted with cows. He has squeezed some of the paint from the tubes onto his palette, and takes up his brushes. Now watch him "lay in," as he would say, "the local colors"; that is to say, the general color of each locality or part of the scene.

The general color of the sky is a faint blue; of the trees on the right, a grayish green; on the bush on the left, a deeper green; of the meadow, a yellowish green; while that of the road is a pinkish brown, for the soil of this part of the country, we will suppose, is red clay. All these local colors he lays in, covering each part with a flat layer of paint, so that his canvas now presents a pattern of colored spaces. Yet already it begins to "look like something." We can see, as it were, the ground plan, on which the artist is going to build up his picture. But now he must stop, for his paints are mixed with oils and take some time to dry, and he cannot work over the paint while it is sticky.

A few days later we pay him another visit. He has been busy in our absence; the picture looks to us to be finished, and we begin to compare it with the natural scene before us. In nature those trees on the right stand so sharply against the sky that we can count their branches. Evidently the artist hasn't, for in his picture he has left out a great many of them; indeed, he has put in only a few of the more prominent ones. See, too, how he has painted the trees; he hasn't put in a single leaf. Instead, he has represented the foliage in masses, lighter in some parts where the sun strikes, darker in the shadows. When we compare his trees with the real ones, they are not a bit the same, and yet the painted ones look all right; we can see at once that they are maples and in a general way very like the real ones.

The artist hears us talking, and he says: "My business, you see, is not to make real trees; that's nature's business; I'm a maker of pictures, and in them I only suggest that the trees are real. I try to make you feel that these are maple trees"—and he points to that part of his picture with his brush—"and I hope also to make you feel their beauty. I don't give you an imitation of nature, but a suggestion of nature's truth.

"Now see," he says, "how I have painted those cows; just a few dabs of brownish red and black and white, showing against the green of the grass. Do they suggest cows to you?"

"Yes," we say in chorus.

"Well, I hope they do," he replies, "and that you don't say 'yes' merely to please me. But if you had never seen a cow, would you know from these dabs what a cow is really like?"

"I am sure you wouldn't," he goes on, without waiting for an answer; "and if the farmer gave me a commission to paint his favorite prize cow, I am sure he wouldn't be satisfied with these dabs. And I should not blame him. No, in that case I should place the cow where I could study it closely. The long, straight line of the back, the big angle of the hips, the strong-ribbed carcass, and its covering of glossy hair, the mild liquid eyes, and damp nose. These and a great deal more I should paint, if I were near the cow. But look at those

cows over yonder. They are a long way off, and consequently look very small. I can't see in them the different points that I know a cow has; to my eyes, from where I sit, they look as I have painted them. For an artist does not paint what he knows to be there, but what he can see from here.

"Look," he continues, picking up a tiny pointed brush. "See what happens, when I paint what I know is there!" And with quick, deft strokes he proceeds to sharpen the lines of the back of one of his cows in the picture, and give her four very decided legs; to hang a tail; and give her horns; and titivate the head, put in an eye, and make the tongue curl round the muzzle.

"Why, it looks like a toy cow!" we exclaim. And so it does.

And now, instead of intruding any longer on our artist friend's time, let us see where our visit to him has brought us.

Nature and Art

We have noted that one difference between nature and art is, that nature is inexhaustible in her effects, and that an artist selects from her only some little part to make his work of art. Secondly, that he does not paint the whole of what he has selected, but out of it again selects certain parts; sufficient not to imitate the original, but to suggest its appearance. Thirdly, that natural truth is not the same as artistic truth; that while the scientific man studies one thing at a time so that he may know what is there, the artist tries to obtain an impression of the whole scene, and paints each part of it, not as he knows it to be, but as he can see it from his fixed position.

By this time you can better understand that to say of nature, "it is as beautiful as a picture," is a loose way of talking. Nature is beautiful in the endless variety of its effects; a picture, for the one or two effects, choicely selected by the artist. And to say of a picture that it looks like nature is equally inaccurate, for the artist does not imitate nature, but suggests it, which, as we have seen, is a very different thing.

WHY A PAINTING IS MORE THAN A PHOTOGRAPH *

By HENRY E. JACKSON

IT is of first importance to keep in mind the distinction, made by Henry Turner Bailey, between a view and a picture. That distinction, in brief, is that a view is taken directly from nature, while a picture is composed to embody an idea.

Views are valuable aids in creating mental images of places outside of one's experience. Views may serve as a background of actual occurrences. The view of a city "so compacted together" that a woman on her own housetop could drop a stone upon the head of a king passing in the middle of the street below; a bed of such proportions that a man could pick it up and carry it through a crowd to his own house; a roof that could be opened by four men without creating a panic in the packed congregation below; photographic views of such elements as these in Biblical scenes, serve to give one vivid images. It ought to be remembered, however, that such photographs give one only the mere externals. A view of Jacob's Well, for example, as it is to-day, has value only as indicating the fact that the Well still exists. It has no value in teaching any truth about the water of life. The truth that Jesus presented to the woman of Samaria is vastly more important than any fact about the Well. Truth is always more important than facts.

The Difference

The difference between a view and a picture is like this: If the brain cap of a man could be removed and a photograph

* From "Great Pictures as Moral Teachers," by Henry E. Jackson, published by John C. Winston and Co., Philadelphia. Used by permission of the publishers.

of the brain, in active work, could be taken, what would it reveal? It would reveal only molecular agitations and vibrations. These are physical phenomena. There is absolutely nothing else which the eye can see. But the man on whom the operation is performed, what does he see? He is conscious of thought, emotion, will, hopes, aspirations, and ideals. The photograph gives one the external physical facts. The artist's picture gives one the true inwardness of the same facts. Art does not deal with things as they are in themselves. Science does that. But art deals exclusively with things as they affect the human soul.

The difference between a view and a picture is well illustrated in human portraits, which Carlyle thought were, of all portraits, the most welcome on human walls. Tennyson once asked Watts his notion of what a true portraitist should be. Watts's reply so impressed the poet that he wrote it out in the beautiful lines, which afterward appeared in the poem of Elaine in "The Idylls of the King":

> "As when a painter, gazing on a face
> Divinely thro' all hindrance, finds the man
> Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
> The shape and color of a mind and life,
> Lives for his children ever at its best."

The camera gives one the physical features of the face, but the artist finds the man behind them and preserves the man's true spirit ever at its best. It is the artist's function to portray what the camera cannot give and what the eyes of other men often do not see. A woman, looking once with the English artist Turner at one of his marvelous delineations of nature, said to him, "Mr. Turner, I cannot see in nature what you put into your pictures." The artist's quiet answer was, "Don't you wish you could, Madam?" Precisely this is the artist's mission, to help us see, in nature and in human life, what the physical eye, unaided, could never discern.

He is not an artist who merely puts on canvas that which any man can see with his own eyes. The artist's function is to show us something we have not seen, or have only imperfectly realized. Thus he becomes an interpreter and a teacher.

Another great service which classical pictures render is to call our attention to a side of some truth which we have never before noticed. Browning says this is one of art's great functions.

> "For don't you mark? We're made so that we love,
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see.
> And so they are better painted, better for us,
> Which is the same thing. Art was given for that.
> God uses us to help each other so,
> Lending our minds out."

Pictures may tell us what we have often seen with the eye, but never grasped. How true this is can be seen by the simplest test. Ask almost any man who has been raised in the country and has seen apple trees a hundred times, to tell you the color of apple blossoms. In all probability he does not know, though he thinks he does. If you tell him that Dante says, "apple blossoms are a little less than rose and more than violet," he will have to confess that he never noticed the violet color in them, but there it is, as distinct as the blossom itself. An artist's picture would have given him that fact. In like manner Holman Hunt's picture, "Finding Christ in the Temple," does a similar service. It embodies a dozen passages of Scripture from Deuteronomy to John, and sums up, in small compass, all the facts of the subject, many of which we may never have noticed. More important still, a picture often opens up a side of some great spiritual truth which we may never have known. Watts's picture, "Hope," embodies a trait of the grace of hope which is not infrequently passed over.

Art for Art's Sake

There are those who believe that it is not a legitimate function of art to teach religious ideas. Curiously enough, the people who thus believe, belong to two classes very widely separated in other respects. One class is that of the mere technical artist, the other is that of the Puritanic type of the religious man. Extremes meet sometimes, when they are

extreme enough. Both classes believe in "Art for Art's Sake."

"Art for Art's Sake" and "Art for Truth's Sake" have been in conflict for many centuries, and the conflict represents a side of one of the oldest problems of human history. I believe there is a reconciling principle between the two. It is only because of the common human defect, which prevents us from seeing more than one side of a truth at the same time, that we imagine there is any antagonism between these two ideals.

If by "Art for Art's Sake" is meant that beauty is an end in itself, and one of the functions of art is to give pleasure through beauty, there is nothing in this statement to which the religious man ought to object, for there is such a thing as the holiness of beauty as well as the beauty of holiness. We are so accustomed to look at beauty as merely decorative and ornamental that we forget that beauty is a moral necessity. God wrought beauty into the structure of the world. Beauty is the highest form of righteousness. Beauty and truth are not separated in God's world, and ought not to be in our thought. It is only because we are accustomed to righteousness in its lower and cruder forms, that we have made the separation. God, who gave as much care to painting a lily as to forming the eternal hills, joined truth and beauty in holy union, and what God has joined together, man ought not to put asunder. Beauty has a moral value for truth. To assert that beauty has a moral value does not mean that beauty has any power to create the moral or spiritual life, but the spiritual life, having been already started, beauty is of great service in its development. Art cannot regenerate religion, but religion can regenerate art, and ought to do so, and thus utilize the help that art can give. "The Kingdom of God," says Martineau in his "Hours of Thought," "is not a business set up in rivalry with worldly business, but a divine law regulating and a divine temper pervading the pursuits of worldly business. It does not change the materials, but the form and spirit of our lives."

The universality of the love of beauty, and what it does

for men, is well stated by Mark Rutherford in his "Deliverance." "The desire," he says, "to decorate existence in some way or other with more or less care is nearly universal. I have known selfish, gluttonous, drunken men spend their leisure moments in trimming a bed of scarlet geraniums, and the vulgarest and most commonplace of mortals considers it a necessity to put a picture in the room or an ornament on the mantelpiece. The instinct, even in its lowest forms, is divine. It is the commentary on the text that man shall not live by bread alone. It is evidence of an acknowledged compulsion, of which art is the highest manifestation, to escape."

If by "Art for Art's Sake" is meant that it is not the business of art to preach or moralize, there is nothing in this statement to which the religious man ought to object, even though he be a preacher. For the preacher knows perfectly well, that if one paints a picture of a horse, and then has to write under it, "this is a horse," it is evident that the picture has been poorly painted, and has missed its aim. If, at the close of a story, one must add the statement, "This is what I meant to teach," it shows that the story has been lamely told.

THE QUALITIES OF A GOOD PICTURE *

By GERTRUDE RICHARDSON BRIGHAM

MOVEMENT, rhythm, is possibly the first element of composition. It is the quality which gives life to painting. Everything else depends upon that. Art is not imitation of nature, even though painting must be expressed in an ordered arrangement of light and shade, of color and line. It is the rhythm of a picture which gives it unity; every object becomes a harmonious part of the whole. As Millet said, "A work should be all of a piece, and people and things should be there for an end."

Some objects, of course, must be subordinated, while others are treated in a way to give them special interest. It may even happen that subjects of little importance or beauty in themselves, such as an ugly old woman, when seen through the loving eyes of the artist and painted with deft strokes of his magic brush, will acquire a new and wondrous value, so that one would fain sit all day and look at such pictures. This is true of the Frans Hals portraits, to which the painter gave marvelous life and character.

Composition depends, in the main, upon two things: the subject treated and the artist's individuality; and further, the second is of much greater importance to the success of the picture than the first. The foundation of art, Ruskin maintains, is "moral character. Of course art-gift and amiability of disposition are two different things; for a good man is not necessarily a painter, nor does an eye for color necessarily imply an honest mind. But great art implies the union of both powers; it is the expression, by an art-gift, of a pure soul. If the gift is not there, we can have no art at all; and

* From "The Study and Enjoyment of Pictures," by Gertrude Richardson Brigham, published by George Sully and Co., New York. Used by permission of author and publisher.

if the soul—and a right soul, too—is not there, the art is bad, however dexterous."

Here Ruskin is again helpful: "A great Idealist never can be egotistic. The whole of his power depends upon his loving sight and feeling, and becoming a mere witness and mirror of truth, and a scribe of visions—always passive in sight, passive in utterance, lamenting continually that he cannot completely reflect nor clearly utter all he has seen—not by any means a proud state for a man to be in." And furthermore: "No vain or selfish person can possibly paint, in the noble sense of the word. Vanity and selfishness are troublous, eager, anxious, petulant—painting can only be done in calm of mind. . . . And lastly, no false person can paint. A person false at heart may, when it suits his purposes, seize a stray truth here or there; but the relations of truth—its perfectness—that which makes it wholesome truth, he can never perceive. . . . You cannot find a lie; you must make it for yourself. False things may be imagined, and false things composed; but only truth can be invented."

Dependent, therefore, though the picture is, upon light, shade, and atmosphere, it must have a yet deeper quality of the love of truth in the artist's character. "He who loves not God, nor his brother," says Ruskin, once more, "cannot love the grass beneath his feet, nor the creatures which live not for his uses, filling those spaces in the universe which he needs not."

This principle of art was clearly felt by Inness, who wrote, "Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, hillsides, sky, and cloud —all things that we see will convey the sentiment of the highest art if we are in the love of God and the desire of truth."

The Seeing Eye

The need for the seeing eye in composition, and in the appreciation of pictures, as well, made a deep impression upon Whistler, differently as he and Ruskin viewed art. In the "Ten o'Clock" he pictures the holiday crowd going forth in the glaring light of a glorious London day, "while the painter

turns aside to shut his eyes. . . . And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairy-land is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the workingman and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature, who, for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her." And we all remember that it was this mystic twilight charm that Whistler loved to paint.

In studying the composition of a picture, then, one must be in a sympathetic attitude, accepting so far as possible the painter's viewpoint and his feeling in making the study. Intelligent appreciation is much better than carping criticism, especially if one be a beginner in art-criticism. As Maeterlinck advises, "Admiration, of all things in the world, is the most helpful to us."

One must, however, carefully cultivate the taste by study, and by looking at the best pictures, and guard against accepting in art, as in life, the cheap, the popular, and the tawdry. It might be a good test to ask one's self what three great pictures one has seen. To a Romantic critic, the choice might be Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," in Florence; the so-called "Night Watch" of Rembrandt in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam, and, in the British National Gallery, Whistler's "Old Battersea Bridge," with its London fog and mist and evening shadows.

Principles of Drawing

In the lines of drawing certain principles are expressed. First is the perpendicular, a line of dignity and severity, which characterizes the early Italian portraits. This is observable in those stiff primitive Madonnas ascribed to Cimabue, and in the later ones of his pupil Giotto—painted, nevertheless, with all the adoration of the devotee.

The horizontal is the line of landscape; it suggests repose, solemnity.

Third and last, mark the flowing or waving line used in the expression of beauty and grace. This is especially appropriate for the human figure, and a better example could scarcely be found than Botticelli's "The Three Graces"—graceful, indeed, with the clinging, yet flowing drapery, white arms arched upward, mobile limbs, and eloquent faces—movement, grace, and beauty all combined.

In Italian works, especially the Madonna groups, we find the pyramidal composition, the Madonna at the apex, thus focusing attention. Another favorite form is the oval composition, or the circle, as in Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," or Botticelli's "Coronation of the Virgin," called also "The Madonna of the Magnificat." The latter is also known as the "Rose," because its composition suggests the opening petals of a rose. Again, we observe the arch, as in Correggio's well-known "Coronation of the Virgin." And finally, the diamond shape, in which figure the picture of the Sistine Madonna is composed. This Raphael has been called, rather unanimously, the most beautiful picture in the world.

To know what is bad in painting is not difficult. Such pictures, like the architecture called "Victorian," show only too plainly the effects of poor composition, lack of unity, weak drawing or over-drawing, exaggerated coloring, and they are sure to want that feeling or sympathy which always marks the work of the true artist. Only glance at such poor models, however; do not let them destroy your perception of what is good.

In every town or city—and how much more so in the country—one may find always a truly beautiful scene—landscape, building, or picture. Study this well, and learn its elements of repose and strength, and you will be the better prepared to eliminate the weak and inferior, the badly drawn, the falsely colored, and the superficial.

But do not hasten to condemn because of differences of opinion. Even the judges are often nonplused in selecting the proper pictures for an exhibition. To a student asking his

advice whether to submit his picture to the Academy, the English painter Millais replied, "Certainly! by all means send it." What was the young artist's chagrin when it was rejected. He came again to Millais and asked, "Why do you think they did not hang my picture? There are so many worse on the walls." "How can I tell?" replied the master, almost fiercely. "They wouldn't hang mine if I wasn't a member."

Sentiment and Sentimentalism

To guard against the sentimental in art, as in life, is another warning, for both critic and painter. Sentiment has been called the life and soul of fine art, but sentimentalism is quite a different thing, and always to be avoided. The sentimental represents, perhaps, the weakness of personality. Individuality is a strong quality and gives character to painting, but personality is essentially sentimentalism. One form of the sentimental is attempting the impossible. Can art express man's ideal of God the Father? The Infinite cannot be limited to finite form. On the other hand, what good object can be attained by picturing the gross, the vulgar, the animal, the sensational?

Art can be true only as it suggests the spiritual, the Infinite. As a well-known American woman painter says, in art "the power of the senses is raised to the power of spirit." If the spiritual vision be sufficiently great, the artist's fingers must draw aright in picturing it, even as Fra Angelico painted his lovely Madonnas, in the old monastery of San Marco, in Florence, often on his knees. "Science is to know, and art to do."

ARTISTS' TERMS *

By FRANKLIN B. SAWVEL

IT will aid the reader to define the more common terms used in the description of pictures. These terms are really the names of the chief qualities or laws that enter into the make-up of a good picture.

Simple, clear statement of these qualities is preferred to any attempt at technical accuracy or completeness in definition. They are ten in number and are given in the order in which the qualities themselves are most likely to catch the eye or impress the mind when we look at a good reproduction of a painting.

PRINCIPALITY requires that the picture have a principal object. It usually rises at or near the center of the picture, as the Virgin and Child in the Sistine Madonna by Raphael.

If two lines be drawn from the summit of the central object, one to the left end and one to the right end of the base line of a picture, the three will form a triangle around which and occasionally within which the accessory objects are usually grouped.

BALANCE in a picture is the arrangement of the accessory objects or whatever the setting may be, so that half, as nearly as possible, will belong to one side of the picture space and half to the other. A familiar example is "The Last Supper," by Da Vinci, in which the figure of Christ in the center is principal. On each side are two groups of three disciples each, thus producing the feeling of perfect balance and restful stability.

UNITY is the arrangement of the parts and elements about

* From "How to Enjoy Pictures," by Franklin B. Sawvel, published by The Round Table Press, Greenville, Pa. Used by permission of the publishers.

and in relation to the principal object, so as to show the necessary connection of all parts to the whole. It is such a continuity of relationship as will bind all the varied parts together by a common arrangement, interest, purpose, effect, or idea. Variety and contrast are introduced to articulate a picture as they are to strengthen a plot in a story.

In the matchless composition referred to above, the groups of disciples are so massed and linked together that they appear as a single group and not five. Beginning with the left group, St. James the Less joins Bartholomew and Andrew to the next group by placing his left hand on the right arm of Peter, who repeats the bond by placing his left with anxious inquiry on the shoulder of St. John, leaving Judas, partly separated by contrast, clutching the money bag. On the right side, Jude, with his right arm outstretched, ties Simon and Matthew to the next group of Philip, James the Greater, and Thomas. The entire action and agitation of the picture are directed toward the central figure whose extended arms bind the two halves into an inseparable whole.

These three qualities are often described under the general term "Composition," a term somewhat vague in meaning and indefinite in scope.

Perspective is the distance quality of a picture, and is of two kinds. Distance delineated by lines is called linear perspective. The proper diminution in the strength of light, shade and color of objects at different distances from the eye, as seen through a medium as the atmosphere or water, is called aërial perspective.

Tone. By tone is meant that quantity of any color, as brown, gray, etc., in relation to other colors. It has reference to different shades or degrees of the same color. Gray varies in tone from the most delicate tint to dark or almost black; from the dreamy Indian summer haze to the dark, rolling storm-cloud.

Texture. Texture is the representation of the physical qualities of objects. Marble must look like marble as in Alma-Tadema's exquisite representations. The soft delicate skin of the child must be distinguishable from the brawny hand of

Millet's toilers, sheep's wool from lamb's wool, oak from ash, and one kind of silk from another kind or grade of silk.

Values. Value in a picture is usually defined as the quantity of light or dark in a color or tone. It is the difference of pitch between one color or tone and other color or tone, whether the colors are different, as orange and yellow, or the same, as green and green. White light is the standard of values, and all colors increase in value as they approach this standard. Two objects of the same color, as rocks covered with snow, one three feet from the eye and the other thirty, will differ in degree or intensity of whiteness. The intervening atmosphere is the cause, but the difference is called difference in values.

Light and Shadow. The law of light and shade requires that whatever the degree or intensity of light or shadow, each must be in due proportion and harmony with the other.

Van Dyke gives three rules for light and shade in a picture. First, "everything, no matter how small it may be, has its due proportion of light and shade," as in Corot's landscapes. Second, "that there be one point of the compass from which the light comes," as in Rembrandt's portraits; and third, "that there be a center of light in the picture itself from which the other lights radiate and decrease until they are lost in color or shadow," so beautifully illustrated by the child's face in Correggio's "Holy Night."

Drawing. Drawing is the sketching by lines and shading of the exact form of an object. It is such a representation of an object or objects upon a surface as will present to the eye the same appearance as that presented by the object itself.

Color. I have reserved the color quality till the last, because it cannot be satisfactorily studied from photographic reproductions. In a picture it means the kind or quality of color used, as red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet. It has to do with the harmonious blending of such colors as are consonant to each other and such combinations only as are agreeable to the eye.

WHAT PICTURES CAN MEAN TO ALL THE PEOPLE

By WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

"IF you had all the time you want and all the money you need—" I seemed to hear the great audience smack its lips—"how would you spend your time?" The audience slumped in its chairs. It was the same response that I heard at another time to the similar question: "After you have been in heaven a hundred years, what are you going to do next?"

Have you any suitable answer?

After you have rested until you are tired, after you have played until there are no more new games, after you have spent until there is nothing more to spend—what next?

When we have hurried a lifetime in order to get, what to do with what we have got?

Art is More Than "Fancy Work"

Ross Crane asked the question. He asked it of a lot of people crowded into an Indiana "Academy of Music." His own answer was "Art." Crane is extension director of the Art Institute of Chicago.

"Most of you think art is 'fancy work.' You think it is the fad of feeble people who are unable to 'get ahead.' Or you think it is an indulgence that belongs to the wealthy. But art is life."

Then Crane turned to the easel behind him and drew a picture. He daubed in a gray-green background. He scrawled some black lines across it. He talked as he did so. He told about taking a winter ride through North Dakota, where he had once frozen his feet. The audience smiled when he said, "he didn't like North Dakota." This time he was on a train with a lot of immigrants.

A Lesson from a Winter Sunset

He didn't like the immigrants. He did not like their guttural voices. He disliked their numerous children. He did not like what they ate, or the way it smelled.

As the day ended the clouds grew thin. And Crane began to dash in some scarlet and pink into the sky until black farm buildings stood out in silhouetted gracefulness against a heavenly sky. He told how all the immigrants crowded over to the west side of the car, and how a grimy little girl crept up into the seat beside him and asked him: "Is it not beau-u-tiful, Mister?"

This sunset was not "fancy work." It spoke to the soul of men. It found them and helped them to self-expression. Crane said that wherever men express themselves they are artists. He knew of a miller who had a poem to show him, and when he went to hear it read, he found it was not in a book—it was just his mill.

Introducing Indiana to Pictures

The next day Crane led a great procession of these folks past a line of paintings from the Art Institute. "Fifty thousand dollars' worth of them," the advance agent had said. But Crane was not there to name their prices, but to show their value. Would you believe that the third day people had to be turned away? Did you suppose that—even in Indiana—folks would care for pictures—like that?

Crane had to be plain with them. The fourth day he pulled out "Pharaoh's Horses" and the Bouguereau Madonna and other popular home "decorations," and then pointed to a charming statuette by a young Chicago student. "That," he cried, "is the stuff you have been buying! And this—for the same price—is what you might have had."

High School and the Art Impulse

One morning Crane took a couple of the paintings under his arm—loaned by our leading artists for this special purpose

—and carried them in a cab up to the high school. There he told the boys and girls what these canvases had meant in the lives of the men who painted them.

A month later there was an exhibit of local art. Embroideries, coverlets, kindergarten trinkets, wash-drawings from the schools, masterpieces by the self-taught were all there. A kind, but firm art-critic had rejected the worthless. Here was the Indiana soul in self-expression.

In another month there was an exhibit of industrial art, a proof that in business and commerce workmanlikeness and handicraft pay.

Crane told these people how hideous were their public buildings, how homely their dwellings. They asked to know what they might do. He suggested the decent veil of vine-planting for what was old. He got the Chicago Institute of Architects to furnish, without cost, elevations of lovely, inexpensive homes.

The Nightmares of "Architecture"

"I talked to the old people," said Crane to me, "but it was the young people I had in mind. Somebody has got to know what is hideous. They are the only ones who can change things. Our towns are the most ugly in the world, but they can make them different. Our homes are inherited nightmares, but they can tear them down and build beautiful ones."

What School Art Means

"But surely you do not believe," said I, "in all this flood of flimsy and worthless 'art work' that pours from the schools, from kindergarten to high school?"

"The cure for this," he replied, "is not less art instruction, but more. We teach art in the schools now, just as we do algebra and Latin, because it is 'broadening,' not because it is life. And—until the war broke out—we imported all our designers, our artisans, and most of our artists from Germany. When I get through with my crusade," he added with par-

donable pride, "America will be ready for its own artists and art, because America will have begun to know how to live. Out of the life of the people only can true art spring. When we Americans know how to express ourselves, when we know how to make life serve beautiful ends, we shall meet the young people of the future, who have something to say with their fingers or their hands or their tongues, with appreciation. We shall live with higher ideas of joy than to absorb food and drink and indulge in rapid motion. And when we die," he added with a smile, "we shall know what we are going to heaven for."

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GENERAL INDEX

THIS Index has been constructed with special regard to its practical usefulness, rather than for elaborate exhibition of entries. The aim is to take the point of view of the reader seeking a title, an author, a subject, or the first line of a poem. Authors are printed in a heavy-faced type. The subjects which are printed in heavy-faced type, but in capitals, are suggested references from "The Mother's Book." Attention also is called to the READING JOURNEYS at the end of Volume X.

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